

Spanish Rhodomontades;
As also, Extraordinary and Unparallel'd
ADVENTURES

In an HISTORICAL ACCOUNT of a
TRUE HEROISM
S H E W N

By the *Spaniards* in their Wars with the *French*,
Germans, *Dutch*, and other Nations, whom they generally got
the better of, except the *English*, who as constantly beat them.
In which is contain'd, not only secret and hitherto unpublish'd
Occurrences, but curious Maxims of State and War; Inter-
spers'd with Variety of bright Thoughts, witty Sayings, beau-
tiful Turns, surprizing Answers, &c. With the Characters of
many Emperors, Kings, Lords and Ladies.

To which is added,
A Remarkable Discourse on Fine Retreats made by the Generals
of the Armies of divers Nations in the Author's own Time.

Written in *Spanish*, *French*, and other Languages,
By P. de BOURDEILLE, Lord of *Brantome*, Gentleman of the
Bed-chamber to *Charles IX.* and *Henry II.* Kings of *France*, for
the Entertainment of *Margaret*, Queen of *France*.

Translated by Mr. O Z E L.

THE SECOND EDITION



L O N D O N
Printed, and Sold by the Book-sellers in Town and Country.
M.DCC.XLIV.



T H E
T R A N S L A T O R
T O T H E
R E A D E R.



THE Historical and Biographical Memoirs of the last and the preceding Century ; with other useful and entertaining Pieces, written in *French*, *Spanish*, and other Languages, by *Peter de Bourdeille*, Lord of *Brantome*, having been lately transmitted to us from *Holland*, we were encouraged by good Judges, to go upon a Translation of the same, as a Work that could not fail of being acceptable to the Publick on numberless Accounts: And as the Order of Time, in which these Pieces were written, can't, with any Certainty, be fixed, we hope it will not, at *this Time*, be thought impertinent if we begin with the SPANISH RHODOMONTADES, &c.

After acquainting the Reader, that the Whole will be accompanied with Notes Historical and Critical, 1st, By the Author himself and M. de *Clerembaud*. 2^{dly}, By the late M. *du Chat*, Annotator of *Rabelais*. 3^{dly}, By the *Dutch* Editor of this Compleat and Correct Edition. 4^{thly}, By the Translators themselves, there remains nothing farther to say, but (what is well known to all the *Literati*) that *Seigneur de Brantome* was a Person highly esteemed for his Birth, good Qualities, Courage, Learning and Wit ; and perfectly well qualified to write the History of his own Times, as he had

To the READER.

served several Kings of *France* successively, both at Court and in the Wars, for a long Series of Years.

Furthermore, this Active, Able, Penetrating and Refined Courtier (who died, very old, in 1614, not 1600, as *Collier*, *Morey*, and other Dictionaries, by Mistake, go on to assert) hath so naturally, and in such strong Colours, painted out and displayed the Lives, Manners, Tempers, Complexion, Inclinations, Genius, Character; in a Word, the good and bad Qualities of the most Eminent Personages of his own Time, both Men and Women, as well *French* as Foreigners, that while one reads *Him*, we seem to hear and see *Them* still speaking and acting, not only in the Privacy of their Cabinet, but in their publick Proceedings and Expeditions; nor have *Tacitus* or *Suetonius*, in a more genuine and lively Manner, represented the Virtues and Vices of the Great-Ones of *Their* Age. And what renders *Seigneur Brantome's* Works more valuable, is, his delivering the Truths he communicates, upon his own Knowledge; for which Reason the Great *Monf. Bayle* frequently quotes him; and *Monf. Castelnau*, and abundance of other Historians, refer to him as to an Oracle. The *French* Edition, from whence This is translated, is the more valuable, as it contains several Lives never before published, with other Pieces, till now kept up by his Family in Manuscript, particularly the Volume called, *Rhodomontades des Espagnols*, as also that of the Letters from the then Kings and Queens of *France* to the Author and his Brother, and their Answers.

N. B. That nothing may go unexplained, the Author's Coat of Arms in the Title Page are the two Fore-feet, or Paws, of a Griffin, which has belonged to the Family ever since Heraldry began. The Reason of his having these Arms given him, will be shewn in his Life, which is very curious.



TO THE
QUEEN,
MARGARET of FRANCE,
DUTCHESS of VALOIS,
MY MOST
SOVEREIGN LADY.

MADAM,



Now present to YOUR MAJESTY the Book of *Spanish Rhodomontades, Witty Sayings, and Extraordinary Adventures*, which I long since designed to dedicate to You, and lately promised You, when I had the Honour to pay my most awful Respects to YOUR MAJESTY at *Usson*.*

I have put them all in their own Language, without amusing myself to translate them; not only because You commanded me so to do, but because You speak and understand the Language full as well as the late Queen of *Spain*, Your Sister, did: For, the

* A Castle in *Auvergne*, where she was then a Prisoner. See more of this Lady hereafter.

DEDICATION.

the Excellency of Your Understanding is equal to every Thing, and ignorant of Nothing, which I have been lately more convinced of than ever.

Translating the Book into *French* would have been superfluous to You, but not to Others, who are Novices in the *Spanish*, and who would have been greatly pleased to have had the Assistance of a small Translation of the Passages it contains; for many there are who fancy they both *speak* and *understand Spanish* very well, but find themselves much at a Loss when they are put to the Proof of either. But I did not write this Book for Them, but for You:

If it should please YOUR MAJESTY to cause the Book to be read to You (for I can't suppose it worthy the Perusal of Your own bright Eyes) I flatter myself it will afford you some Entertainment, as it contains a Mixture of Things Serious and Comical. I humbly desire YOUR MAJESTY not to communicate it to any Person, much less to publish it; * for if it pleases You, I shall be exceedingly rejoiced, it being my whole Desire to please You, and none but You: If it should fall out otherwise, and You find it not to Your Taste, or any thing in it amiss, I hope thus much from Your generous Goodness, that You will cover my Faults, and conceal my Imperfections, considering I intended well, when I undertook this Work, in order to give You some Diversion, and help a little to beguile Your Cares. This, if I chance to succeed in, I shall be the more emboldened to lay before You the other Pieces entire, of which this is but a Sample; for I have not so much exhausted the Subject, as not to have a good Reserve of Matter still left, not only concerning the *Spaniards*, but the Brave *Frenchmen* Your own Subjects,

MADAM,

* Accordingly this Piece, and that which will be annexed to it, *viz. The History of Duels*, were never made publick till very lately, when the Manuscript Copies were communicated to the Editor by the *Brantome* Family.

DEDICATION.

MADAM, who, in Famous Exploits and Fine Sayings, have ever gone beyond all other Nations in the World.

Be pleased, therefore, MADAM, to accept the following Sheets, which are offered to You with my warmest Good-wishes, the very Quintessence of my Soul, and the utmost of my Ability; tho', as says the Spaniard,

*Es lo Poco que puedo
por lo Mucho que desseo, y
le plaze dar tal Lustre,
que, cobierto del Nombre y
Bondad de S. M. salga sin
Verguença a sus Pies.*

It is but little in comparison of what I could wish it were: But be pleased, MADAM, to bestow Lustre upon it by accepting it; so that being covered with YOUR MAJESTY'S Name and Favour, it may, with the more Confidence, prostrate itself at Your Feet.

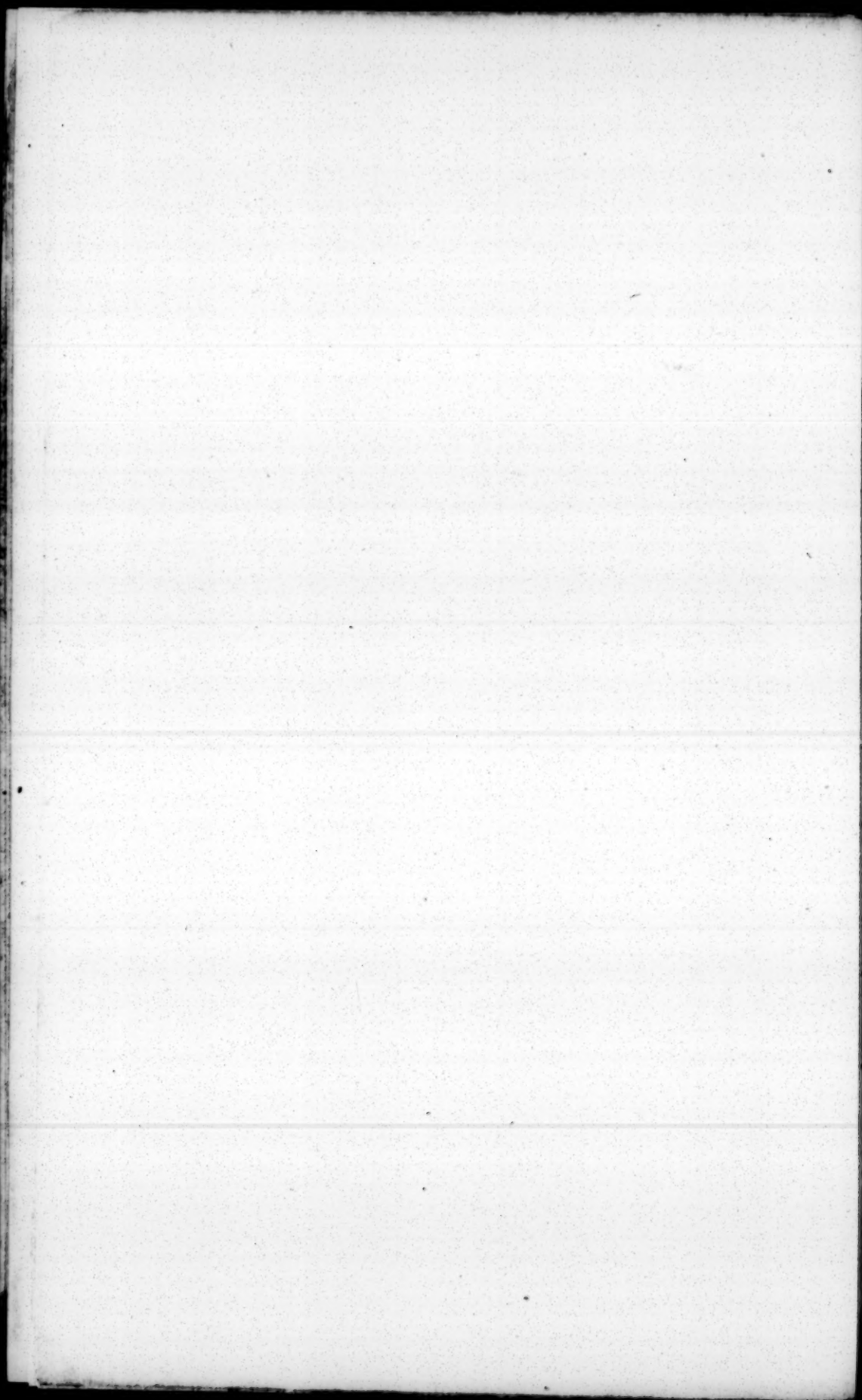
To conclude, MADAM, I most humbly kiss Your Hands, and beseech You to hold me always in the Quality of

Your most humble

Most obedient Subject, and

Most zealously-affected Servant,

BOURDEILLE.



A
COLLECTION

O F

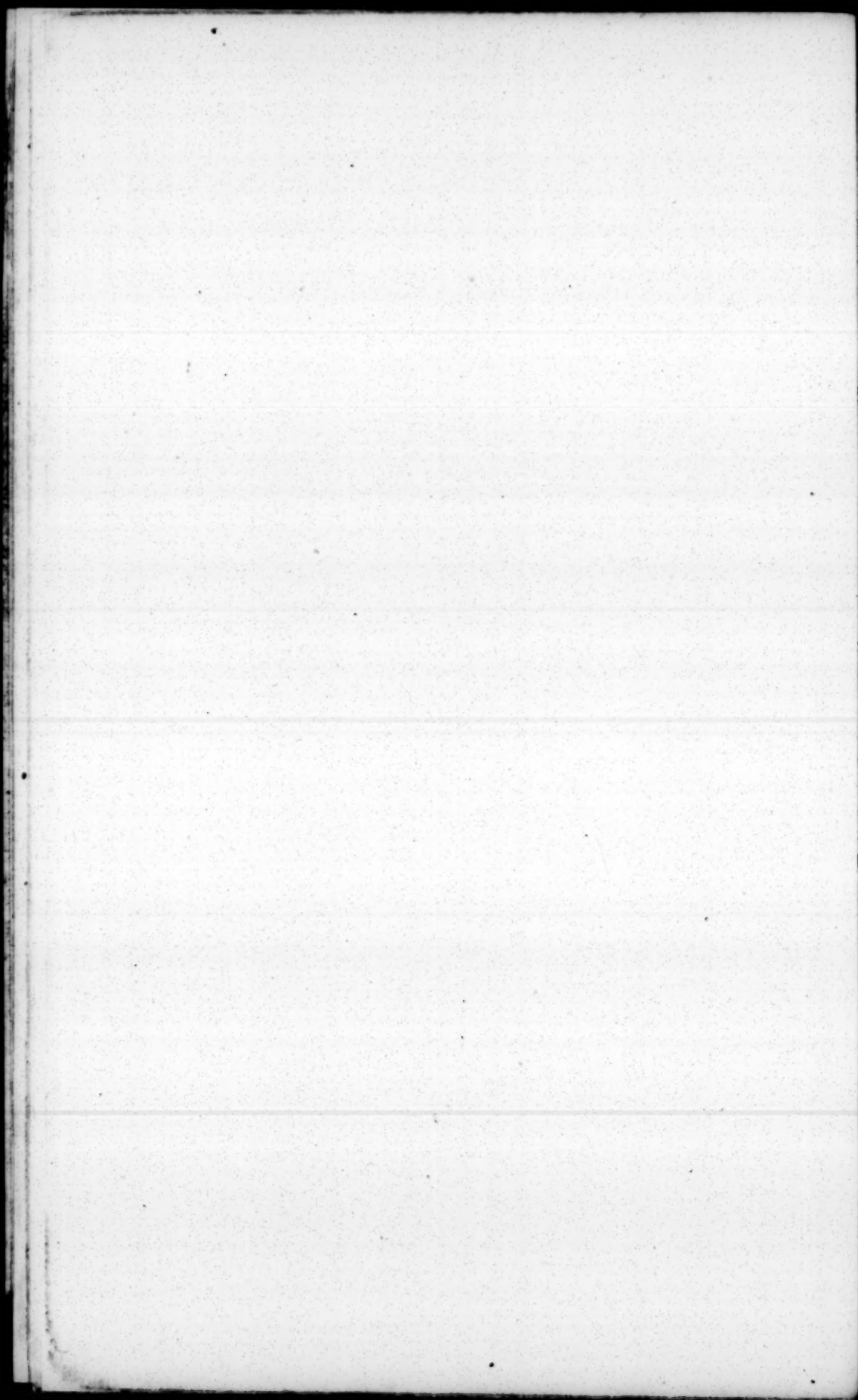
Spanish Rhodomontades, Witty Conceits, Devices, Tales, Fights, Jest, News, Remarkable Sayings and Doings; and the Elogiums of several Emperors, Kings, Princes, Lords, Grand and Ordinary Captains, Gentlemen, Adventurers, Soldiers and Others.

T O G E T H E R

With several Queens, Princesses, Illustrious, Virtuous, Generous and other Ladies, Wise and Otherwise, of all Sizes and Degrees, High, Low and Middling; Good, Bad and Indifferent; Common and Uncommon.

B Y

PETER DE BOURDEILLE, Lord of *Brantome*, Gentleman of the Bed Chamber to Our Two last Kings *Charles IX.* and *Henry II.*





To the same PRINCESS
MADAME MARGARET,
O F
F R A N C E,
T H E

Only surviving Daughter and Sister
of our last and late departed Kings of the
Valois Race, now Queen of *France* and
Navarre, the most Beautiful, most Ami-
ble, most Noble; the Greatest, most Ge-
nerous, most Magnanimous, and most
Accomplished Princess in the World.

MADAM,



OUR MAJESTY having sometimes in-
dulged me the Honour of Conversing
with You, as freely as any Gentle-
man belonging to the Court (Your
Greatness, therein, giving Way to
Your Goodness) I have observed in
You such a Degree of Curiosity, that, tho' there is
not in the whole Universe, a Princess or Lady more
accomplished in all Virtues and Sciences, yet You are
ever desirous of learning something further, if it be
possible. How great, how noble, must that Spirit
be, which, tho' depending upon Heaven for every

DEDICATION.

Perfection, yet neglects no Application of its own for attaining it, and leaves nothing uninquired into, that is worth the knowing.

I say this, MADAM, the rather, because I observed You one Day not a little Curious to hear a Recital of the *Spanish Rhodomontades*, in which You took such a Pleasure, that I presently resolved with myself to make this Collection, wherein You will see Variety of them really uttered, and acted too, not only by *Spaniards*, but Your noble *Frenchmen* and others.

I dedicate it to You, MADAM, and lay it at Your Feet, not being worthy to be touched by Your Beautiful and Royal Hands: For, what is the Work, be it ever so perfect, that may be touched by You, unless it comes from Yourself who are All-perfect? However, MADAM, Your curious Bent of Mind, and Thirst after Things uncommon, makes me presume to think, that You possibly may cast a transient Look on what I have written; for which Reason I address it to You; imploring You, MADAM, to countenance and fortify it with Your Sacred and Divine Name. And if it should happen to be ever so little supported by You, it may out-boast all the *Rhodomontades* therein contained.

I have not put any of the Foreign Ones in their own Language, except the *Spanish*, because that Language is more Majestick, and, if I may speak my Mind, more Blustering than any other, and favours more of the Haughtiness and vapouring Disposition of the Natives. Wherefore the Emperor *Charles V.* used to call the *Spanish* a Lofty, Soldierly Language; the *Italian*, a Soft, Courtly, Amorous One; and the *French*, a Complaisant One, fit for Kings, Princes and Grandees.

To conclude, MADAM, if You should be inclined, out of Curiosity, at some melancholly, spare Hour,

DEDICATION.

Hour, to peruse some Sheets of it, and observe any Faults in it, I humbly implore You to excuse the same, and impute them to my not being a profest Scholar, and but little acquainted with the Art of fine Writing and fine Speaking: For, ever since I began to see the World, I have always amused myself either with Travelling Abroad in Foreign Parts, or serving the Kings my Masters in their Armies, following and waiting upon them at Court, or passing my Time in other Exercises.

I therefore hope I shall be excused, MADAM, if You see not here even so much as a regular, orderly Method of Writing (which indeed is never expected in *Memoirs*) much less elegant Phrases, and a florid, rhetorical Style. These I leave to the best Speakers, Eminent and noted Orators, I mean, such as have been able to imitate YOUR MAJESTY in Fine Speaking. Yet thus much, MADAM, I will take upon me to say, that what I offer You is full of Truth, having been an Eye or an Ear-witness to most of the Things contained in the following Piece. The Things I have related upon Hear-say, are but few: If I have been imposed upon, the Informers are in Fault, and myself entirely Innocent. However, many of the material Things I have received Either from Authentick Histories of our own Times, or from Persons of unquestionable Credit and Reputation. I remain,

M A D A M,

Now and for ever,

Your most humble,

Most obedient Subject, and

Most zealous Servant,

BOURDEILLE.



The Author's Advertisement.



Write this in my Chamber and Bed, whereto I'm confin'd by so cruel a Malady, that it gives me more Pain, more Anguish and Torture than ever poor Criminal felt that was stretch'd on a Rack.

A curst Toad of a Horse, whose Colour, tho' White, never boded me any Good, not only threw me but rolled over me with his hellish Weight, and with so violent a Pressure, as crushed and bruised my Reins to a Mummy, and quite be-crippled me for upwards of three Years; so that I could neither stand, walk or sit in Comfort, or turn me without the greatest Pain in the World, till I met with a most extraordinary Person and excellent Operator, named *St. Christopher*, whom God raised up for my Relief, when many other Physicians had given me over.

Mean while, during my Illness, to chear my drooping Spirits, and alleviate my Pain, I resolved to take Pen in Hand; and so calling back my Thoughts to all my former Days, and taking a Review of my past Life, and what I had Seen and Heard, I sat me down and composed the following Work. Thus acts the painful Tiller, who whistles to his Plow, to lessen the Irksomeness of his Labour: and thus the Traveller sings or talks to Himself to divert his Thoughts and support his Spirits under the Fatigues of a long and tedious Journey.

I therefore intreat all who shall peruse the following Pages, Male or Female, to excuse what Faults may therein be found, and impute the same to my Indisposition, which render'd my Mind (by Nature not Strong) as Weak and Infirm as my Body.



A

DISCOURSE

O F

Some *Spanish* Rhodomontades, Oaths, Extraordinary Passages, Odd Adventures, Genteel Turns and Witty Speeches. Besides Exploits of True Heroism, and Fine Retreats of Modern Armies, &c.



It is certainly Fact that the *Spanish Rhodomontades* surpass all others of what Nation soever, since it must be owned the *Spaniards* are a proud, haughty People, of an ostentatious Valour, a quick Resentment, an off-hand ready Wit, and lofty Words, delivered in an unexpected Manner.

I shall begin at the Time when the Great Marquess de *Pescayra* *, after he had drove the *French* out

* *Ferdinando d'Avalos*, one of the Emperor *Charles V's* Chief Generals. He won the Battle of *Pavia*, in the Year 1525, against the *French*, and took Prisoner there *Francis I.* King of *France*. See more of him anon. All I shall add now is, That about

2 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

out of the Dutchy of *Milan*, bravely forced and took the City of *Genoa*, which sided with the former against *Charles V.* Emperor and King of *Spain*. We need not enquire what Heaps of Riches the Marquess found

about this Time, Pope *Clement VII.* and the Princes of *Italy*, in order to detach the Marquess from the Emperor's Interest, offered to make him King of *Naples*. His Enemies say, he nibbled at the Bait, but did not gorge it, for fear of the Consequences. Be that as it will, he died the next Year of Poison. He was a Man of Wit and Learning, and a great Patron of both. Like *Cæsar*, he could Write as well as Fight. He died at the Age of 32, very much in Debt, for he never saved a Farthing of the infinite Riches which fell to his Share by Plunder, Safe-conducts, &c. but gave all away to his Officers and Soldiers. From *Milan*, where he died, his Body was conveyed in the most magnificent Manner to *Naples*, and buried there in a sumptuous Tomb, with this Inscription on it, alluding to the Name of *Piscaire*, i. e. Fisher, from *Piscis*, a Fish.

Quis jacet hoc gelido sub marmore ? Maximus ille
Piscator, belli gloria, pacis honores.
Numquid & hic pisces cepit ? Non. Ergo quid ? Urbes,
Magnanimos Reges, oppida, regna, duces.
De quibus hæc cepit Piscator retibus ? Alto
Consilio, intrepido corde, alacrique manu.
Qui tantum rapuere ducem ? Duo numina, Mars, Mors.
Ut raperent quidnam compulit ? Invidia.
Nil nocuere ipsi, vivit nam fama superstes,
Quæ Martem & Mortem vincit, & Invidiam.

Thus literally translated by Mr. Ozell.

Whom covers this cold Stone ? The Great PISCARE :
Of Peace, the Honour ; and the Pride, of War.
What took he ? Fishes ? — No. What then ? — Strong Towns,
Fair Cities, Generals, Kingdoms, Kings and Crowns.
What Nets us'd He ? Deep Counsel, Warlike Art,
An active Spirit, and intrepid Heart.
Who snatch'd him hence ? two Deities, WAR, DEATH,
What made them do it ? ENVY's poisonous Breath.
They hurt him not, for still survives his Fame,
Who MARS and MORS and ENVY overcame.

N B. *Paulus Jovius* has written the Marquess's Life. at large, in admirable *Latin*.

found in the one, and what a Glut of Plunder he met with in the other, infomuch that some Days after, when he drew out his Army into the Field, he found it so loaded and incumbered with Baggage, Carriages, Waggons, Mules and Horses, that he was forced to issue an *Order* to put a Stop to those * *Impediments* or *Hindrances*, as *Cæsar* calls the Bag and Baggage of an Army. And therefore he commanded, that the Captain of each Company should have but four Horses; each Ensign, two; and the common Soldiers, none at all, unless they were lame, or ailed any Thing; and then they were to have each of them one to carry him; nor were they allowed that, till they had been visited by the Physicians to see whether they were really sick or weak, and, withal, had taken out a *Certificate*, which they were to carry about them, signed by the Captain and the Doctor, in Testimony of such their Indisposition.

This *Order* being made, there was a Captain, named *Vega*, a Native of *Grenada*, who, with a el qual, con Arrogança *Military Arrogance, and Militar, y con Gesto y a Gesture and Speech full Palabras desbaratadas de of Choler, declared, in Enojo, en un Corrillo de an Assembly of Soldiers, almost Soldados, commenço, as loud as he could quazi razonando en publico speak, and in a menacing y braveando, que si Manner, that if he could hallava Humbres semejantes à si en Animo y Mind, Spirit and Resolution with himself, he would Juyzio, que trabajaria de order Matters so, that the modo que los Soldados Soldiers should have no Occasion for such a Certificate, no tuviesen Necesidad de They! who being weakened aquella Patente, los quales siendo debilitados por by the Blood they had lost la Sangre derrimada en in so many Battles and Victo- tantas Batallas y Victo-*

C

tories,

* *Impedimenta* is the very Latin Word used by *Cæsar* and *Tully* for the Bag and Baggage of an Army; a Thing not commonly understood. One Instance of our Author's good Learning, besides a Thousand more.

4 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

rias, mereſcian, par la Honra de ſu Valor, no ſolamente ſer llevados à Cavallo, mas en Carros triumphales à Manera de las antiguos Conſules y Emperadores, en ſus Glorias y Triumphos.

stories, deſerved, for the Honour due to their Valour, not only to be carried by Horſes, but to ride in Triumphal Chariots, like the ancient Conſuls and Roman Emperors, on the Days when they enjoyed the Glories of the TRIUMPH.

Here's a Bravado for ye!

Being one Day at the *Louvre*, I ſaw two *Spanish* Soldiers, in good Plight of Body, and well habited, ſtalking along. I preſently knew them to be *Spaniards*; and, as my Humour always inclined me to ſeek and cultivate an Acquaintance with thoſe of that Nation, for certainly of all Military Men none can come up to the *Spaniards* for Converſation in Matters of War, for then they're in their Element, and quite tranſported to talk of their Art: I went up to them, and accoſted them in *Spanish*, which I ſpoke as familiarly as my native Tongue; and ſuch Men are overjoyed to meet with a Foreigner that ſpeaks their Language. I aſk'd them, Whence they came?

They answered me; *From Flanders, Sir. And what Da Flandes, Senor. Y News?* replied I to them.

que nuevas? *replied I. No No other, Sir, ſaid they*
otras, Senor, ſaid they to me, but only when we
to me, fino quando ſomos came away, about a Week
paridos, ay ſeys Dias, ago, there arrived in the
vinieron al Principe de Duke of Parma's Camp
Parma mil y dozientos twelve-hundred old Com-
Humbres de Armas de panies from Naples, the
la Viejas Compagnias de braveſt and beſt-mounted
Napoles, las mas bravas that ever came out of the
de Valor y de Cavallerors Kingdom, ſo well armed,
que ſalieron mas del Reyno, ſo glittering with Gold and
no, tan bien armados, Silver, and ſo finely adorn-
tan luzidos de Oro y de ed with large and beautiful

Plumes

Plata, tan bien ataviados y emplumados de grandes y gentilles Panachos, à manera de los antiguos Soldados y Legionarios Romanos, à los quales se pueden yglar en todo: de modo que agora la Flandes no a da tener, pues questa brava Cavalleria està juntada en nuestra Infanteria Espagnola, que se pueda dezir la Flor de todas las otras Naciones, sin gastar (digo yo) la Honra de los Soldados Franzes, qui en verdad Bravos estan. Mas, adonde son los Soldados Espagnoles, todos con razon deven callar, come V. M. lo puede bien saber, puesque los aveys practiquados y tratados, come yo lo conosco en su Trage y Hablar Soldadesco.

Plumes of Feathers, after the Manner of the old Roman Soldiers and Legionaries, to whom they may be compared in every Respect: Insomuch that now Flanders can hold out no longer, since this brave Cavalry is joined with our Spanish Infantry, which may be called the Flower of all other Nations, without any Disparagement to the French, who are certainly brave Men. But wherever there are Spanish Soldiers, all others must knock under—they must indeed—and not without Reason—as you can't but know yourself; for you have seen them, and been conversant with them, as I perceive by your Garb, Demeanour and Soldierly Discourse.

Do but observe how finely they came over me with their Comparifon, and how far they fetch'd it! For indeed, of all the glorious Antiquities of Rome, there's nothing so fine to look at as those brave Roman Legionaries, with their Helmets set out with Feathers, some rising up, others hanging down. And as such a Sight was agreeable, it was no less terrible, by the Representation of the frightful Heads and Mouths of Lions, and other wild Beasts, which they wore naturally with the Hair on, or else had the Figures of them imbossed on their said Helmets.

6 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

By this Speech, therefore, of the Soldier, and the preceding Rhodomontade, you see the *Spaniards* have at all Times assumed to themselves the Glory of being Paramount to all other Nations, and, indeed, to do them Justice, they have shewn themselves to be no despicable People.

'Twas they who, a hundred or a hundred and twenty Years ago, * did by their Valour and Power conquer both the *East* and *West-Indies*, which is quite a new World.

'Twas they who have so often fought and repulsed us (the *French*) in the Kingdom of *Naples*, and at last drove us quite out of it.

'Twas they who did the same by us in the Dutchy of *Milan*, which cost us so much Blood and Treasure to gain the Possession of, and which we have expended in vain, by their taking from us our ancient Patrimony.

'Twas they who, not content with ravishing those Territories from us, have passed into *Flanders*, and come into *France* to endeavour to drive us from our domestick Hearths: And tho' they were not able to effect that, yet have they taken our Towns, given us frequent Battles, and always won them, killing us I know not how many hundred thousand Men: not but that we killed them a good many too.

'Twas they who broke the Power of the *Germans*, and brought them under their Yoke in the War of *Germany*: A Thing unheard of, nor ever done, since *Julius Caesar*, and other great *Roman Emperors*.

'Twas they who, pursuing the Motto of their great Emperor *Charles*, of passing *Plus Ultra*, have crossed the Seas, fallen upon *Africa*, and taken their chief City and Fortrefs of *Tunis*, and the *Gouletta*.

'Twas they who passed over into *Barbary*, and took the Kingdom of *Oran*, the Towns of *Africa* and
Tripoly,

* The Author writ this before 1588,

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 7

Tripoly, Velez and its *Pignon*,* and had done more, but for the barbarous Element the Sea, and of the Heavens not more propitious or milder than the other; both which concurred to hinder the Emperor from taking the Kingdom of *Algiers*, which he had most certainly carry'd, if those two Elements had ever so little favoured his Enterprizes.

'Twas they who, by small Handfuls of Men, inclosed within Citadels, Rocks and Castles, have held, and now hold, as with a Bridle, the Potentates of *Italy*, the States of *Flanders*, and several other Parts of *Christendom* even to *Barbary*, the *Morcia*, and other Infidel Countries, nay, as far as *Transilvania*, under the brave *Castaldo*, as likewise *Hungary* and *Bohemia*.

'Twas they who, whenever the Emperor *Charles*, in the Height of his Difficulties and Martial Engagements, saw himself only surrounded with four or five thousand of Them, thought himself absolutely Invincible, and would hazard both his Person and Empire, and all he had in the Word, under the Guard of their Valour alone, and would often say, that,

La Suma de sus Guer- ras era puesta en las Me- chas encendidas de sus Harquebuzeros Espagno- les.	<i>The Success of his Wars lay in the lighted Matches of his Spanish Harquebusers.</i>
--	---

For, unquestionably, at that Time, they bore away the Bell, and we (the *French*) learned from them the Art and first Lessons of War; for till then, we used only Cross-Bows, and knew not how to handle a Gun.

'Twas they who, in our Time, and in our Sight, have reduced (by the Conduct of the great Duke d'*Alva*, whom they called their *Father*) in the Twink-
ling

* A Pinnacle or Ridge of a steep Rock, where there was a strong Fortification.

8 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

ling of an Eye, all *Flanders*, which had revolted from their Sovereign.

'Twas they who, about a thousand or twelve hundred in Number, in this very War of *Zeland*, crossed over the Arm of the Sea, above a Quarter of a League wide, when the Water was ebbing, without any Arms but their Swords, which they bore in their Mouths, went and defeated four or five thousand *Zelanders*, who waited for them on the other Side purposely to oppose them, but were all cut to Pieces. A miraculous Performance !

'Twas they who assisted Don *John* of *Austria* in the winning that glorious and ever-memorable Battle of *Lepanto*. 'Twas they, likewise, who, with that renowned Warrior, the Prince of *Parma*, made all *France* to tremble, and for a long Time held her in Alarm.

'Twas they for whom that great Man and Emperor *Charles* humbled himself to *Spain*, when being set out by Sea from *Flanders*, to go and end there his Days, and landing at *Laredo*, a Port of *Biscay*, he is said to have kneeled down the Moment he set Foot on the Shore, and thanked God, that in his latter Days, He had been so gracious to him as to let him revisit that Country, which, of all others, he loved best on account of its helping him to the Empire, and enabling him to arrive at so high a Pitch of Grandeur as he had enjoyed in his Time, ascribing to the *Spanish* Nation, next to God, all his Victories and Triumphs ; and uttering withal the following Words :

Dios os salve y guarde,
ò mi querida Madre. Come desnudo salgo del Vientre de mi Madre, y come desnudo tam bien me buelvo à ti, come à mi segunda Madre, à la

God save thee and keep thee, O my dear Mother !
As I came naked out of my Mother's Womb, so return I naked to thee, as my second Mother; to whom, in Acknowledgment of so many

qual en favor de tan grandes Merecimientos que io recebi de ti, no pudiendo por agora, ny mas, ny mejor, yo le hago un Presente deste pobre Corpo enfermo, y destos pobres Huesos Seccos y debilitados.

ny great Benefits which I have received from thee, not being able at present to do better or more, I make a Present of this poor infirm Body, and these poor dry weak Bones.

Having thus spoken, with Tears in his Eyes, he very courteously saluted all the Lords who were come to meet him ; and setting forward on his Journey by Land, by slow Degrees, towards his Monastery, he went to *Valledolid*, where he saw his Grand-son and God-son, *Charles*, Prince of *Spain*, to whom he gave excellent Lessons to tread in the Steps of his Predecessors—Now, pray behold, and consider well, the Humiliation of this great Emperor ! He, who, in his Time, had, in a Manner, thought the Earth unworthy to bear him, submitting himself on his Knees to her ! Alas ! he had not done it if his old Age, Sickness, and Infirmary, which bring down the loftiest Looks and the proudest Hearts, had not forced him to it.

It was, and is still,* they by whom the great King of *Spain* gives Terror to all his Enemies, whether secret or open ; insomuch that when 'tis rumoured, even, that there's but eight thousand *Spaniards* in his Army, they one and all get out of the Way, *fly the Pit*, and make Room for them !

And that which is more observable in all these glorious Actions, they did not go upon them, or execute them, with numerous Swarms and Crowds of Men, but with small Bodies ; for there never were ten thousand natural-born *Spaniards* at once together : Eight or nine thousand was the most : Of whom, tho' in some disastrous Action, they might lose the Day, 'twas never seen, read, or heard, that
three

* This was writ before the *Spanish Armada*-Year.

10 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

three thousand *Spaniards* were killed outright, except in the Battles of *Ravenna* and *Cerizoles*, which were to Them unfortunate and bloody Battles with a Witness. 'Tis true, there died near three thousand at *Sainte Maure*, in *Dalmatia*, when the *Turks* besieged it; but this was occasioned by the Length of the Siege, by Over-fatigue, and a Famine within, and for want of Succours, after having done so well; but as for being knock'd-o'-th'-Head in fair Fight, the Number was inconsiderable. At the Siege of *Metz* there likewise fell a great Number: But then, Heaven did them as much Mischief as Men: So that, 'tis said, when the Emperor *Charles*, who was before it, and kept his Bed a Fortnight with the Gout, without visiting his Trenches, and being got up to see them, and taking Notice of the Battery and Breaches which had been made, he, in a Maze and mighty Passion, cry'd out:

Y como no se entra al-	<i>How's this! Why don't</i>
la dentro? Ha! bien veo	<i>they enter? Well! I plain-</i>
yo, que no tengo mas	<i>ly see I have no Men left.</i>
Hombres:	

There were some Soldiers present, who heard this; and being greatly piqued at such Words, answered:

Sacra Magestad, no os	<i>May it please your Ma-</i>
quexays de nos otros.	<i>jesty, not to complain of us.</i>
Si, teneis aun algunos	<i>You have still some Men,</i>
Hombres, y de los bra-	<i>and of the bravest: But we</i>
vos; mas, no podemos	<i>can't fight against Heaven</i>
combater los Cielos como	<i>as against Men.</i>
los Hombres.	

The Emperor, looking upon them in Pity, and shrugging up his Shoulders, only said:

Es Verdad. Dios es	<i>It is true, God is more</i>
mas poderoso que nos	<i>powerful than us; and or-</i>
Otros.	<i>dered Money to be given</i>
	<i>them.</i>

But

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 11

But why dwell I so much upon rehearsing the Praises of these brave Men, seeing they know how to publish them themselves, to the full? For if their fine Feats extend but an Inch, they'll make that Inch an Ell. They're in the right on't: Well do, well talk, as the Saying is. And, indeed, I have known but few Generals, but, when they were present among those Troops, they would do their Duty and behave well, except lately at the Taking the *Gouletta* by *Occbially*, the *Turkish* Rover, which he carried in one and thirty Days, as the *Spaniards* had kept it one and thirty Years. *Occbially*, before he went thither, told the Grand Seignior, he would take it in as many Days as They had kept it Years, which, as I said just now, was one and thirty, and he was as good as his Word*. But certainly the *Spaniards*, in that Instance, were greatly to blame, and trespassed heinously against their laudable and ancient Valour and Reputation; for, all of a sudden, and at once, went out of the Garrison no less than four hundred *Spaniards*, and threw themselves into *Occbially's* Camp, and turned *Mabometans* as well as Deserters!

The above Relation is none of mine: I had it from the late Monseigneur *de Savoye* (tho' it was commonly enough known too) for he being at *Lyons*, whither he accompanied the King, in his Return from *Poland*, M. *Strozzi* and Myself being to visit him one Day, and asking News about the *Gouletta*, for 'twas then besieged, he said to us; *Come and dine with me To-morrow, both of ye, and we'll be by ourselves. I expect a Courier, who won't fail to come this Evening, or by To-morrow Night, and I will tell ye the News you enquire after.* We fail'd not to go on the *Mor-row*, when he related to us the taking of the Place, and withal the enormous and scandalous Fault of those *Spaniards*, who had departed from their Duty,

D

and

* Just as our Brave Admiral *Vauxon* has been.

12 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

and forfeited their Reputation to such an unpardonable Degree, with which he expressed himself highly displeased : But withal added, that the *Spanish* Soldiers, in a Body, had never before been guilty of such a villainous Baseness, and that they did very great Wrong to their innocent Companions, tho' no Person of Candor would censure the Latter for the Former. For that, wherever they had been, the *Spaniards* had always behaved so well, that they deserved immortal Glory ; and that, by what he had seen with his own Eyes, he could not say but that they were the best Soldiers in the World, the fittest for War, and the most patient of Fatigue : And added, that in the War of *Germany*, he saw eight hundred *Spanish* Foot-Soldiers beat twelve hundred Horse in a plain level Field ; the same is likewise recorded in History.

I should never have done, were I to enter at large upon the Virtues and Praises of these People. I shall therefore return to my first Design, their *Rhodomontades*.

When we (the *French*) went to the Relief of *Malta*, the King of *Spain*, like a good Catholick and a brave Prince, sent thither between nine and ten thousand Men, under the Command of the *Marquess de Pefcayra*, lately deceased, a Lord of great Merit, our Captain-General, of a very illustrious Family, from whom he did not in the least degenerate, but (if possible) out shone them : Being at *Malta*, as I was saying, and taking Notice of a *Spanish* Soldier, who seemed to cut a Figure above the rest, I ask'd him :

Senor, "de quantos Soldados està compuesta esta Armada ? Senor (*repondit-il*) yo lo diré : ay tres mil *Italianos*, tres mil

Sir, *How many Soldiers may this Army consist of ?*
Sir (answered he) *I will tell ye : There are three thousand Italians, three thousand*

Tudescos, y seys mil Soldados. *thousand Germans, and six thousand Soldiers.*

What an Answer is here! The *Italians* and *Germans* he does not reckon for Soldiers. What Esteem of themselves have these People, and what a Contempt of others! And yet the *Italians* quite shamed them at that Expedition of the *Gouletta*; for, being pent up in a Fort just by the *Gouletta* *, which had

D 2

been

* The *Gouletta* is a Fortress between the *Mediterranean Sea* and the Lake of *Tunis*. In 1535, *Charles V.*, Emperor and King of *Spain*, passed over to *Africa* with an Army of above 50,000 Men, took the *Gouletta* by Storm, and afterwards the City of *Tunis*, which he restored the same Year to its lawful Prince *Muly Hassen*, whom *Barbarossa* had dethron'd. In 1541, *Charles* made another Expedition into *Africa*, against *Barbarossa*, but it prov'd unfortunate, and he returned to *Spain* with great Loss. Just 31 Years afterwards, viz. In 1574, the *Turks* re-took *Tunis*. And this may serve to explain what went before, especially when I have added, that in 1552, he laid siege to *Meze*, but without Success, tho' he had an Army of 100,000 Men, and was obliged to retire, by the valiant Resistance of the *French* and the Duke of *Guise*, who was Governor of it. This ill Success seem'd to be the Boundary of his *Plus Ultra*, the Words he assumed for his Motto. After this, he thought of little else but forsaking the World, as is hinted before. Accordingly, having resigned his German Dominions to his Brother *Ferdinand* (Progenitor of the late Emperor) and *Spain*, and his other Dominions, to his Son *Philip* in 1555, at *Brussels*, he retired into *Spain*, to the Monastery of *St. Justus*, of the Order of the *Jeronymites*, which is in the Province of *Estramadura*, eight Miles from *Palenya*, where he died about three Years after, viz. Sept. 21, 1558, aged 58 Years, 7 Months. He had succeeded to the Dominions of *Spain* in 1517, and was chosen Emperor two Years afterwards, at *Francfort*, upon the Death of his Grandfather *Maximilian*. He was twice crown'd, first in 1518, by the *Germans*, and 12 Years afterwards by the Pope, *Clement VII.* on the 24th of *February*, being the Festival of *St. Matthias*, a Day which was always fortunate to this Emperor, whose Army, on that Day, took *Francis I.* Prisoner at *Pavia*, &c. &c. He was a Prince of great Courage, and, perhaps, of as great Hypocrisy, sacrificing every Thing to his Ambition. He was born at *Gant* in *Flanders*, a City of so vast a Circumference, that after *Charles V.* had seen *Paris*, and was ask'd what he thought of it, he answered, *He could put it in his Glove*, alluding to the double

14 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

been run up in haste and commanded by *Pagan Doria* and *Gabrio Cervellon*, amounting to about five or six thousand in Number, they held out a long Time after the *Gouletta* was taken, and fought very manfully, acquiring thereby great Honour, as *Monseigneur de Savoye* related the Matter to us, adding withal, that in this single Instance they might bear away the Palm from the *Spaniards*, but in no other. This he urged very much to the Glory of the said *Spaniards*; saying and affirming, that the *Italians* never did surpass them except this once, but the *Spaniards*, Them, a thousand Times.

Upon this he told us a Story he had heard from some old Captains, that, when *Antony de Leva** was to throw

double Meaning of the Word *Gant*, which signifies a *Glove*, as well as the City so called. To conclude, This was one of the most Itinerant Monarchs that ever travelled either by Land or Water, for he made 50 different Voyages and Journies; 9 into *Germany*, 6 into *Spain*, 7 into *Italy*, 10 into *Flanders*, 4 into *France*, 2 into *England*, 2 into *Africa*, 8 in the *Mediterranean*, and 2 into the *Ocean*.

N. B. As in the Course of this Work the Reader will stand in need of these Hints and others, like the preceding one concerning *Pescayra*, the Translator thought ~~it~~ to add them to the Work.

* One of *Charles V's* Generals: Born in *Navarre*, and at first but a common Soldier, but passing gradually thro' all the Degrees of the Army, he at length arrived at the Top of Military Honour. His Preferment was purely owing to his Merit, for he came of a very mean Family, his Father being but a Shoe-maker, as one of our late Generals was, who rose likewise by his sole Merit, to that Post, but not to such vast Riches and high Titles as *Antony de Leva* did, who, by the Emperor's Favour, was made Prince of *Ascoli*, Duke of *Newfoundland*, Marquis of *Atella*, and Primate of the *Canary Islands*, but he could never obtain (tho' he passionately desired it) to wear his Hat in the Emperor's Bed-Chamber, like the *Grande'es* of *Spain*, who could not endure the Thoughts of a Man of his mean Birth to be upon a Level with Them. There goes a pretty Story of this *Antony de Leva* (tho' *Brantôme* relates it of his Son *Sanchez*, by Mistake) and which, on this Occasion, I can't omit, but shall translate it as *Morery* tells it. He one Day waited on the Emperor

throw himself into *Pavia*, to defend it against *Francis I.*, who was going to besiege that City, he desired *Monf. de Bourbon*, *Charles de Lannoy*, and the *Marquess de Pescara*, to let his Garrison be wholly made up of *Spaniards*; but all he could obtain was 400 *Spaniards*, and the rest *Germans* and *Italians*; but the very Captains themselves, as well as Soldiers, flatly refused to go with him, tho' he was greatly beloved by them, and well acquainted with them all. For, said they,

Que las Compagnias Espagnoles en ninguna manera devian repartir por Guardias de Ciudad; si no que devian ser adjuntadas en un Cuerpo de Orden invincible, guardadas por las Cosas inciertas, dificiles, y escalabrosas, de la Guerra.

The Spanish Soldiery ought in no wise to be employed to keep guard in Towns, and defend Stone-Walls; but ought to be made a Corps of an invincible Order, and reserved for the uncertain, difficult and dangerous Parts of War.

This was thinking very well of themselves, you'll say; but indeed they had Reason so to do. For whenever this Corps of *Spanish* Soldiers have kept firm, solid, and well-compacted and close together, they have always made Things go on their Side; and so they did now: For they had the chief Stroke in the gaining the Battle of *Pavia*, led on by their brave *Marquess de Pescara*, who, as soon as he had broke down the Fence, and they began to appear in the Field of Battle, they one and all cried out,

Aqui està el Marquès,
con sus Espanoles.

*Here comes the Marquess
with his Spaniards.*

And

Emperor, after he had been a long while tormented with the Gout. *Charles V.* talk'd to him of his Distemper, and bid him sit down. *De Leva* thanked his Majesty, and told him, in a genreel Manner, That his *Head* was more ailing than his *Feet*, and it was That which wanted to be eased, by causing it to be covered.

And indeed there^d was always between him and them such a Harmony, such a Sympathy and good Understanding, that they were never once beat when together. And so entire was their Confidence in each other, that there was not the least Contradiction, when any gallant Thing was to be done. Nay, many a Time when they have been ready to mutiny for their Pay, the Moment He began to talk to 'em, they grew easy. One Day as he was leading them to an Enterprize, in the Dutchy of *Milan*, against us (the *French*) some among them beginning to murmur, and demanding to be paid Part of their Ar-rears, together with certain *Germans*, who demanded the like; upon the Marquess's saying no more than that he did by no Means expect from Them, and their well-known Courage, any Refusal, *not only, to Para hazer tremar l'Ita- make Italy and France lia, y la Francia, mas tremble, but also to give poner Leyes, them the Law.;*

On a sudden they universally cried out with one Voice,

Vamos, Vamos, adonde quisiéredes: que los Soldados Espanoles no van à la guerra come obre-ros, segùn el uso de los Soldados Mercenarios, si no à ganar Gloria, Triumphos, Victorias, y Reputation.

Let us go, let us go, wherever you please! The Spanish Soldiers do not go to War like Mechanicks and Day-Labourers, as is practised by mercenary Soldiers, but to gain Glory, Triumphs, Victories and Reputation.

I one Day saw at the Court of *Madrid*, a Soldier very well equip'd. He was a *Gascon*,* but perfectly *Spanioliz'd*, having been train'd up among the *Spanish* Troops. His Captain had given him Leave of Absence for some Time, to come to Court upon a par-

* *Gascony* does not lye far from *Spain*, which I suppose to be what makes the *Gascons* so much imitate the *Spaniards* in their *Rhodomontading* Way.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 17

particular Business, as he said : and observing him to walk about the Court, and in the Streets, without a Sword, I ask'd him, Why he did not wear a Sword, as he was a Soldier ? He answered me in *Spanish* ;

Senor, yo tengo Miedo de la Justicia, porque mi Espada stà tan carnícera, que à cada passo me daría priessà de facarla fuera ; y sacada una vez, no haría otra Cosa que Carne y Sangre.

Sir, 'tis because I'm afraid of the Magistrates ; for my Sword is so sanguinary, so mischievously inclined, that at every Step I take, it would give me the Trouble to unsheathe it ; and when once 'tis drawn, there would be nothing seen but Blood and Slaughter.

The Wearer of this Sword was an inoffensive Man enough ; but his Sword was the Devil !

In the first Civil Wars, when we were besieging *Orleans*, one Day as we passed thro' the *Spaniards* Quarter, *M. de Maison-Fleur* (who was a well-dress'd, genteel Man) and myself, we saw a *Spanish* Soldier in great Debate with a Fish-Woman. By the Noise they both made, one would have thought the Subject of their scolding was a considerable Sum of Money ; whereas the whole Occasion of it was a Couple of Pickle Herrings ; and the Quarrel rose to such a Height, that the Fellow would have beat the poor Woman. *Maison-Fleur*, being minded to interpose as a voluntary Mediator, went up to the Soldier in order to expostulate with him, and put in a Word by way of Remonstrance. The Fellow, surveying *Maison-Fleur* with a disdainful Look, said no more to him but only,

Pues, quien sois, vos que hablayis ? *Maison-Fleur*, qui parloit fort bon *Espagnol*, repondit, Yo soy Capitan.

Well, and who are you, pray, that talk to me ? *Maison-Fleur*, who spoke very good *Spanish*, made Answer, *I'm a Captain, Sir.*

The

18 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

The other replied, after having paused a while, with his Eyes fixed on the Ground :

Pues, vaya se a todos *Go to H—ll and be*
 los Diablos con sus Capi- *d——n'd, with your Cap-*
 ranerias, & no me digays *tairship at your A—se ;*
 nada ; *and don't trouble your Head*
 about Me ;

With a great deal more of the same Dialect. *Mais* *leur* was so struck, he stood for a while like a gaping Machine. However, at last, he turn'd it off with a Laugh, which was only Teeth outwards, for his Eyes sufficiently declar'd his Anger. By G—d, said I to him, *he has given ye your Payment, tho' he did not set ye at Work : he has made up your Accompts for ye with three Casts of a Counter. He made no great Reckoning of your Quality : and, indeed, you had little to do, you, who are a Frenchman, to busy yourself to correct a Spanish Soldier in his own Quarters.*

I saw once at Cremona a Spanish Soldier, a well-rigg'd, spruce, proper Man, walking the Streets without a Sword, and falling into Discourse with him, I ask'd him the Reason of it, and whether the Magistrates of the Town had forbid him to wear one ? He answered me ;

No, Senor. *La Justicia* desta Ciudad no ha que veder sobra mi, porque soy Soldado viejo senalado, y en Compagnias, bien avantagado : mas, yo mesmo me soy ordenado la Pragmatica ; porque soy tan presto de Mano, que por el menor Viento que me passa por las Orejas, yo luego buelvo, y faco la manó a l'Espada, y lo primero

No, Sir. The Magistrates of this City have no need to have an Eye over me, for I'm an old Soldier, and have signaliz'd myself in a very particular and distinguishing Manner in the Service : But I have prescribed to myself this Law ; because I'm so fiery in my Temper, so very apt to lay-about me, that if but the least Whiff of Wind invades my Ears, I presently
turn

qui se me topa muere a tu mal hora, come quatro o cinque-vezes me a acontecido assy por las Calles me passcando. De manera que por no caer en las manos de nuestro Alguazil, y en peligro de mi Vida, ha hecho voto a Dios de no traer mas Espada, sino quando vamos a la Guerra, o intramos in Guardia.

I have made a Vow to God Never to wear a Sword any more, unless when I'm going to an Engagement in the Field, or mount Guard any where.

This Man's Mischievousness lay in Himself, the Other's in his Sword.

A Soldier, who was born in the *Canaries*, but perfectly *Spaniolized* by having been trained up and refined among the *Spanish* Troops, going upon an Assault, his Captain observing him to look pale and tremble, reproach'd him with his Faint-heartedness. To which he made this Answer, with a gallant Assurance :

Treman las Carnes, porque, come humanas y sensibiles, el mi bravo y determinado Coraçon las lleva y las trae al postremo Passo, donde mas no ha de bolver.

turn me, and, quick as Lightning, whip out my Sword, and the first Man that comes in my Way, is a dead Man, as sure as ever he was born, as it has happend, four or five Times, when I've been walking along the Street : For which Reason, to avoid falling into the Clutches of our Alguazil, and running the Risk of my Life,

My Flesh, being by Nature Weak, trembles at the prodigious Danger into which my undaunted Heart is going to lead it.

This Soldier was very unlike many, who put on a bluff Look when they are going upon Action, but tremble in their Hearts.

20 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

A Soldier one Day affirmed, that,

Que de tantos Moros,
que matava, les corta las
Cabezzas, y pues las echa-
va tan alto que antes que
bolviessen, venian medio
comidas de Mosquas.

*He cut off the Heads of
all the Moors he killed,
and then tossed them so high
into the Air, that before
they came to the Ground
again, they were half-de-
voured by the Flies.*

No less a Share of Strength had another, who, after the Battle of *Lepanto*, said ;

En la Batalla de Lepan-
tho, con Don Juan
estando en su Real, en-
vestimos con la Galera
Real del Turco, yo no
meti gran Fuerça en mi
Braço, yo tire con mi
Montante una pequena
Cuchillada, che fue tan
hazia al Fondo de la
Mar, que profundio ha-
sta l'Innierno, y coge la
Punta de la Nariz a
Pluton.

*In the Battle of Lepan-
to, being in the same Gally
with Don John, and at-
tacking the Turkish Ad-
miral with my two-handed
Sword (tho' not with all
my Might) and happen-
ing to miss my Blow, I
struck my Weapen so deep
into the Bottom of the Sea,
that it penetrated to the In-
fernal Regions, scratched
the Tip of Pluto's Nose,
and not a little damaged
one of his Whiskers*.*

But

* How ridiculously Hyperbolical soever these Rhodomontades may seem, nothing is more certain than that it is a National Vice of the *Spaniards*, both in Speaking and Writing. Well, therefore has Father *Boubours* observed, That the *Spaniards* do, as one may say, think and talk upon Stilts. They are ever using *Augmentatives*. Their swelling up their Thoughts has infected their Language, which is full of Tumour. They won't say *Soldad*, a *Soldier*, but *Soldado*; nor *Rhodomontade*, but *Rodo mon ta do*; nor *Cor*, an *cœur*, *Heart*, but *Coracon*. This runs thro' their whole Tongue; and, as in their Pace, they rather stride than walk, so in their Thoughts and Expressions, there is more Wind and Sound, than Spirit and Eloquence.

The following two Verses, of a certain *Spanish* Author, on the Funeral-Pomp for the Emperor *Charles V.* (who is so often mentioned

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 21

But let us cease mentioning any more of these Ludicrous and False Rhodomontades, and proceed to Realities and Matters of Fact.

In the Time of our Wars in *Lombardy*, when the *Imperialists*, under the Command of *Prospero Colonna*, were besieging the Castle of *Milan*, and *Monf. Lautrec* was with his Army near at Hand, waiting an Opportunity to relieve it, 'twas then the said *Prospero* put in Practice that fine Expedient (mentioned elsewhere)* to hinder the other from beating up his Quarters, or obliging him to raise the Siege. Which *Lautrec* seeing himself not able to do, he encamped his Army round that of *Colonna*, making a Disposition to force his Enemy's Trenches; but miscarrying in that Design too, he contented himself, for a while, to lye-by and look on. Mean while, *Prospero*, being impatient to know what was doing in *Lautrec's* Camp, somebody informed him, that, among the *Spanish* Troops, there was a clever light-heel'd Fellow, named *Lobo*, the best Runner that ever was known; for, with a fat, full-grown Sheep on his Shoulders, he would out-strip the nimblest Man in the Army without any Weight or Load at all upon him. This pleased *Prospero* highly: So sending immediately for this same *Lobo*, he declared to him, how much it would be for the Emperor's Service, if he would try, without Loss of Time, to get Intelligence

mentioned in these Memoirs) are all-over *Spanish*, and as High-fownas Heart can wish:

*Pro Tumulo ponas Orbem, pro Tegmine Cælum,
Sydera pro Facibus, pro Lacrimis Maria.*

Translated at large, not *Verbatim*, as follows.

To form a Funeral equal to his Worth,
Put for his *Coffin* this whole Globe of Earth;
High Heav'n his *Dome*; his *Musick*, be the Spheres;
Stars serve for *Torches*, and the Seas for *Tears*.

* See Discourse VII. of Foreign Captains.

gence of what the Enemy was doing. *Lobo* presently answered, *It should be done*; and took along with him a Comrade of his, a *Spanish Soldier*, who had almost as good a Share of Heels as himself, and was particularly quick at loading his Harquebuis, and as dextrous at shooting it off. He and the said *Lobo* hasten to the Enemy's Camp, as soon as 'twas Dark, and there meet upon the *Perdue* (advanced Guard) a huge robust strapping *French Soldier* (called an *Adventurer*)* who demanding, *Who goes there?* *Lobo* seizes him directly, whips him up upon his Shoulders, like a little Lamb, and resumes his Way to his Camp, under the Escorte of his Comrade, who discharged his Piece three Times at the Enemy, who fired on them. However, *Lobo* safely comes with the Load to the *Sieur Prospero*, who, seeing him arrive, fell a laughing heartily, with the rest of the Officers, at such an uncommon Exploit: and having put some Questions to the *Adventurer*, and got out of him all the Intelligence he could give him, he let him go back to his Camp, without doing him any Hurt, and ordered *Lobo* and his Companion to be nobly rewarded. This was a notable Instance of Strength and Dexterity! And a Rhodomontade well worth all the *Verbal* ones! What terrible, sturdy Fellows these must be! What prodigious *Resolution*, as well as *bodily Strength*! It puts me in mind of that of *Hercules*, or rather the *Rhinoceros*, in *Martial's* Amphitheatre, which made no more of a Bull, than one would of a Tennis-Ball, and threw him up as easily, and as high, according to the Poet's Verse,

Quantus erat Cornu cui Pila Taurus erat!

How strong of Horn, the Beast! how bold withal!
To toss a Bull, as 'twere a Tennis-Ball.

One

* A Sort of Volunteer, so called from seeking to signalize themselves by *Adventures* of War, without having any Employ, or taking Pay.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 23

One having a Quarrel with another, went up and down, asking all he met ;

Cognosceis un tal, o es
su Amigo ? Ruega Dios
por el, porque tiene Pen-
dencias con migo.

*Do ye know Such-a-one,
or are you his Friend, or one
of his Well-wishers ? If you
are, pray to God for him :
He has quarrelled with Me.*

In like Manner there was a Bravoe, who said,
Estas son mis Missas,
que hazer Cuchilladas, y
matar Humbres, y que-
brar las Muelas à una
Putas.

*As others go daily to
Mass, so 'tis my constant De-
votion, to cut People over the
Face, to kill Men, and to
break the Jaw-Bones of the
Whores.*

Most Heroick Actions both ! especially the last.

When the Emperor (*Charles V.*) passed through
France, there was a *Spanish* Captain with him, who
one Day seeing the Chevalier *d'Ambres* (*I suppose he
means d'Amboise*) strutting along as much, if not
more, than himself, but very valiant withal, asked one
that stood by ;

Senor, este Cavallero
es tan valiente comes es
bravo ?

*Sir, Is that Gentleman
as Brave as he's Blust'ring ?*

And he making Answer in the Affirmative ;

Juro à Dios, dunque se
se puede-ygalar à mi.

*By G—d, says he, he
may then vie with Me.*

The Chavalier *d'Ambres* hearing this, longed
vastly for an Occasion to measure Swords with him,
and would certainly have done it, had not the King
(*Francis I.*) strictly forbidden his Subjects quarrelling
with any *Spaniard*. This *M. de Buffy* (*d'Amboise*) was
particularly noted for quarrelling with, and challeng-
ing, any new Gallant that came to Court.

A *Spanish* Soldier was heard to say ;

Y no harto tengo che
hazer en consolar esta mi
Espada, qui se quexa de

*I know not what to do
to silence the Clamours of
this Sword of mine, which*

24 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

mi, y desespera, porque
ha tantos Dias que la hago
holgar, y que no faca
Fruto de sus Enemigos.

*is continually chiding me for
letting it be so long at rest,
and deprived of all Oppor-
tunities of benefiting me at
the Expence of my Ene-
mies.*

This was a rare Servant of a Sword, and as good
a one as that other, of which the Owner said, as he
drew it half out ;

O! Espada, si supies-
ses hablar, diziardes
quantos Humbres mataf-
tes.

*O! Sword, couldst
thou but speak, thou wouldst
let the World know what
Numbers of Men thou hast
made the Sun shine thro'.*

Another, whom some
Face, said ;

were praising before his

No ay Necesidad de
contar mis Valores y Vir-
tudes, que todo el Mondo
las sabe.

*There's no Occasion to
reckon up my Achieve-
ments, or recount the Acts
of my Prowess, because
they're well known to all
the World.*

Another, who was enumerating his Exploits,
said ;

En Sicilia o muerto
dos Salteadores, en Sar-
dena tres, en Napoles
dos, y tres en Lombar-
dia ; de manera che se-
gun buena Cuenta son
diez. Pues no los escrivi,
mas pero accuerdo me
bien dellos, porque tengo
excelente Memoria, de
manera che no se habla
d'otro que de mi Virtud,
de mi Gesto, y Hazanas,
que me hazen temer de los

*In Sicily I killed two
Highwaymen, in Sardinia
three, at Naples two, and
three in Lombardy ; a-
mounting in all to just
half a Score, neither more
nor less. I don't Book 'em
down, having an excellent
Memory of my own, besides
a Sufficiency of Courage and
Manhood which makes me
as much fear'd by the Men,
as below'd by the Women ; so
that the latter, as I walk
along*

Hombres y amar de las Mugeres ; de manera que passeando por las Calles, todas tiravan mi Muchacho por la Capa, y entendia ellas come por detras le pedian : *Quien es este Cavallero tan bravo y dispuesto, y hermoso? Es este Don Juan de Mendoza?* No, respondia el Muchacho, *sino su Hermano.* Y ellas respondian : *Mira come se assentan bien los Cabellos, y la Barba ! O quan valerosas son las que alcançan su Amor !* Y entrambas rogavan mi Muchacho que tuviesse Forma come intrasse en sus Casas : de tal fuer- te, que las tengo impo- rtunas de me tanto rogar y amar, porque, para cumplir sus Ruegos, im- pido mis Negocios y mis Guerras.

from following my Affairs, my Sword.

Here's a fine *Adonis* ! and yet Old Nick himself was never painted half so ugly as this Braggadocio really was.

Another

*along the Streets, are always pulling my Lacky by the Sleeve, and I over-bear them, ever and anon, asking the Fellow, Who is that noble gallant handsome Gentleman? Is it Don John de Mendoza? * No, answers my Servant ; but, it is his Brother. And then they reply : Good Heaven ! There's a Head o' Hair ! There's a Beard ! How well they sit ! How well they agree with each other in Colour ! O ! how happy are the Women that possess his Love ! And then they fall to begging and praying my Man to contrive some way or other to introduce me to them, insomuch that they are perfectly troublesome to me, with their Importuni- ties and Overtures of Love : Because the complying with their Desires binders me and answering the Call of*

* The Sir-name of a most noble Family in Spain, of great Antiquity, and of which there are 28 Lords, and above 60 Gentlemen of very great Estates. The Chief of the Name is the Duke *del Infantado*, a Territory so called, because formerly it was the Dower of an *Infanta*.

26 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Another most unmercifully beat his Page, saying to him all the while,

Di, Vellaco, quantas Vezes te he yo mandado que no andes à cado passo publicando mi Valor; porque oyendolo las Mujeres no se pierdan por mi, de fuerte que soy mas impedido à muestrear à ellas la Magnificencia de mi Animo, que no en tomar las Ciudades, y matar Ennemigos?

Speak, Sirrah; how often have I forbid you publishing my Valour at every Step, lest the Women, hearing it, should fall desperately in Love with me, insomuch that I shall be more taken up with shewing them the Greatness of my Manhood than in conquering of Towns and killing the Enemy.

The late M. Strozzi and myself being in Italy, and one Day interrogating a Spanish Soldier, who accosted us, and we asking his Name, he told us, he was called, Don Diego Leonis;

Porque havia in Berberia matado tres Leones. *Because he had slain three Lions in Barbary.*

I can assure ye, he went not from us without furnishing us with a good deal of Matter for Laughter, as well for that Time, as for a long while afterwards.

I love another much, who bragged,

Que en las India havia quebrado un Braço à un Elephante: y aun osaria jura, che si haviesse ponido una mas de Fuerça, haviesse passado el Braço al Elephante, por el Coraçon y por las Entranas, y las haviesse sacado por la Boca.

That, in the Indies, he had wrenched off an Elephant's Leg from his body; nay, and swore, that had he put forth a little more Strength, he had run his Arm quite down to the Heart and Entrails of the Beast, and made him discharge them at his Mouth.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 27

A young *Spanish* Soldier being ask'd, how, being so very young, he had such large Whiskers? answered;

Estas Bigotas fueron hechas à la Fumada del Canon, y por esto crescen tan grandes, y tan presto. *These Whiskers were Canon-smoak'd, and the red-hot Balls, which were discharged from their Mouths, served them instead of a Hot-bed, and made 'em come up so quick, and grow so large.*

I like, not a little, the Answer of a *Spanish* Captain, who being ask'd, If his Company consisted of old Soldiers? replied;

Que si, porque hazia el los Soldados nuevos luego viejos, no con las pagas de muchos Annos, como acostumbravan los otros Capitanes, sino en muchas Peleas y continuas Escaramuças, con honrada y provechosa sua Disciplina de Guerra. *Yes; for tho' they were new Soldiers, he soon made them old ones, not by many Years Pay, as other Captains did, but by exercising them in many Battles and continual Skirmishes, with an honourable and useful Discipline of War.*

This Officer was highly in the Right; for, generally speaking, 'tis not the Number of Years that are spent in an Army, which makes good Soldiers, but the continual Engagements, and being frequently upon Action, and the being exercised in Skirmishes, and managing their Arms and Weapons. And therefore it often makes me mad, to hear it said, *Such-a-one, and Such-a-one is in the Army*; nay, and some Men of Quality too. And what is it they do there, but go and wait upon the General in the Morning, and give him a Good-Morrow, then away to their Quarters, game all the Day long, and make good Chear, and indulge themselves in Luxury and Idleness? And some there are who shall have been six or seven Months a travelling and roaming about,

28 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

and never once draw their Sword from their Side all that Time : And yet, when they arrive at Court, or to the Place of their Abode, give themselves Airs, they and their People, and would make one believe they've done Wonders and sh— Miracles, and kill'd the Devil ; when, with a Devil to them, they han't so much as killed a Fly. It is not therefore the being a long while in the Army makes either Captains or Soldiers, but the continual Use of Arms, and a constant Search after Combats and adventurous Encounters.

But how come I to lose myself in this Digression, and wander from my original Subject of *Rhodomontades*? Well ; 'tis all one. It is not amiss, since it comes in *à propos*, pat to the Purpose : Another Time, I had left it at my Pen's End. Now let us return to a pleasant and ridiculous Rhodomontade of a *Spanish* Soldier, who was at the disarming and stripping of King *Francis*, at the Battle of *Pavia* : For he was no Son of an honest Father, or an honest Mother, that had not a Pluck at the royal Feathers ; some for the Honour of the Thing, and others for the Profit. Now it happened, that the above Soldier's Lot was to take the King's Spurs, with which he was so puffed up, that, wherever he went, he would be continually saying, over and over again ;

Senor, no aveys senti-	<i>Sir, Have not you</i>
do mas nombrar y renom-	<i>heard, and been told, who</i>
brar aquel que sacò las	<i>it was that took King</i>
Espuelas doradas del Rey	<i>Francis's Golden Spurs,</i>
Francesco en Pavia, quan-	<i>when he was made Prisoner</i>
do fu preso? Yo soy	<i>at Pavia? It was I.</i>
aquel.	

Not unlike another Fellow, who, making his Brags in Company, among other Things, told them ;

Grandes Palabras dixo	<i>The King Don Ferdi-</i>
el Rey Don Hernandes a	<i>nand said these remarkable</i>
	<i>Words</i>

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 29

Don Juan mi Abuelo : *Words to Don John, my*
faca mis Botas. *Grand-father, Pull off*
my Boots.

Let us leave these vain Sillineſſes, and proceed to others.

When the Emperor *Charles* had taken the *Gouletta*, and was obliged to march towards *Tunis*, amidst hot burning Sands, which were terribly incommoding, there appeared before him 30,000 *Moors*, Horse and Foot, to stop him in his Way. There was a young *Spanish* Soldier, who, seeing such a Multitude on a sudden, began to cry out ;

Jefus ! Y con tantos *Jefus ! Are we to fight*
Moros havemos da pe- *all these Moors ?*
 lear ?

An old Soldier, marching near him, presently took him up ;

Calla, Bisogno ; à mas *Hold your Peace, ye*
 Gente y Moros, mas *Poltroon : The more Ene-*
 Ganancia y Gloria. *mies there are, the more*
Profit and Glory for Us.

A Soldier, at the *Camifade* *, which the brave Don *John* of *Austria* made in *Flanders* on the *Dutch* Camp, talking with his Companions as they march'd along, asked,

Quantos ſon Enemi- *How many the Enemy*
 gos ? *were in Number ?*

One of his Companions ſuddenly replies ;
 Vala te al Diavolo, con *Devil take thee with thy*
 tu Inquiſition y Cuenta : *How many and thy Num-*
 mas diga ; *Vamos à ellos,* *ber. Say rather ; Let us*
quantos que ſean. *at 'em, be they ever ſo*
many in Number.

F 2

The

* A ſudden Aſſault or Surpriſal of the Enemy (from *Camifa*, a *Shirt*) ſo termed, becauſe the Soldiers, who execute it, moſt commonly wear *Shirts* over their Armour, or take their Enemies in their *Shirts*.

30 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

The Emperor *Charles*, in the War of *Hungary*, one Day as he was making a Review of his Army, along with his Brother *Ferdinand*, King of the *Romans*, who wore his Hair brought round his Forehead, and cut with (or like) a Dish, * as his Grandfather used : There was a Soldier who took Offence at it, and called aloud to the Emperor ;

Sacra Magedad, vi do
mis pagas, y haga traf-
quillar Hermano tuyo
Don Hernandes.

*May it please your Ma-
jesty, I'll give up my whole
Pay, if you will but make
your Brother Don Ferdi-
nand cut off that Hair of
his.*

This Soldier must have been a very captious Fellow, not to endure a Thing which no ways concern'd Him. The Emperor heard well enough what he said, and only laugh'd at it, together with his Brother.

Another did much worse at the same Review ; for, as the Emperor was passing thro' the Ranks, he bawled out ;

Vala te al Diablo,
Bocina sea, que tan tarde
seys venido, que todo el
Dia somos muertos de
Hambre y Frio.

*The D—l take thee, thou
filthy Beast, for coming so late,
and making us wait here
all Day long, almost starv'd
to Death with Hunger and
Cold.*

The Emperor heard Him too ; but he only laughed at it, without taking any further Notice of it ; (had they failed in their Duty, indeed, it had been another Case) for he loved and cherished his *Spanish* Soldiers as if they had been his own Children.

Now comes a merry Rhodomontade of a certain *Spanish Hydalgo* (i. e. Gentleman) who having presented to King *Ferdinand* a Petition in his Drawing-Room,

* *Fenetre*, in the Original, which I take to mean the same as *Rabelais's Tendu à la Cesarine*. i. e. like *Julius Cesar's*.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 31

Room, and the King standing still, and not immediately giving him any Answer, says our *Hydalgo* to him ;

Sacra Magestad, haga *For God's Sake, Sir,*
mi por Dios Respuesta ; *give me an Answer : Other-*
fino a'abaxo està mi Ma- *wife my Mule's below :*
cho :

As much as to say, *If you won't dispatch me quickly,*
I'll mount my Mule and be gone. What a vain Coxcomb,
what a self-conceited Gooscap of a Gentleman was
this ! Yet Comical enough too, with his Mule !

The Marquess of *Pescayra*, being at the Battle of
Ravenna, and behaving bravely, having his Gover-
nor with him, a very worthy and a valiant Gentleman,
named *Placidio de Sangra* : After they had, both of
them, fought a long Time very couragiously, the
Governor,

Considerando el Peli-
gro del Dano vezino,
buelto al Marques le dize :
O ! Cavallero valeroso,
pues che no es Cosa de Ani-
mo varonil, sino de Loco
del todo, contrastar tanto
Tiempo con la Fortuna con-
traria, porque entanto quel
Cavallo està sano, y las
Fuerças bastano, os li-
brays de la Muerte, y os
guardays para mejor Ventu-
ra. Entonces, el Mar-
ques le respondiò : De
buen Grado obedesceria, o
sangre * muy fiel à esto

Considering the Danger
of an approaching Defeat,
and turning to the Mar-
quess, said to him ; O most
valiant Knight, since it
is not the Part of a
prudent Man, but of a
downright Madman, to
dispute long against Ill
Fortune, here is a Horse
yet unhurt, and you have
Strength enough left, give
not yourself up a Prey to
Death, but make your
Escape, and preserve
yourself for a better For-
tune. Then did the Mar-
quess

* I have, for once, put it as it is in the Original, viz. *Sangre*,
which is certainly wrong, and should be *Seguiria*, from the Verb
Seguir, signifying to follow ; the other signifies Blood, and is
direct Nonsense. Besides this, I could give Instances in a Mul-
titude

Indice de la 1.ª Parte de la Historia de España

32 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Consejo saludable, si me persuadierades Cosa tanto honrosa quanto segura : antes quiero yo que me lloren mis Amigos muerto con Honra, que yo llorar afrentosamente con Vida infame en Casa, tantas Muertes de tan grandes Capitanes.

quefs return this Answer !
I would gladly obey you, and would certainly follow your salutary Counsel, if you had advised me to a Thing equally Honourable and Advantageous : But I much rather chuse, my Friends should lament me dead with Honour, than I

shamefully bewail the Death of so many gallant Leaders, while I live an Ignominious Life at Home.

This was no vain glorious Bravado, but a laudable Rhodomontade, and which the Marquess did not fail to put in Execution, and to Do it, as well as Talk it ; for, rather than fly, he was taken Prisoner : *

Thereby

titude of other Places, of the *Spanish* Part of this Work, wherein the *Dutch* Edition is very Erroneous, such as *Sabo* for *Salgo* ; *Bucbo* for *Buelto* ; *Cuero* for *Coracon* , *Scalabrosa* for *Scabrosa* *Cosa*, which signifies a dangerous Piece of Work, but *Scalabrosa* signifies nothing at all, in short, there's no such Word in *Spanish* as *Escalabrosa* : The t'other means the same as *Scabreux* in *French*, rough, rugged, arduous Work. Besides these and the like Typographical Errors in the modern Languages, there are not a few to be found in this Work, in the *Greek* and *Latin* Quotations also, which I have taken Care to set right, as often as they occur ; as also to add Historical, Critical, and Explanatory Notes of my own, such as the preceding and all the subsequent ones, with Quotations of Verses from other Authors (and the Translation thereof) wherever they may serve to embellish, enliven or clear up any Point relating to the Persons or Subject treated of in these *Memoirs*. J. O.

* Whilst the Marquess was a Prisoner of War, he composed a *Dialogue of Love*, a very ingenious Piece ; which he dedicated to the Marchioness his Spoule, and sent it to her. This Lady being, in some Respects, as great a Heroine as He was a Hero, it may be no disagreeable Amusement to the Reader, to peruse a Short Account of her, extracted from *de Coste*, *Morery* and others. Her Name was *Victoria Colonna* ; she was Daughter to a *Roman* Lord, named *Fabricio Colonna*. They were hardly
either

Thereby keeping strictly up to the Motto he had made choice of, *viz. Aut cum hoc, aut in hoc: i. e. Either with This, or upon This*, meaning a Shield or Buckler, round which those Words were written: Which the brave *Spartan* Dame of old had said to her Son, when he set out for the War, and commanded him, either to return honourably with it (the Shield) *Alive*, or else be brought home upon it *Dead*.

The

either of them three Years old when the Emperor made this Match between them, to strengthen his own Interest by uniting these two considerable Families together. This Lady was one of the most illustrious Persons of her Sex; beautiful, virtuous and endued with a vast deal of Wit and Good-sense, a very learned and excellent Poet, which justly procur'd her the Elogiums of the best Writers of the XVIth Century. She entirely loved the Marquess, and he was no less fond of Her. After the Death of the Marquess, she would never listen to any Proposal of a second Marriage, but employed herself in describing the glorious Actions of her Husband, in a Poem which she wrote in Honour of his Memory. *John Thomas Musconio*, a celebrated Poet, preferred her before *Porcia*, *Cato's* Daughter, and *Brutus's* Wife, on Account of the Affection she bore to the Marquess her Husband. He speaks of it thus;

Non vivam sine te, mi Brute, exterrita dixit
 Porcia, & ardentem forbuit ore faces.
 Te, Davale, extincto, dixit Victoria, vivam;
 Perpetuò mœstos sic dolitura Dies.
 Utraque Romana est; sed in hoc Victoria victrix.
 Perpetuò hæc luctus sustinet, illa semel.

Englised as follows, by Mr. Ozell.

Without thee I'll not live, my Brutus, cry'd
 Th' affrighted PORCIA, swallowed Fire and dy'd.
 Tho' thou art dead, Da-Val, yet still I'll live,
 VICTORIA said, and will for ever grieve.
 Both Roman Ladies; but VICTORIA gain'd
 The Victory over PORCIA: She remain'd
 A Sufferer Always; This but Once was pain'd.

}

The Reader must be put in Mind that the Marquess's Family-Name was DA VALOS, and his Consort's Christian Name VICTORIA.

34 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

The Great * *Talbot*, when he died at *Castillon*, spoke to his Son in much the same Manner as the Marquess *Pescayra's* Governor did to him, advising him to save himself by Flight; but the Son would not obey his Father, and died with him.

FROISSARD, speaking of the Battle of *Nicopolis*, against the *Turks*, says, there was a *Frenchman*, named the *Sire de Montcarè*, a valiant Lord and a fine Gentleman, a Native of *Artois*, having with him a Son, a young Lad, and seeing the *French* were like to lose the Day, said to his Gentleman of the Horse; *Take my Son, and convey him away; thou mayst easily do it, thro' yonder open Lane. Make haste, my Son, and save thyself, while I stay here to take my Fate with the rest.* These are *Froissard's* very Words. The Boy answered, *He would not go and leave his Father*: And persisted in that Resolution so obstinately, that the Gentleman was obliged to use Force to get him away and put him out of Danger, and Both came

TORIA. During the Life of her Husband, *Isabella* gave Proofs of an extraordinary Virtue, when she dissuaded the Marquess from accepting the Kingdom of *Naples*, which the Pope, *Clement VII.* the Princes of *Italy*, and other Potentates, offered him after the Victory of *Pavia*. This Generous and Magnanimous Lady, who did not suffer herself to be dazzled with the Glare of Sovereignty, resolved at last to forsake the World entirely, and accordingly sequester'd herself from it, during the latter Part of her Life, in the Monastery of *St. Mary at Milan*, where she died in the Year 1541.

* On the last Day of *July*, 1453, *John* Lord *Talbot*, the most valiant Earl of *Shrewsbury*, the first of that Title, after 24 Years Service in the *French* Wars, ended his Life in the Field of Battle against the *French*, and was buried at *Rouen* in *Normandy*. He was Knight of three Noble Orders, viz. *St. George*, *St. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*; and Great Marshal of *France* to our *Henry VI.* when he held that Realm. His very Name was such a Terror to the *French*, that they would quiet their Children with the Mention of it. As he was resolutely breaking into the *French* Camp, near *Castillon*, and had got the Entry thereof, he was Shot thro' the Thigh with an *Harquebuss*, and his Horse slain under him: His Son, desirous to relieve his Father, lost his own Life. *Vid. Eng. Hist.*

came to the *Danube*: But the Child was so overwhelmed with Grief for his Father, that he fell into the Water, between two Vessels, and was drowned, without any Possibility or Desire of being saved.

I have read in a *Spanish Book*, containing a Narration of the Battle of *Pavia*, of *Galeaz-San-Severin*, Master of the Horse to King *Francis*,

Que, combatiendo valerosamente, murió delante del Rey, con honrado Fin de Vida, y satisfizo lo que devia à la Gracia Real, y al su Honra esclarecida; el qual, caiendo de su Cavallo, buelto à Don Guilliemo de Langeay, noble Cavallero, que lo querria socorrer in aquel extremo caso, le dixo: *Dexad me, Hijo, gozar a lo menos de mi Hado, y partyos de aqui, con toda la Presteza que pudieredes, y corred à deffender al Rey; y si os librays salvo de la Pelea, os accordareys, como Amigo y piadoso, de mi Nombre y honrado Fin.*

That, fighting courageously, he died in the King's Presence, finishing the Career of his Life honourably, and satisfying what he ow'd to the King for his gracious Good-Will towards him, and, at the same Time, discharging the Debt due to his Honour. This Lord, as he was falling from his Horse, turned towards Lord William de Langeay, a noble Gentleman, who was desirous to relieve him in this dismal Extremity; Leave me, dear Sir, said he to that Lord, let me, at least, enjoy my unhappy Lot, and hasten with all the Speed you can to the King's Assistance: and, if you should

get clear of the Battle, you will, like a good and pious Friend, remember my Name, and the honorable End I have made.

These solemn and grave Expressions, if they may be called *Rhodomontades*, are very fine ones. But take one more of the (so often mentioned and never-enough-to-be-admir'd) *Marquess de Pescayra*, who, going one Day to an Engagement against

G

Bartholomew

36 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Bartholomewo d' Alviano, a renowned Venetian General,

Dexando el Cavallo, à Pié con una Pica en la mano, buelto atras, dixo. *Ea Soldados, tened cuydado que entrando yo en la Batalla, si quier mi Ventura que muera honradamente en ella, vos otros no permitays, que Sea antes bollado de los Pies de los Enemigos, que de los Vuestros.* Los Soldados, gridando animosamente, le respondieron, muy alegres, que passasse adelante con buen Animo, porque ellos estavan determinados ganar Loor detan gran Virtud, siendo le muy obedientes como à Capitan, y como à Soldado peleando efforçadamente: y no enganò el Sucesso à sus trocadas Esperanças, porque todos combatieron muy bien con furioso Affalte.

Having quitted his Horse, and being on Foot with a Pike in his Hand, said, turning himself back, My good Friends, take Care, if I should chance to fall honourably in the Beginning of the Fight, take Care, I beg of you, not to suffer me to be trampled upon by the Enemy, but rather by yourselves. The Soldiers, with an ardent Shout, called to him very joyously, to go on with Confidence, for they were determined to win the Praise due to brave Men, and would obey him with the utmost Exactness, both as their Captain, and as a Soldier who fought valiantly: Nor did the Event disappoint their Hopes; for they behaved to Admiration, and with a Bravery beyond Belief.

In this Rhodomontade there are two Things worth Notice. The first, which cannot indeed be so well described as conceived: Forasmuch as it must be imagined to be a very great Glory for the Soldiers, when they see their Leader stretch'd Dead on the Ground, at the Head of them, not to be dismayed, or shrink back, but to push forward: Rather chusing to tread upon their General's Body themselves, and march over his Belly to revenge his Death

Death valiantly, rather than that his and their Enemy should come after and triumphantly trample on his Body in pursuit of Them, without any such Provocation or Motives of Revenge, as They had : Which was certainly well thought of, and well advised by, the great Marquess. The second Thing to be observed is, the Soldiers declaring they would readily obey, not only their Officers, but even any private Soldier that would do the Duty of an Officer towards them. Again, Nothing sure, gives such Spirits to a Soldier as to see his Colonel, or his Captain, &c. doing the same Thing as himself. The Soldiers of the said Marquess did not fall short of their Word ; for they performed so well, they won the Battle ; with which King *Ferdinand* was so well pleased, as to order a List to be laid before him, of all the Names, not only of these Officers, but of the common Soldiers too, and the same to be written in a curious Hand ; so that,

Aun oy Dia, en los libros de los Thesorereros estàn elegantamente escritos los Nombres de aquellos Soldados, que en Hecho de las Armas de Vincentia, al Rio Brente, combatiendo en la Avedguardia, ganaron la Batalla con maravilloso Valor.

There is at this Day to be seen, elegantly written in the Books and Records of the Treasury, the Names of the Soldiers who, in the Battle of Vicenza, on the River Brente, did, by a marvellous Bravery, win the Day by fighting in the Van-Guard.

When the Great King of *Spain*, in 1588, designed to invade *England* with the famous *Armada*, after it was shipwreck'd and defeated, I met with several *Spanish* Soldiers and Officers, as well as Volunteers, in their Way Home thro' *France*, and having discoursed with them, they gave me prodigious Accounts of its Force and Greatness. Amongst other Things, they said, It consisted of 120 Men of

38 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

War, the least of which was of 300 Tons Burthen. Twenty were from 1000 to 1200 Tons, of which there were four or five large Galeasses exceeding all Comparison : Upwards of 40, if not quite 50, of 7 or 800 Tons each ; insomuch that all the Means, Contrivance, Genius, Power and Riches of *Spain* were employed to fit out the said Armada : and then they went on and told me, that a Year before this Armada set out from Port,

El Rey havia mandado à la gran Mar Oceano, que se aparejasse para recibir en su Reyno y Aguas sus Vasselles, non propriamente, Vasselles, para dezir Verdad, mas Montagnas de Legno : y tambien a los Vientos, para cessar y callarse, y favorecer sin ninguna Tempestad à la Navigation de su Armada, la Sombra de la qual queria el que hiziesse caer y baxar con gran humildad, no solamente los Arboles y Masteles de los Navios, mas las Puntas de los Campanillos del toda Inglaterra.

The King had given Orders to the Great Ocean-Sea, that it should be ready to receive within its Dominions, and upon its Waters, His Ships, or, to speak more truly, said they, Mountains of Wood. That at the same Time, his Majesty had commanded the Winds to be hushed and still, and only breathe a gentle Gale and favourable Breeze, to convey, to their destined Place, his NAVAL ARMAMENT, at whose Shadow (he insisted) not only the Masts and Rigging of the English Ships should fall down and bow themselves, with great Humility, but even the Steeples and Pi-

nacles of every Church in England be overthrown, and their tow'ring Heads sink down and tumble to the Dust at once, and there to remain for Ever.

This had been a noble Rhodomontade, and a notable *Spanish* Threat, if Fortune had favoured the Undertprize. But this mighty Armada came to nothing ; partly by the Foresight and Conduct of that
great

great Captain, *Drake*, * one of the greatest Men that has beat or ranged the Seas these 200 Years, or, perhaps, ever since the Creation; and partly by tempestuous Weather and the Rage of the great Ocean, which might not like to be insulted in that Manner: For the Sea's foamy Billows are of a boisterous untractable Nature, and will not be affronted. *Rhodomont* found this to be true. When he was for passing over from *Africa* to *Europe*, he fell to Cursing and Blaspheming his Maker in the following *Italian Verses*;

Se'è alcun Dio nel Cielo,
ch'io no'l so Certo,
Huomo non è, chi l'ha-
bia visto, esperto.
Ma la vil Gente lo crede
per Paura:
El mio buono Branda, e
la mia Armatura,
E l'Animo ch' io ho, so-
no il mio Dio.

*If there be a God in
Heaven, 'tis more than I
know. Certainly no Man
has seen or experienced that
there is one. The Mob,
indeed, believe it, thro'
Fear. My Sword, my
Lance, my Armour, and
my Courage, are the only
God I know any Thing
of.*

With a great deal more of such execrable vile Stuff which he uttered, and may be seen in the *Orlando Amorofo*, which are better suppressed than mentioned, they are so scandalously bad and villainous: And afterwards, speaking to the Winds.

Soffia il Vento, si sai
Soffiare.

*Let the Winds blow, if
they know how to blow.*

Then

* The Author has it *Millort Drap*; i. e. My Lord *Drap*. By *Drap* he means *Drake*; the French hardly ever spell the English Names right, or their Quotations from English, or which is more surprizing, from the Greek, nor even the Italian, for in the Quotation above, they have err'd, besides running it all together of a Huddle, as if it had been *Prose*. I have translated them into *Prose*, it not being worth while to study to *versify* Blasphemy.

40 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Then he falls to damning and despising them, jumps on Shipboard, and mounts the Sea, against the Advice of all the Pilots and Mariners. And when he is at Sea, he goes on with his Bravados and Blasphemies. However, He was well tossed, and very near perishing.

Ovid relates, that when *Ajax Oileus* was returning from the *Trojan War*, his Ship was very roughly handled by the *Winds* and *Waves*, and he, as tempestuous as the Weather, did nothing but Curse and Swear at Both. At last the Ship came bump upon a Rock, and breaking in Pieces, *Ajax* had that Agility as to give a sudden Spring out of the Ship and jump upon the Rock, and there scrambling up with his Hands and Nails, he fell to cursing more than before. *In spite of Jupiter and Minerva*, said he, *I will escape from the Waters of Neptune*. But *Jupiter*, provoked at such Blasphemous Expressions, suddenly sends his Thunder on the Rock, which splitting in two, one Part remained standing, while the other, on which *Ajax* thought himself so secure, tumbles into the Water with him upon it, and both sink to the Bottom of those Waters which he had so arrogantly despised the Danger of.

When Oral Rhodomontades succeed and take effect, they are very much to be valued; for there are two Sorts of Rhodomontades, the one of *Words*, the other of *Deeds*; and this last is preferable to the other; for Instance, That which I'm going to relate, which I take out of the *History of the War of Germany*, written in *Spanish* by the *Seigneur d'Avila*, who was present and an Eye-witness of it, and which was likewise confirmed to me by the late Captain *Vallefreniere* *, a clever Soldier as ever was, and who was then Page to Don *Alvaro de Sande*, in that same War, having taken him when very young in *Piedmont*, and since died before *Bourg-jur-Mer*, siding with

* See Discourse XXVI of Foreign Captains.

with the Hugonot Party : And the Loss of him was much to be lamented ; for he had seen a great deal, and, in my Opinion, was one of the best Men, as well as most expert Captains, that Monsieur the Admiral had in his Army. But to come to the Story :

El Emperador, viendo que era necessario de ganar la otra parte del Rio Albis, tantas vezes nombrado por los antiquos Romanos, y tan poco visto por ellos y de los Espanoles bien reconocido y señalado, y que havia mandado que l'Harquebuzeria usasse tode Diligencia, y que passasse subitamente, se desnudaron Diez Harquebuzeros Espanoles à lo vista del Emperador, y estos, nadando con las Spadas atravesadas en las Bocas, llegaron à algunas Barquas, tirando a los Enemigos mucos Harquebuzazzos de la Ribera, y ganaron las, y mataron a los qui havean quedado dentro, y asì las traxeron, en las quales passò l'Harquebuzeria, y quedaron Senora de la Ribera, y los Enemigos

*The Emperor finding it necessary to gain the other Side of the River Elbe *, so often named by the ancient Romans, and so little seen by them, but so well known, and made so memorable by the Spaniards, and having ordered his Harquebusiers to use all Diligence and get over the River as expeditiously as they could, Half a Score Spanish Harquebusiers immediately stripped off their Cloaths in the Emperor's Sight, and swimming, with their Swords in their Mouths, towards some Boats and large Barks, notwithstanding the Enemy continually fired on them from the River Side, they got to the Vessels, and having killed those on Board, brought 'em to the rest of the Harquebusiers, who instantly went into them and made themselves Masters of the River Side,*
the

* The *Albis* of the ancient Authors, from whence, no doubt, it borrows its present Name of *Elbe*, tho' some say it has its Name from *Halb*, i. e. Half, because it divides Germany into two Halves. There is an Island of the same Name on the Coasts of Tuscany, in the Mediterranean.

commençaron del todo a perder el Animo. Y queriendo el bravo Emperador reconocer y garlardonnar tan valientes Soldados, despues la ganada Batalla maudò venir las dichas Soldados a delante S. M. y darles an Vestido de Torciopelo cramezi, otros dizan de Grana, a su modo, y bien garnecido d'Oro y cion Ducados a cada uno, y grandes Ventages en sus Compagnias ; de manera che assi senalados, adelante todo el Campo, y van braveando y passeando con gran superbia, de manera que todo la Gente y va diziendo dellos, *A qui estan eos Bravos y Determinados de las Barcas.*

the Enemy having quite lost their Courage. The Emperor being desirous to distinguish, in a particular Manner, and reward such valiant Soldiers, sent for them to come to him, after the Battle was over, and gave each of them a Suit of Crimson Velvet, others say Scarlet in Grain, which of the two they liked best, richly trimmed with Gold and Silver, and a hundred Ducats a Man besides, with the Addition of great Privileges in their several Companies ; and being thus distinguished from the rest of the Army, they walked about with no little State, while every-body said of them ; These are the bold Bark-Men !

The Book does not say quite so much ; but the Captain above named, my very good Friend, told it me. And, upon my Word, the People were very much in the Right to admire them and call them as they did, *The bold Bark Men* ; for they performed a very brave Thing ; and one such Practical Rhodomontade is of more Worth than a hundred Verbal ones.

Enough of serious Discourse : Now let us return a while to the Buffooning Part of Rhodomontades.

A certain Spaniard praising a Sword he wore, to a Companion of his, said ;

Of

De cinco, que tengo, esta es en la qual yo tengo mas Confiença y la que nunca ma faltò de la Mano. Esta es la que tan famosa està en toda la Tierra : y es la que tantas vezes me pedi emprestada Don Pedro recuerdo* : y esta misma es que treyenta Anos à este parte no se ha hecho Campo en toda l' Andaluzia, donde no se aya hallada ; porque de Corduba, de Cadiz, de Malaga y de otras muchas y diversas Partes donde succeden algunos Desafias entre los Amigos, luego me embian por ella : y con esta fue con la que mataron el Sacristan de San-Lucar : y con esta cortaron los Muslos à Navarrico, el Soldado de Duque : y con esta Ravanal hizo grandes Cosas on Toledo, en Tiempo que Don Galtero matò el Viscayno en Alcazàr ; y no fue otra cosa de su Salvo, sino tener esta Espada : y esta es misma, por quien ha un Ano que tienen ya por

Of the five Swords which I have, this is That I put most Confidence in, and which never fails me in Time of Need. It is the Sword which is so renowned all over the World: It is the Sword which Don Pedro—has so often borrowed of me. It is the Sword without which there has not been a Quarrel in all Andaluzia for these 30 Years past, but it has been concerned in ; because, when any Difference happens between Friends, and Challenges are sent either by those of Corduba, Cadiz Malaga, Carthagenà, and divers other Places, they send immediately for this Sword. It was with it they killed the Sacristain (Sexton) of St. Lucar. It was with it they Hamstringed Navarrico, an old Soldier of the Duke's. It was this Sword with which Ravanal achiev'd such great Exploits at Toledo, when Don Galtero killed the Biscayan at Alcazar, and his Safety was owing to nothing but his having this Sword. It is this very

H

Sword,

* *Recuerdo* is an Appellative for a Carrier that drives Pack-Horses and Mules. It may too be the proper Name of a Man, a *Carter* among us.

44 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Costumbre en los Desafios sacar por Condicion, que ninguno lleve la Espada mia. De manera que es tan famosa por todas las Tierras y Compagnias, como la Espada encantada del Roldan y del Rey Artus. Que si yo quisiese contar las Virtudes de esta Espada, nunca acabaria.

Sword, upon whose Account it has been customary, for this Year past, to make it a Condition in all Challenges, that No-body shall bring or use My Sword. So that it is as famous throughout the Earth and in all Companies, as either the enchanted Sword of Orlando, or King Arthur; and were I to enter upon the Particulars of all its marvellous Performances I shou'd never have done.

This Sword brings to my Mind that of one of our old Captains of *Piedmont*, whom I knew, and who, however, performed no greater Miracles with his Sword, than another Man, and with whom it was a usual Saying; *Whoever has an Affair with Me, he must have an Affair with Martina here at my Side* (calling his Sword *Martina* *) *and he that runs me out of her, may boldly say, he has run'd the best Sword in France.*

The Passage immediately preceding this last, is a merry-enough Elogium of that *Spaniard's* Sword! But the Spark forgot himself therein; for he gives no Instances of his own Atchievements with that Sword of his, but only Those of Other Men: but he might perhaps say, that if Others performed so well with this Sword when borrowed, infallibly, being His, and in his own Hands, it would do Wonders, and make Havock with a Vengeance. However, there are some, and not a few neither, who don't owe to their Swords their gallant Actions, but to the Operations of their Hands, and their stout

* Not *Martin* in the Masculine Gender, because the *French* Word for Sword (*Epee*) is Feminine, and likewise because of the paw Word which he uses afterwards, beginning with an *f*. i. e. *fentre* in *French*. The *English* of which I leave to others.

flout Hearts. The Person I am going to name, recommends himself in a much better Manner.

There was, then, a Spaniard, who said ;

No Sabey's que me
aconteciò, en Cordova,
porque no ay cosa mas
publica en Andaloufia
d'aquel Francisco Cordero,
el qual hizo Mu-
estra de hazer Mano con-
tra mi. No se uvo acabado
de desembolver de su
Capa, quando yo lo tenia
con su mismo Pugnãl
cortada la Mano derecha,
y clavada en cima del
Bodegon del Gayetaneto.
Pero, ny peresso perdy
la Tierra, ni dexe de pas-
searme por las Calles y
Rincones, sin temer la
Justitia ; porque ella, y
la Cuaresma, no son sino
para los Quines, Vellacos
y Desdechados ; y de mas
Siempre andava yo bien
armado, y siempre la
Espada en la Mano, y
con la media Vaina, y
tambien nunca dexava un
Broquel de las Sevillanas,
de la Cinta, con la Barba
larga y Cabellos trasquil-
lados ; y quando era
menester de salir accom-
panado, no me faltavan
Amigos, que à medio
Repiquete de Campana,

*You can't but know what
happened to me at Corduba,
since there's nothing more
notorious in all Andaluzia,
than the Story of me and
the Laceman Francisco,
who made as if he would
strike me. But he had no
sooner uncloak'd his Right
Hand, but I cut it off with
his own Dagger, and nail'd
it on the Top of the little
Bag-pipe Tavern. And yet
I did not keep out of the
Way for it, but still conti-
nued my Walks about the
publick Streets, as well as
By-Alleys, without any Fear
of being taken up ; because
Justice and the Laws, as
well as Lent, are only for
your People of the lower
Class, the vulgar Fry, and
poorer sort of Sinners.
Besides, I never walk'd
without being well-arm'd,
my Sword in my Hand half-
drawn ; neither did I ever
miss having a round Sevil-
lian Target, with its Ribbon-
fastning, a large Beard, and
Hair well-cut and prepar'd ;
and whenever I went out
of Town, my Friends fail'd
not to give me their Com-*

46 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

se juntava trecientos Compagneros, y todos en verdad Hombres de Bien y de Mano.

pany, at the holding up my Finger, or the ringing but of a little Bell, to the Number of three Hundred; and all of them, tho' I say it,

Men of Deeds, as well as Words; Men of Merit and Expedition.

A *Spanish* Gentleman, who was very Flefhy, Brawny, and Fat-gutted, one Day, as he was going up the Great Stairs of the Palace at *Madrid*, Two other Gentlemen, who were at the Top of the Stair-Cafe, seeing him coming up, spoke to one another, loud enough for him to hear them,

Mira el Puerco, que fube!

Mind that Hog that's coming up!

The other, as soon as he was got to them, returned the Compliment:

Si, yo foy Puerco; mas, vos no me matareys, dit-il à l'un; y vos, no me comereys dit-il à l'autre.

It is true, I am a Hog, but You won't kill me, said he to one of 'em. Nor will You eat me, said he to the other.

Reflecting on the One, whom he knew to be a Coward, and on the Other, who was violently suspected to be a *Jew* in his Heart, tho' outwardly a Christian. The Reader need not be told, the *Jews* have an Aversion to Swines Flefh.

A Physician said as good a Thing. Being sent for to a Bishop who was sick, but very plump and fat; and having left him, as he was going down Stairs, some of his Friends ask'd him, How the Bishop did? he said no more than,

Pluguieffe à Dios que fueffe tal mi Macho.

Wou'd to God my Mule was as well!

A poor *Spanish* Devil, who was going to be hang'd, as the Priest was admonishing him about his Salvation, and asking him, if he still remember'd the Prayer he had taught him, and if he had constantly

constantly made use of it, which, if he daily repeated, he should never die by Fire or Water, and should likewise know the Day of his Death? said the Fellow arrogantly to him, tho' just ready to be turn'd off;

Vala te al Diablo, Senor Frayle, que tan bien aveys prophetizado, y con tal m' a servido tu Oration; porque no muero en Fuego ni Agua, mas en el Ayre, qui es peor, y tambien yo sabe & cognosco el Dia de mi muerte.

Curse on your Reverend Father-ship! You have been but too true a Prophet: I don't, indeed, die either by Fire or Water, but I die in the Air, which is still worse; and tho' your Prayer has avail'd me nothing, I know however the Day of my Death: and so saying, he made his Exit.

The Story borders rather upon Repartee than Rhodomontade; and, indeed, I wrote it before I was aware; but since 'tis out, let it go; I don't repent of it: If it is not a Good Thing, it is no Bad One, at least.

A *Spanish* Captain going one Day to visit a kept Mistress of his at *Toledo*, She, representing to Him the Danger of his coming at such an unreasonable Time of Night, when Three of the Court-Bravos used to be passing and re-passing the Streets thereabouts; namely, the Two *Pymmentels* and Don *John de Guzman*, bedawbed all over with Gold, with each his Buckler on his Arm, he boldly made answer;

Que vengan, que vengan, estos Bravos de Corte, y de los mas pintados, tan bien arodelados! Que vive a Dios, sus Rodeles y Broqueles no me espantan, ny mas ny menos, que los Cofseletes y Harquebuzes de cien Enne-

Let 'em come, let 'em come, these Court Swaggerers, so gorgeously dizon'd out, and so equipt with their Bucklers! By G--d, their Bucklers and round Targets shan't frighten me, no more, nor less, than the Pike-men and Harquebusiers

48 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

migos en Campana. Y si vienen, yo los mostrarè, que peligrosa Cosa es de tocar a mis Amores.

busiers of a Hundred of the Enemy in the Field of Battle. And if they come, I'll make 'em to know what it is to meddle with my Amours.

But the Cream of the Jest was, he had no sooner ended his Bravado, but they came by rattling their Arms under the very Window, and he hearing the Noise, said to the Lady ;

Senora, grand Locura seria, y Trato de un Atrevido, Temerario, y Ignaro de las Armas, de un solo acometer a tres : y, por esso, mejor es por mi de reconocer la Puerta por detras, y me recoger, y me salvar fuera.

Madam, it would be a great Piece of Madness, and Fool-bardiness, as well as argue an Ignorance in Arms, for me who am but One, to attack Three Men : for which Reason, my best Way will be to make Use of my Heels instead of my Hands ; and, without further Ceremony, made Use of the Back-door.

I am indebted to Monseigneur de Savoye for this and other Stories, with which he abounded, and would tell 'em as well as any Man, when he had a Mind to it *.

And indeed this Captain acted very wisely to pull in his Horns, and get out of the Way betimes ; for these *Pymontels* were the greatest Hacksters** of the Emperor's Court, and (to do 'em Justice) none were more active and expert in Feats of Arms. It was these Two that, in so distinguishing a Manner, signalized themselves in all the Famous Tilts and Tournaments in *Flanders* for the Reception of the King of Spain, particularly Don *Alonso* the elder Brother,

as

* See his Article in Discourse XLII.

** Nose-shitters, Ruffians, Bully-Rocks, Swash-bucklers, &c.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 49

as I have read and been told by Madam de *Fontaine*, one of the gallantest Ladies in *France*, and Maid of Honour to Queen *Eleonor* of the *Torcy* Family. This *Alonso* was afterwards appointed Vice-Roy at the *Gouletta*, where he was accused of Sodomy, and being convicted, had Sentence of Death passed upon him. Which giving Occasion to a *French* Gentleman, of my Acquaintance, to ask a *Spaniard*, at *Rome*, concerning the said *Alonso's* Death, he answered in the Simplicity of his Soul ;

Senor, fue quemado, Sir, He was burnt for
porque era Bugaron, come being a Sodomite, as You
par Ventura, Vuestra may be, for ought I know.
Merced.

Tho' this was made a Jest of, on Account of the *Spaniard's* blunt Way of expressing himself, yet the Gentleman he spoke to, was suspected to be guilty of that Vice.

The Captain afore-mentioned was much of the Humour and Opinion of Another, who said ;

Mais quiero yo, que I had rather the World
de mi diga la Gente, aqui shou'd say of me, such a-one
un tal huyò, que aqui un ran away here, than such
tal muriò. a one dy'd here.

This Man was fond of Life in good Earnest !

A *Spanish* Soldier, one Day, relating and reckoning up Half a Dozen Cuts and Gun-shot Wounds which he had received in the Wars, One at the Siege of *Perpignan*, Another at the *Gouletta*, a Third at *Cerizolles*, the Fourth in a Rencounter at *Piedmont*, and the Fifth at the Re-taking of *Casal* ; then, coming to the Sixth, shewing a huge Gash he had got all along his Face, he said ;

Y esta me la diò por And this here, a Bug—g
detras un Bugaron Itali- Italian gave me behind :
ano, que me pesti mas and it vexes me more than
que todas, porque luego all the rest ; because as
que me la diò, huyò y soon as he had giv'n it me,
be

50 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

escapò de mis Manos, de tal manera que no le pude alcançar ; y se tiene tan Segreto y abscondido de mí que ay dos años que voy buscando por él, sin poder hallarlo. Mas, vive Dios ! que si yo lo tope, aunque fuese entre los Braços de Beelzebub, yo lo daré tantos de Palos à la Turquesca, que yo lo haré morir buen Martir.

he ran away and escaped out of my Hands. I have not been able to find him, high nor low : and he keeps so close that I have been seeking him these two Years to no manner of Purpose. But, by G—d ! If I ever find him, tho' in the Arms of Belzebub himself, I'll give him so many Turkish Bastinadoes, that I'll make him die the death of a true Martyr.

One of our *French* Captains said much better once, threatening an Enemy of his ; *I'll cane him to Death ; and when he's Dead, I'll have him Flea'd and his Skin Curry'd ; and a Drum shall be made of it ; which I'll have Beat 20 Years after, that he may remember me in the other World.*

In our Return from the Siege of *Malta* (my self and the rest of the *French* Nation) we met, in *Tuscany*, with a *Spanish* Soldier, a middle-ag'd Man, and of a very good Presence, as, indeed, none of 'em have a bad one ; but being in a very tattered Condition, as to his Cloaths, *Monf. de Lansac* and myself ask'd him, whence he came ? He answered, From the War in *Hungary*, and that he had lately taken a Fancy to seek for remote Adventures by Arms, altho' he had been utterly ruined by Arms : But added, He very much repented his Journey, because he had not met with any Courtesy in these Countries, so barbarous and boorish were the People. Then, after he had said a pretty many reflecting Things of them, and vented his Resentment by sharp Invectives, he had the Pride not to ask an Alms of us, like other poor People ; but delivered himself in the following Words, no ways bashful or pitiful ;

Gen-

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 51

Senores, Vuestras Mercedes consideren con Poca Pesadumbre, que si fueffen en mi Lugar, lo que havrian da menester para pasar su Camino, yo, si fueffe en el vuestro Lugar, lo que les daria de buena Caridad y Gana, para locorro de vuestras Necesidades.

Gentlemen, Consider, with some Concern, that were You in My Place, I would freely, and with a hearty Good-will, give you, were I in in Yours, a Sufficiency to enable you for your Journey, and to relieve all your Wants.

Was not this a pompous, artful Way of asking an Alms, without downright Begging? I leave you to judge whether it did not make us laugh; and not only Us, but his Excellency the late M. de Guise likewise; to whom *Lansac* and myself related it, as also that we were ashamed to give the Man a small Matter, considering his Gravity and high Behaviour. Indeed we each of us gave him a Double-Ducat, tho' the Varlet made light of it, saying;

Que no bastarian para feys Pastos,

It was not sufficient for half a Dozen Meals,

And that, if we would lend him our Footman, to *Naples*, he would send back the Money by him: God knows whether the Chap would have been as good as his Word; but, we were in no great Hastle to lend him our Footman, tho' it had been for a hundred times that Sum. However, the Story serv'd to make us merry a good while after.

This naturally falls in with another of the like Kind, told me by a Gentleman, who walking once at *Rome*, in the Street *del Populo*, in a pretty dark Night, with another Gentleman, they were accosted by a well-looking *Spaniard* in the following Words;

Senores, la Noche m'a tal favorecido de topar a vos otros gentiles Franceses, para suplicarlos

Gentlemen, the Night has been vastly favourable to me to indulge me the meeting with such noble Frenchmen

52 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

d' haver Lastima de mi pobre y misero, porque, de Dia, por todo el The-
sauro del Mondo, no que-
ria mostrar à la Gente
mi Miseria: y, por esso,
suplico à Vuestras Merce-
des, que me alargan sus
liberales y largas Manos
Franceses.

*as You are, in order to sup-
plicate Your Worships to
have Pity on my extreme
Misery, which, in the Day-
time, I would not, for the
Treasure of both Indies, dis-
cover to the World: Where-
fore, I humbly beseech ye,
Gentlemen, let me taste
of your Bounty, according
to the innate Generosity of
Frenchmen.*

These are your secret, bashful Beggars; but in
the Day-time you see these very Men strutting like
a Crow in a Gutter: how it comes about I need not
say, but they'll not be afraid to tell you,

Pesi à tal que somos
Hydalgos como el Rey,
Dineros menos.

*In spite of Mr. Such-a-
one, they are as Good
Gentlemen as the King him-
self, tho' not so Rich.*

Such Beggars are not like Seven or Eight I saw
once at *Seville*, who, coming from the *Indies*, and
having lost their Ship, being cast away at Sea, and
with great Difficulty escaping with their Lives, they
went up and down the Town, making known to the
People their honourable Necessities, in the following
Words;

Ea, Senores, tengan
Vuestras Mercedes Lasti-
ma deslos pobres Solda-
dos, y Marineros, des-
baratados y fatigados de
la Mar y de la Hambre,
veniendo de Tierras desi-
ertas, comiendo Culebras
y Lezardos, hasta las su-
elas de Zapatos cozidas:
comandamos nos à la bu-

*Good Gentlemen and La-
dies, look with an Eye of
Pity on us poor Soldiers and
Sailors, battered, bruised
and quite spent with Hun-
ger and the Sea, coming
from wild and desert Coun-
tries, where we were forced
to eat Snakes, Lizards,
and the very Soles of the
Shoes, after boiling them*
We

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 53

ena Gente que les hagan *We humbly implore ye,*
la Caridad al Nombre de *good Gentry, to extend*
Dios. *your Charity towards us,*
for the Love of God.

Another Soldier, complaining of his Poverty, said,
That his Father had a very large Estate in his Time,

Mas, que los havia *But had spent it in*
gastado, en Fiestas, Torn- *Feasts, Turnaments, Mer-*
eos, Regozijos, Juegos, *ry-Makings, Games, Sports,*
Bayles, y Triumphos. *Balls and Triumphs.*

I have heard an old *Spanish* Soldier say, that King
Francis, when he was a Prisoner in Spain, was very
carefully kept by six Companies of *Veteran Spanish*
Soldiers, commanded by Alarcon, a famous Captain,
in whom the Emperor repos'd an entire Confidence,
and that the said

Que el Rey Francisco,
por su Passatiempo, acco-
litumbrava sembrar ade-
lante los Soldados de su
Gardia los Escudos de
Oro, con tanto menos
precio de su Fortuna pre-
sente, que los Soldados
acariciandolo, sobervia-
mente y impiamente se
quejaron de Dios, por-
que el Rey Francisco no
era su Senor, para con-
quistar todo el Mondo, o
porque ellos teniendo Li-
cencia del Emperador,
libres de Juramento, no
combatian siendo el su
Capitan: tanto que el
Senor Don Alarcon, Ca-
pitan de su Guardia, fue
torçado refrenar la Cor-

King Francis, for his
Diverſion, used to ſling
among the Soldiers that kept
him, Crown-pieces of Gold,
for them to ſcramble for:
Which was an Action the
leſs prudent for the King to
do, conſidering his then Con-
dition, inasmuch as the Sol-
diers grew ſo fond of him, as
proudly and impiouſly to
murmur againſt God for
not giving them King Fran-
cis for their King, in order
to conquer the whole World;
and that they were not diſ-
charged from the Empe-
ror's Service and freed from
their Oaths, that they
might fight under King
Francis: So that Don
Alarcon, the Captain of

54 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

tesia y Liberalidad del Rey, y la Familiaridad de los Soldados : *his Guard, was obliged to put a Stop to the King's being so Liberal and the Soldiers so Familiar :*

For, it would not have been long unattended with bad Consequences, the King's being so generous, and the Soldiers so bent on praising his Generosity, and not refusing it ! Besides, they had seen Him in the Battle behave with the utmost Bravery, but they had neither seen nor heard any thing the Emperor had ever done ; who, as I have elsewhere observed, began very late to learn the Military Art, and later still to practice it ; so that the One was seasoned to it, while the Other was quite a Novice. Moreover, we can't but take Notice, that the *Spaniards* are naturally very covetous, and had much rather have their Enemy's Purse, with but a Couple of Crown-Pieces in it, or a small Ransom, than kill him, as in all the Wars wherein they've been engaged has manifestly appeared ; for, take this for a Rule, the *Spaniards* Rob, and the *Germans* Kill.

A *Spaniard*, being minded to shew what great Power he had in the Town wherein he liv'd, said ;

Està en Mano meter Moros en la Tierra, y puedo pregonar Vино, y vender Vinagre, y salir-me con todo esto. *It is in My Power to bring the Moors in here, to cry Wine, to sell Vinegar, and effectually to compass my Ends in all these several Undertakings.*

Here's a great Man for ye, that could do all this by his own Authority in the Place where he liv'd, and declare it too in such gallant and strong Terms !

Having observed before *, how insolent some *Spanish* Soldiers were in their Expressions towards the Emperor, it brings to my Mind a Passage I have met with in a *French* Book, and have heard it confirmed by Two *Veteran French* Troopers, viz. That

Antony

* See Page 30, &c.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 55

Antony de Leva, once in *Milan*, being hard put to it for Money to pay his Soldiers, both *Spanish* and *German*, and not knowing how to make Money, he bethought himself,

Que ninguno pudieffe cozer Pap, o tener Harina, en su Casa, fino los que avian arrentado, y à estos les hazia pagar por cada Carga tres Ducados de Derechos: con esta Moneda pagò abundantemente los Tudescos y Espanoles.

That No-body could bake any Bread, or have any Meal in their Houses, but those who Farmed that Privilege of the Government: So he made them pay for each Load Three Ducats by way of Duty: With which Money he abundantly pay'd the Germans and Spaniards.

Which occasioned a Laugh among the *Spaniards*, who called the Emperor, in Mockery,

Emperador Carlos, Senor Fornero.

Charles, EMPEROR AND GENTLEMAN-BAKER.

But, however, the Laugh afterwards was turn'd against Them; for They were call'd,

Soldados de la Pag-

Oven-pay'd Soldiers.

*nota.**

Which was, at that Time, the most provoking Name you could call them by, and the greatest Affront you could put upon them: And hence comes the first Derivation of the Words *Soldats de la Paignotte*, a Name which they afterwards went by in *Piedmont*.

But withal, we must not here omit to take Notice, that the Emperor *Charles*, some time afterwards, leaving his beloved *Spain*, and putting himself at the Head of his Army, produced so many and such fine Fruits of his innate Valour, that the *Spanish* Soldiers began to say, laughing, among themselves;

Juro à Dios, que agora no temos mas Soldados de

By G—d, we are not now the Soldiers of the Baker,

* From *Paris*, Bread.

56 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

1^o Emperador Fornero, ker-Emperor; but of the
mas de 1^o Emperador Warrior-Emperor.
Guerrero.

And certainly he was a Soldier, every Inch of him ; nor did he think otherwise of himself, by his boasting as he did (on his Return from the *Gouletta*) at *Rome*, before his Holiness and the whole sacred College of Cardinals, where he set out King *Francis* in no very good Colours, and even threatened him, in the following Words ;

Yo lo forçare, y metre a tal Punto de Guerra, que servira acabar el pos- trero Capitulo de los Il- lustres Desdichados de Bo- cacio:	I'll work him to some Tune. I'll drive him so to the Wall, he shall be only fit to fill up the last Chap- ter of <i>Boccace's</i> Illustrious Poor-Devils:
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For *Boccace*, you must know, wrote a Book of the Greatness of some Grandees, and their Fall afterwards. This was a fine Rhodomontade, but it fail'd in the Execution : For, making an Irruption into *Provence*, he came home by Weeping-Cross. He was advis'd to this Expedition by his great Counsellor *Antony de Leva*, who was himself drawn into it by the Advice of the Prince de *Melpbi*, an eminent Commander, who seeing that the Emperor, after the Taking of *Fossin*, was bending his March to *Turin* (a rare Mortel, had he pursued it) gave him Advice, by a Spy, under the Pretence of wishing well to the Emperor, that the best Thing he could do was, to direct his Designs towards *Provence*, and principally to fall upon *Marseilles* *, which
he

* In 1536 *Charles V.* entered *Provence* with a powerful Army, where he lost above 30,000 Men, and where some Peasants, shut up in a Castle of *Muy*, in the Diocese of *Frejus*, stopped his Army, and had like to have killed him himself. He laid siege to *Marseilles*, but to no Purpose, and was oblig'd to return by the *alps*, without doing the least Thing in this shameful Enterprize.

he might easily do, there being no-body to make Head against him. *Antony de Leva*, seeing the Thing represented so feasible by the Prince above-named, contrary to the Opinion of every-body else, persuaded the Emperor to this Undertaking, which happening to miscarry, *Leva* laid it so to Heart, he dy'd of very Grief: And, indeed, he committed a gross Error in taking Advice of his Enemy *.

The Reverse of this Conduct was that of *Assanages*, a *Spanish* Renegado, whom *Barbarossa* had left in *Algiers*, to command there as his Lieutenant and Governor thereof, when the Emperor besieged it. This latter sent to summons him, or rather to advise and remonstrate to him, that he could not do a better Thing, than (instead of abiding the Fury of a Siege) to surrender the Town without any more ado, or any further Ceremony; he returned for Answer,

Nunca peor Cosa fue, que tomar Consejo de su Enemigo. Que si me consejades de no render la Tierra, yo la renderia; mas, pues que, come E- nemigo, me consejays de la	<i>There never was a worse Thing, nor could be, than to follow the Counsel of an Enemy. Had you advised me, not to surrender this Town, I might have sur- rendered it; but since, be- ing</i>
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Some Authors say, That *Antony de Leva*, fell on his Knees to the Emperor, to dissuade him from marching into *Provence*. Others affirm, That, relying upon some Predictions which had been made to him, that *Charles V.* should be King of *France*, he pressed him to undertake this War. He would say openly, That for His own Part, he should die at *Paris*, and be buried at *St. Denis*, among our (the *French*) Kings. This was Part of the Prediction, and it proved true in some Measure; for *Charles V.* being driven out of *Provence*, as hath been said before, and laying the Blame on our *Antony*, who had advised him to it, this Reproof and Miscarriage of the Thing together broke his Heart soon after; and tho' he was not buried at *St. Denis* in *France*, yet he was buried at *St. Denis* in *Milan*: And in that Point the Prediction was verif'd.

* See Discourse X. of Foreign Captains,

58 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

render, yo no quiero quitarla. *ing an Enemy, you advise me to surrender it, I will not quit it :*

Asking them, withal, *How, and by what Means, they, who were so very sanguine upon the Matter, thought to take him, or to do him so much Mischief as they threatned, with such Numbers of Men and Warlike Necessaries as we have?* said they. *And I* (said he) *have the same here, and as many Necessaries as will enable me to defend the Place against you.* Here was a Renegado for you, and an Eunuch withal !

He was highly in the Right to speak so well, and to act still better ; which ought to serve, both for a Precept and an Example, to a great many Commanders of Places, not to give way to the inveigling Messages, and smooth Cajoleries, sent them by those Without, to prevail upon them to Surrender. They must stop their Ears against them, as they would to the Singing of the Syrens ; for if they ever so little slide, or slip, into the Counsel of their Enemy, they're undone and disgraced for ever. Thus I knew a certain Gentleman, who commanding in a Castle of *Guyenne*, the strongest that ever was, being of the Hugonot Party, after the Battle of *Mont-contour*, had a Gentleman, a Relation of his, sent to him to summon him and preach to him, and who ply'd him so well, that, to his great Shame and Dishonour, he yielded up the Place upon that single Summons and Advice. A Place so strong, that five Years after, being in the same Condition, tho' it was attack'd by a Great Prince, a Lieutenant of the King's, it held out three Months before it surrendered ; nor did it yield then without the utmost Difficulty and upon honourable and advantageous Terms ; which was a very great Blot in the aforesaid Gentleman's Scutcheon, of whom it was said, by way of Laugh, that the Reason which made him so easily surrender, was not *the Want of Ammunition or Provision, for he had enough* of

of Both, but because he had not Mustard to eat with his Salt-Beef.

I am afraid I have wandered a little from my first Design; but I am now returning to it again; and I hope this Digression will carry its own Excuse with it, not being either unseasonable, or unuseful; besides, I might, at another Time, have forgot it.

The Marquess de *Pescayra*, besieging a Place, call'd, *Pizigbitone*, in the Dutchy of *Milan*, there were within it,

Tres Harquebuseros excellentissimos Defensores, puestos en mira de un Lugar segredo del Muro, tenian Ojo si verrian parecer algun Espanol en quien desarmassen los Harquebuzes prestamente con Tiros ciertos; assi fue, que aviendo caydo muertos subitamente muy maltratados el Capitan Busto y el Capitan Mercado, asistando ya el Tercero diligentemente contra el Marques de *Pescayra*, y queriendo dar Fuego a su Harquebuz, de presto un Capitan de *Pavia*, llamado el *Fratin*, hechando la mane, le quitò la Mecha encendida gridando à grandes Voces: *No quiera Dios, que por nuestra Crueldad, muera el mas efforado Capitan, que vive, el Padre de los Soldados, y que nos mantiene, aunque*

Three excellent Harquebusiers, who being posted in a certain private Place in the Wall, were looking-out if they could not espy some Spaniard at whom they might discharge their Pieces without missing: And having in this Manner shot down the Captain's Busto and Mercado, and laid them dead on the Spot, the Third levelling his Piece at the Marquess de Pescayra, and just going to fire it off, on a sudden, a Captain of Pavia, named Fratin, snatched away the lighted Match out of his Hand, saying, God forbid that, thro' our Cruelty, should perish so va'iant a Captain, who is the Father of his own Soldiers, and maintains Us likewise, tho' we are his Enemies. On the contrary, let us preserve his Life, that he
K may

60 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

le somos Ennemigos ; mas antes le conferiremos la Vida, porque los otros que vivimos ganado Suelto, no muramos de Hambre en una Paz negligente y perezosa. may live for the Advantage of us Soldiers, and that we may not be starved with Hunger amidst a dull, unactive, and slothful Peace.

And thus he saved the Marquess's Life. He had good Reason to speak in this Manner ; for, as an Enemy to Peace, and a Friend to War and Ambition, he always found his Enemies Business to get their Bread by.

And for the same Reason, when Marshal Strozzi was saluted, one Morning, by a Couple of Fryars, who said to him ;

Dio vi donna la Pace. *God give you Peace :*

He answered them,

Et Dio vi tolga el Purgatorio, *And God take Purgatory from You.*

As much as if he had said, *If you wish me the Curse of Peace, I wish you the Curse of being deprived of Purgatory :* For, as the one lived by War, so liv'd the other by the Perquisites arising from the Praying of Souls out of *Purgatory :* So that was Tit for Tat.

And certainly 'twas well done of Captain *Fratin* to save the Life of a General, so warlike and ambitious ; for he loved Peace and Repose as little as the Soldiers themselves.

When that great Captain, the late *M. de Guise, Francis of Lorain **, died at *Orleans*, immediately after his Death, a Peace being made, I saw Numbers of

* *Francis de Lorain*, the Second Duke of *Guise*, defended *Metz* against *Charles V.* took *Calais* from the *English*, won the Battle of *Dreux*, and was kill'd at the Siege of *Orleans*, in 1553, by a Musquet Shot, from *John Poltrot*, a *Hugonot*. The *Guises* are a younger Branch of the *Lorain* Family. *Guise* is a Town Dutchy and Cattle in *Picardy*, coming to this Family, by the Women. It was, at first, a County, and erected into a Dutchy by *Francis I.*

of Soldiers of both Parties, lament him grievously, as having lost their Foster-Father : Nay, I can safely aver, I saw several Hugonot Soldiers, who were then at *Orleans*, bewail him as much, if not more, than the others ; forasmuch as the Generality of 'em were old Soldiers, and had fought under him in the late Wars abroad ; for the *Hugonots*, in this War, had carried off with them the fairest and first Flight of the Veteran Soldiers ; as they were beforehand with us, they provided themselves first. These *Veterans* loved and honoured him exceedingly ; and, indeed, they knew not where else to take Party, or get Pay, and would have remained quite fallow ; not like those of the King, who were many of them put upon an Establishment, and several Companies sent into Garrisons : And thus was this Captain miss'd and bemoaned by the Enemy's Soldiers as well as his own ; for, to say Truth, the Soldier cares not in what Corner the Wind sits, as to the Right, or the Might, of a War, but which way it is most likely to blow him any Good : And whoever opens to him the Way to get Bread, he is his Father. And therefore it is not in the least to be doubted, but that, if the late *M. de Guise* had not been kill'd, tho' the Peace had been made, he would have carried the War into *England*, where he had very great Designs : And therefore these Soldiers would often say, that, so long as He lived, they should never be destitute ; which is most certainly true. A Great General had it frequently in his Mouth, that a *Soldier without a War, is a Chimney without a Fire in Summer.*

As for the Joke of *Purgatory*, it is very certain, that the Business, Authority and Prerogatives of it, are absolutely appropriated to Churchmen ; and this was confirmed by Pope *Alexander Borgia*, a *Spaniard*, to whom, when some Cardinals were one Day complaining of a great Fault a Painter of his had been guilty of,

62 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

who had made a lively Picture of *Hell*, and had painted his Holiness therein to the Life: Adding, That either he ought to be punished, or made to blot it out of the Picture, his Holiness answered 'em very gravely;

Ciertamente, no tengo yo poder para quitar à nadie del Infierno; à estar en el Purgatorio, bien lo pudiera yo hazer.

*It is most certain that I have no Power to take any Person out of Hell. Had it been Purgatory I could have done it with all the Ease in the World.**

I have heard a *Spanish* Monk relate this Story just as I give it: I could likewise shew it printed in a Book of good Authority. This Pope was noted for smart Sayings, but I shall take no Notice of any more of them here.

Don *Louis de Avilla*, being besieged in the Citadel of *Antwerp*, intending to sally out and force the Entrenchments of the Town, among other fine Expressions, used the following Words to his Men;

Ea, Soldados, es menester mostrar en este Lugar su Virtud, come en muy affamado Theatro de las Cosas de Guerra.

On with Courage, my Lads! 'tis here you must shew what you can do, as on the most famous Theatre of War.

Before the Battle of *Pavia*, the Marquess de *Pescayra* said to the Marquess *del Guast*, as he gave out his Orders to him;

Con Gesto severo y animoso, pero alegre, primo es menester de ganar este Lugar de Mirabel, con vuestra Virtud,

With a stern and animated Voice, mix'd, however, with a chearful and, indeed, a joyful Demeanor, you must, in the first Place make

* This Painter was *Michael-Angelo Buonaroti*, sufficiently known for the excellent Works of Painting and Sculpture he has left to Posterity. The Picture, here meant, is the *Last Judgment*, which is still to be seen at *Rome*, in the *Vatican*, in the *Pauline Chapel*, which was entirely painted by him.

haziendo todo su Ef-
fuerço: que si las Manos,
loqual Dios no quiera, no
bustaren contra el Enemigo
tantas vezes vencido, ha-
zed que los Cuerpos mu-
riendo con mucha Honra
loqual deven, los Animos
valorosos, vengandose del
enemigo, se satis-hagan
noblemente.

*make yourself Master of
that Village, of Mirabel, at
any Rate, exerting, if pos-
sible, more than your usual
Courage: so that if our
Hands (which God forbid)
shou'd prove too feeble
against Enemies so often
vanquish'd, our Bodies at
least may fall with the
Honour that becomes 'em,
and fully answer the va-
lorous Calls of their Courage, by taking a noble
Revenge on the Enemy.*

This Battle being lost to us, it was the Discourse,
among the *Spaniards*, That his Majesty (*Francis I*)
being taken Prisoner, and the *Marques del Gouast*,
on his Return from the Pursuit of some *Swiss*, being
informed thereof, came on the Field of Battle and
saluted his Majesty with very great Honour and
Respect, and put away a Crowd of Soldiers that
swarm'd about the King from all Parts, and were
very troublesome to him: and that this *Marques*,
after using all the fine Arguments he could think of,
to alleviate the King's Misfortune, particularly re-
presenting how good a Prince the Emperor was, the
King answer'd him in these very remarkable and most
beautiful Expressions, which I wonder our *French*
Writers have never taken the least Notice of, and
that we must borrow them from Abroad and be
beholden to Strangers for them. I will first recite
'em in *Spanish*.

Yo havia determinado,
muriendo honradamente
con los Armados, librar
mi Animo desta tan gran
Afpereza de mis Cosas,
por no quedar vivo, despues

*I fully resolv'd, by dying
honourably in Arms, to free
myself from so great a Load
of Affliction as I felt at
seeing so many brave Subjects
lying dead around me. But
Fortune*

de aver muerto tantos Capitanes mios muy esclarecidos: pero la Fortuna que ya de mucho tiempo es asperissima, y a gran tuerto muy Enemiga à nuestro Nombre, por guardar la Vida à mi Pesar para un Espectaculo de Escarnio y Burla, no ha querido que yo muriese Muerto muy honrada. A lo menos, con solo esto consolarè a mi mismo accordando me de una tan gran Perdida que de oy adelante no temerè yo mas ningua Injuria ny Fuerça de Fortuna; porque habiendo sido ella crudelissima siempre y furiosa y nunca jamas abundantamente harta por tantas Desaventuras, agora finalmente aura pagado el Resto de su Odio en esto publico Lloro de toda la Francia, y postrera Perdida mia por Caso de tan Grande Desventura.

Fortune, who for a long time has most cruelly persecuted me, has, much against my Will, preserv'd my Life in order to make me a Spectacle of publick Mockery and Derision. However, tho' I cou'd not meet with an honourable Death, I shall have this Comfort left, that, continually having in Remembrance and setting before my Eyes so great a Loss, I shall never, from this Time forward, be afraid of any Injury Fortune can do me, because as she has always made me the But of her Fury, so she has fill'd up the Measure of her unjust Hatred, and taken her Fill of Vengeance by this last Blow, and by the universal Lamentation and Mourning it will occasion to all France.

This was a brave Resolution, and well-exprest, of a magnanimous King, never to value or trouble his Head about Fortune any more, since she had spit her utmost Venom at him in this mighty Disaster. The Soldiers about the King were so mov'd by these Words, that they cou'd not refrain from weeping, nor cease admiring so Great a King. This was the common Discourse of the Spaniards themselves.

have

I have turn'd into *French* the above *Spanish* Words, and not the rest; for it is to be suppos'd the King utter'd them all in *French*, and that the *Spaniards* translated them into Their Tongue.

And here it may not be improper to observe, that tho' this Great King spoke Variety of Languages, viz. *Latin*, *Spanish*, and *Italian*, he always held his own Tongue in such Esteem, that he preferr'd it to all others, and wou'd never leave it in the Rear, to make Way for any Foreign one to march first. And now I'm upon this Subject, I shall add an Observation of the late M. *Lansac*, that it is at all times better, more becoming and graver, when a King is discoursing of high Matters before Foreigners, and even his Equals, viz. other Kings and Princes, that he speak his own native Tongue, without lessening himself by condescending to speak that of his Companion, and thereby acting as it were the mean Part of an Interpreter to him.

The Emperor (*Charles Vth*) gave a notable Example of this, when he was at *Rome*, and spoke before the Pope, the Cardinals, and the Ambassadors, and carry'd it so lesily on account of his late Victory at *Tunis* and the *Gouletta*. There were present two of our King's Ambassadors; one to his Holiness, the other to his Cæsarian Majesty, who beseech'd him not to speak *Spanish*, but some intelligible Tongue. He made Answer to the Bishop of *Macon*, as the Principal, because of the Rank and Character he bore to his Holiness, and his taking place of M. *de Velly*, who was Ambassador to his Majesty; the Emperor, I say, reply'd with a certain disdainful Air:

Senor Obispo, entiende me, si quisierdes; y no esperays de mi otras Palabras que de mi Lingua Helpanola, la quales tan noble, que merece ser

My Lord Bishop, understand me, if you please; and expect not from me any Words but of my Spanish Tongue, which is so noble and so fine, that it deserves

66 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

fabida y entendida de *to be known and understood*
toda la Gente Christiana. *by all Chriftenom.*

The Emperor had a further Design in this: for, if he had had a mind, to't, he cou'd have spoke very well in the *French* or *Italian* Tongue in the Place and Country he was in; nay, the *German*, and *Flemish*, his Mother-tongue, had there been Occasion; but he had a mind to puzzle them: for he was Master of all the above Languages; but he wou'd speak no other but the *Spanish*, possibly to spite those Gentlemen-Ambassadors, and some of the *French* Cardinals and other Partizans of the King; or else he might do it out of a contemptuous Pride or Ostentation, to do the greater Honour to his own Tongue, for the *Spanish* is a heftoring, domineering Language, and very proper for venting Menaces and throwing out lofty indignant and threatening Bravadoes. The Ambassador was much to blame on this Occasion: for he shou'd have let him talk, and after he had giv'n him the Hearing, he shou'd have paid him in the same sort of Coin, and have made his Answer in *French*, without discovering his Ignorance; but perhaps he did not understand what the Emperor said in his *Spaniolized* Speech—And I'm apt to believe so, because of the Oversights he and his Partner committed, and which did no little Prejudice to the King's Affairs at the Court of *Rome*. I have given a sufficient Account thereof in my Discourse of that Great King*.

Thus you see how much these Ambassadors, and Others in the like Posts are to blame, and what a Shame it is for Them, not to learn the Languages in order to make use of them upon such an Occasion as this; and thereby they shew themselves great Calves, who can speak none but the Language of their Calf-Country, and are like a certain Bishop of *France* who went to the last Council of *Trent*, without Money

* See Discourse XLV.

Money or *Latin*, and return'd just the same as he went. Was not this embarking without Biscuit, and returning so too? What a Devil can these Men be doing, who have no Exercise more honourable for them than Studying, and yet are acquainted with no Language but their own? For as to the *Latin* Tongue, most of those of the late Times knew nothing of the matter; the others knew but little more than the *Latin* of their Mass-books, if that deserves to be call'd *Latin*. Some indeed there were who cou'd speak it well, but those Birds were rarely to be seen: such as Cardinal *du Bellay*, when he harangued Pope *Clement*, in the room of *Poyet*, who play'd the Fool, and had lost the Honour of his Country, had it not been for that great Cardinal who retriev'd all. As for the present Times, our Prelates have thought better of it, and begin to unsheathe the *Latin* and to fence with it; thanks to the *Hugonots*, who have made war upon 'em so long; they have taught 'em to be Soldiers. What will you say of a certain Ambassador whom I was acquainted with? who, after he had resided six Years in *Spain*, came home as much a Novice in the *Spanish* Tongue as when he first set out: they compar'd him to *Madam de Brienne's Parrot*, which liv'd twenty Years in a Cage and cou'd never learn to speak so much as a single Word: an old Proverb in the Reign of our late Kings, *Francis* and *Henry*, and was used to be apply'd at Court to such as had never learnt any Thing, nor could say any Thing.

But to go on where I left off——*M. de Lansac* urged, It was absolutely necessary for an Ambassador to understand and speak as many Languages as possible, to make use of them as Occasion requir'd wherever he shou'd happen to be, especially the *Spanish*, *Latin*, *French* and *Italian*: for as to the others they are very difficult to master, and for that Reason may be dispens'd with; but for the four just

68 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

mentioned, Men vested with public Character, are highly to be blamed, if they ha'n't 'em at their Fingers Ends, as the Saying is, as well for common Uses as for State-Affairs, and other great and honourable Occasions ; nay, sometimes, for Ostentation and Parade alone, and to let the World see what they can do.

As for your Kings and Princes, they ought always to honour their own native Language principally, and reserve the Foreign Ones for Mottos, Devises, Apophthegms, short and pithy Sentences, Maxims, Repartees, Witty Conceits, and the like, to shew that they understand more Languages than their own. Thus acted our Great King *Francis*, who in weighty Affairs never wou'd lay aside, or depart from his own fine *French* Speech, and spoke no other before Pope *Clement*, Pope *Paul*, at *Marseilles*, at *Nice*, and with the Emperor *Charles* when he pass'd thro' *France*. The Queen of *Navarre*, his Sister, that learned and eloquent Lady, tho' she cou'd speak both good *Spanish* and good *Italian*, wou'd constantly keep to her native Tongue, in Things of Consequence ; but in Matters of Mirth and Gallantry, she wou'd intersperse her Discourse with other Languages, to shew that she knew more than her *Daily Bread*, as the old Saying is. Our great King *Henry* * spoke *Spanish* as well as any Man in his Kingdom, having been in the Cage in *Spain* (as a Hostage) long enough to learn it ; yet he wou'd never use any other Language but the *French* whenever he spoke with *Spaniards*, especially upon Business of Importance : but as for Jestings or telling a merry Story, he wou'd do it in *Spanish*, and with an admirable Grace too. The Queen his Wife, and Mother of our Kings **, very rarely makes use of her own (*Italian*) Tongue when she

* *Henry II.*

** *Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III. all three Brothers ; who succeeded in turn, to Henry II.*

she speaks with those of her Nation on Business of any Consequence, and this she does for the Honour of the Kingdom, to which she owes her Grandeur and Good-Fortune. The Queen *Margaret* her Daughter, tho' she understands the *Italian* and *Spanish* Tongue, and speaks 'em as fluently and as elegantly as if she had been born and liv'd in *Italy* and *Spain* all her Life-time, follows the same Rule in Affairs of Moment: but in Things of Mirth and Pleasantry, she uses the *Spanish* and *Italian* Tongues as readily as her own, and expresses herself with as much Wit, and Humour, as any of the *Spaniards* or *Italians* themselves. As for us little Folks, if we understand those Languages, we shou'd be always practising them, in order to make ourselves perfect in 'em, that we mayn't be laught at for our Blunders. But if we acquit ourselves well in them, we are the more belov'd, honour'd and esteem'd for it both by Gentle and Simple, by Little and Great Folks; as was my own Case when I was in *Spain*, where the King shew'd a much greater Regard to me when he heard me speak his Tongue, and was not a little fond of my Company. An Honour which I'm too proud of to pass over in Silence.

I cou'd lengthen out the above Discourse about Languages, had I the Capacity and Eloquence of the said M. *Lansac*, to whom I am beholden for the greatest part of it; for he had great Knowledge in such Matters, as having been employ'd almost his whole Life-time in Embassies, in several Foreign Countries.—But to return to the Subject of *Rhodomontades*.

When *Henry* the II^d. laid Siege to the Town of *Dinant*, he caus'd it to be so furiously batter'd, that those within, to avoid their total Ruin by standing a general Assault, thought it advisable to dispatch away to his Majesty a Captain of the Citadel, and a Captain of the Town, to enter upon a Parley about

70 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

surrendering the Place. The Terms granted to the Besieged, were, That they shou'd leave behind them all the Artillery, and march out with Sword and Dagger, but no other Arms whatever. This being made known to *Julian Romero*, who had a Company of natural-born *Spaniards* in the Place, he thought it very strange and hard to quit the Place without their whole Arms: and, thinking to prevail on Monsieur the Constable to grant them more honourable Terms, he waited on him, and address'd him very gravely, and not a little haughtily, in the following Words:

Monſenor, ſi aſi es, que de todas las Artes no ay mejor Juez que los meſmos Oficiales, pues que no ay Senor ny Capitan, que mejor tratado y praticado las Armas come V. Excellencia, yo eſpero tanto en ella que las favoreſcera hoy de todo ſu Poder, hazia nos otros Soldados Eſpanoles, recogienndonos, y nos tratando, no come vencidos, mas ſegun nueſtra Valor y Virtued; la qual, in quanto à mi toca e quedado confiar en la fuerte dudofa de una Pelea ſingular y Deſafio, algunos anos ay, a *Fontainebleau*, adelante la Majeſtad Real del Rey *Franciſco*, mas preſto que padecer alguna Deſhonra y Afrenta, y hazer Cola poca degna

My Lord, if it be true, that there are no better Judges of any Art than the Artift himſelf, and ſince there's no Lord or Captain that has better handled, or more practiſed Arms than your Excellency, I hope you will this Day favour the Cauſe of Arms to the utmoſt of your Power, with Regard to us Spaniſh Sol'diers, by treating us not as vanquiſh'd Men, but according to our Valour and Courage; which, for my own Particular, I choſe, ſome Years ago, at Fontainebleau in Preſence of King Francis, to truſt to the doubtful Chance of ſingle Combat, rather than ſuffer any Diſhonour or Affront; cheriſhing my Honour more than my Blood, or my Life, which I have always chearfully

de Soldado, y Hambre honrado, teniendo mas querida mi Honra que mi sangre y mi Vida, laqual siempre de buen Animo he empleado en tantos millares de Pelligros, passando y repassando tantos Tierras y Mares, y solo esto para ganar Gloria y Loor, en que Fortuna, amiga de los Bravos y Valientes, m'a tan agradescida, que me puedo nombrar entre los que ganaron algo por sus Esfuerços y Proeßas; por mi Soberano Bien, del qual me puedo alabar y avantagar, Siendo las Armes el Cumbre de mi Todo, y el Fondo de mi Nada; de las quales deßseo mas la Gardia y Conseruacion que de todas Cosas, las quales Armas teniendo perdidas, quiero que la Gente tenga de mi en poca Estima; y si tal es mi Desdicha de nos las quitar, queremos mas presto todos nos otros, come desesperados, que si nos faltan los Remos, nos ayudar de las Velas, y combatir hasta a morir, y mostrar por Desesperacion que mas presto queremos morir

fully employed in so many thousand Dangers, passing and repassing so many Seas and Lands, purely to gain Glory and Renown; wherein Fortune, a Friend to the Brave and the Bold, has so much favour'd me, that I can reckon myself among those who have gain'd Something by their Efforts and their Prowess, which is to me the Summum Bonum, the Supreme Happiness in which I hug and applaud myself; Arms being the Superstructure of all I have, and the Foundation of all I have not; and the Preservation and keeping of those Arms more dear to me than all Things. If I must lose them, may the whole World despise me; and if such a Misfortune shou'd happen, and we shou'd be forc'd to abandon them, we rather chuse, every Man of us, like Men in Despair, if the Oars fail us, to help ourselves with the Sails, and fight till we die, and thereby shew by our resolute Behaviour, That we had rather meet Death, with our Arms in our Hands, than without them to save our Lives like pusillanimous faint

con las Armas en las Manos, que salvarnos sin ellas como Soldados valacôs. Por esso, Monfenor, yo y mis Companeros, suplicamos la fagra Majestad, que nos dexeyr y falgar con tan condicion y Partido noble y generoso y se contiente desta Tierra, laqual tantos Grandes y Principes faltaron de tomar otras vezes; y nos haziendo esta Merced, justamente se podra llamar el Rey Augusto Vencidor par tal illustre Tratamiento hecho à Valientes Soldados vencidos, no por falta de Coraçon y Animo, mas por mala Suerte.

faint-hearted Cowards. And therefore, my Lord, I and my Companions beseech his Majesty to let us march out with this honourable and noble Condition, and to content himself with this Town, before which so many, and such Great Men have miscarry'd heretofore: and his Majesty by granting us this Favour, may justly call himself an august and victorious King, having so generously treated valiant Soldiers, rather vanquish'd by their Ill-Fortune, than their want of Courage and Resolution.

To these Words, which were indeed too presumptuous for a conquer'd Man, answer'd the Constable*, who cou'd not endure your bouncing Fellows, and knew how to cut their Combs for 'em as well as any Man living, when he went about it, as I have often seen him do, myself: *Captain, my good Friend, I shou'd highly esteem you, if your Strength and Power were answerable to your Speech and Good will, which you so plainly discover to me. But, I see, you either don't know your*

* The High Constable of France. The first Military Officer of the Crown of France. This Officer has been abolish'd ever since the Year 1627. In very remote Times, viz. In the Reigns of the first King of France, the Constable's Business related only to the King's Horses and Stables: they were called in Latin, *Comites Stabuli*; thence Constable, or Conestable, as the French spell it.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 73

your Fortune and the Case you are in, or make as if you did not know it. You are, it seems, for making new Rules of War: you are for having the Vanquish'd give the Law to the Vanquisher: you are for reserving to yourself the Advantage of carrying off your Arms, not only from me, who knew their full Value, but from the King, young and courageous, and present at this Siege; a King who won't yield to You (who are no more to be compar'd to him than the lowest dirtiest Hole on Earth, is to the highest brightest Heaven) He yield to You! did I say? No, nor to the greatest Prince in the World. Besides, your Demand is a Contradiction: you are inconsistent with yourself; for at the same Time that you make Our King so Great (who, by the way, is universally known to be so, without your saying it) you expect to carry your Point over him, and to bear away the Honour of a Thing which he values above all Things in the World: in plain Terms, as Great a Prince as he is, you won'd have it be understood, That you are not Inferior to him, by the Circumstance of keeping your Arms and prevailing in the Point of Honour. Indeed, sweet Sir, I love you for that: and to be sure, 'tis very fit the Captor shou'd be the Captive, and the Conqueror the Conquered; and that he who makes Land and Sea tremble, shou'd yield in Reputation of Arms to such a (Whores) Bird as you*!—Now, to tell you a piece of my Mind. The only Favour that can be expected by, or done to the Unfortunate, is to put 'em out of their Pain, and tell 'em at once their Misfortune. Wherefore, the best News I can acquaint you with, is, That if you don't instantly accept of the Composition I have offer'd you, you must be gone this Minute: for, before it strikes Three, I shall have taken you by Storm, and will not give you Time to change your Mind: and be assur'd, that if you escape the Sword, the Halter will meet with you, to teach you

* A un tel Oyseau que Vous. Strictly: such a Bird as you, or, a Bird of your Feather.

74 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

you to capitulate with him who holds your Life and Death in his Hands.

This was the Constable's Answer, and worthy it was of such a Commander, and may be call'd, the *giving a Man a Rowland for his Oliver*. The *Spanish* Captain was so amaz'd at this Answer, that, biting of the Bit inwardly, he earnestly begg'd that at least He and Twelve more might march out with their Arms. Mean-while the Constable, by a Stratagem, gave the other *Spaniards* to know, that *Romero* pleaded no longer for Them, but for Himself and a Dozen more of his own chusing, leaving the Rest in the Lurch at the Mercy of the Sword. Which these latter no sooner understood, but they suddenly agreed to the same Capitulation, as the *Germans* and *Flemings*, and so march'd out all Together, and *Romero* was left behind a Prisoner, at which he was ready to run mad with Rage and Despair.

I had this Story from some of our *Frenchmen*, who were at that Siege, and from *Julian Romero* himself, who told it me, better than I tell it, when we went to *Malta*, as we were ent'ring the *Fare* of *Messina*. I remember very well we saw behind us Fifteen Gallies of *Sicily*, sailing amain before the Wind, with the Bastard on board, who, in the Twinkling of an Eye (tho' we were a good deal a Head of 'em, and were just at *Messina*) came up with our poor little Frigates, a Dozen or Thirteen in Number. For we were no sooner in Port and had landed, but they did the same. These Gallies came from the *Gouletta* to fetch Ammunition, Provision and Soldiers, on Account of the Grand Signior's threat'ning a Descent either at *Malta* or the *Gouletta*. Among the Gentlemen Soldiers of the *Spanish* Nation, who were in these Gallies, was the fore-nam'd *Julian Romero*, who, upon Inquiry, finding we were *Frenchmen*, came and very courteously saluted us, that is, *Messieurs Strozzi, Brissac* and myself,

myself, and some others: Mean-time, while we had sent into the City to look for Lodgings, we kept walking about the Fine Fountain, near the *Haven*, and *Romero* directing his Discourse to me (there being no other that cou'd speak *Spanish*) he ask'd me what News from *France*, and how the Constable did in his old Age? Upon my telling him All was well, he rejoyc'd not a little at it, and then went on in the Constable's Praise, and how he had once put him in such a Panic as he had never been in before in the whole Course of his Life; and gave me the preceeding Relation in a very agreeable Manner; for no one was more Eloquent, in a soldierly Way. Moreover he told me he was very apprehensive of his Life being in danger, from the King and the Constables threat'ning him and reproaching him, That after he had receiv'd from King *Francis* so great an Honour as to be allow'd a single Combat within the Lists, and in the King's Presence too, without being thankful for so great a Favour, he went off Voluntarily into the King of *England's* Service in the War of *Bologne*, there being at that Time a Truce between the Emperor and his Christian Majesty; but he told me his Reasons for it, and that the Emperor was angry at his chusing to fight the Duel in *France*. Notwithstanding this, he said he run the Risk of his Life, for that the Constable was very severe in such Things.

This Duel was the Origin of Seigneur *Julian's* Reputation, tho' there was nothing remarkable in it, as I have heard several Gentlemen and others say, who are still living. It was more Matter of Laughter and Derision than any thing else; insomuch that the King, out of Indignation, threw the Battoon presently: For, instead of Fighting it out valiantly, and to the utmost, *Julian's* Antagonist, tho' Fortune in the Beginning pretty much favoured him, more

M than

76 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

than she did *Julian*, began to cry out, and three Times repeated the Words ;

No te quiero, Senor *I don't like you, Signior*
Juliano. *Juliano.*

And thence arose the Proverb which, for a long Time, ran about at Court, and thro' the whole Kingdom ; *I don't like you, Signior Juliano*, whenever they spoke of any-body that declined a Dispute (or *fled the Pit*, as we say). *Julian's* Honour, however, suffered no Prejudice by it ; nay, it served him all the remaining Part of his Life for Matter of Triumph, and was a great Help and Advantage to him, with other noble Adventures which he run through in the Wars, for his Emperor and King, in whose Service, at last, he died in the Bed of Honour in *Flanders*.

Before I make an End, I shall say one Thing, which is, That all gallant Men, Cavaliers and Captains, ought, in my Opinion, maturely to weigh and consider the above-recited Answer of the Constable ; for there's not a single *Word* but carries a *Sentence* in it, and a Piece of Advice highly necessary for them to take Notice of, nay, even the swaggering Part, as he had to do with a Swaggerer. Which brings to my Mind a little Story, *viz.* That when we went to *Malta*, and setting out from *Messina* with our Frigates, we put up at a little Town between *Messina* and *Saragossa*, call'd *Catanea* : Where, it is said, the Foundation and Projection of the *Sicilian Vespers* * was first formed and laid. Arriving there,
the

* A General Massacre of the *French*, made on a sudden, and throughout *Sicily* (whereof they were over-insolent Masters) by the incensed Islanders on *Easter-Day* (Anno 1282) and about 5 o'Clock in the Afternoon ; that is, about Evening-Prayer, or Vespers. From this Historical Fact, 'tis grown a Common Saying, *viz.* The *Sicilian Even-Song* ; that is, Mischiefs done, or Death inflicted, in a Place, and Time, of imagined Security. See *Hewel's Cotgrave*.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 77

the Towns-People had shut their Gates, and made a Difficulty of letting us enter in. There was among us a Captain of *Provence*, who, desirous to act the Busy-Body because he could speak a little broken balderdash *Spanish*, went and presented himself at the Gate, and demanded Entrance, more in a Hectoring Way than a Civil one, as if it was a Matter of Right, and not a Favour. Upon which a *Spanish* Soldier, none of the most patient ones, coming forward, pushed the said Captain roughly from the Gate: who, thereupon, asked him;

Soldado, que quereys *What d'ye mean, Sol-*
hazer? *dier?*

The other, bristling up to him, answered;

Te tratar de Bravo, *To treat you like a Bully,*
porque hazeys del Bravo. *since you play the Bully.*
Vaya se: apartad os d' *Away—Begone—Remem-*
aqui: y acuerdese de las *ber the Sicilian Vespers:*
Vísperas Sicilianas:

There was a young *French* Gentleman who spoke very good *Spanish*, whom I shall not name because of his Modesty, who broke Silence, in admirable *Spanish*. Him, as soon as the Soldier had heard, he quitted all and came running to him, full of Joy, and told him;

Boto a Dios, que tal *O my God! What a*
Hablar piaze: *Pleasure 'tis to hear You*
 speak!

And then turning to the other,

Apartad os daqui, Bar- *Go along—away with*
ragoino, no quiero hab- *your Jargon—your Ped-*
lar con vos; yo hablo *ler's Spanish and you—*
con este Cavallero muy *I'll not change a Word*
gentil Hablador: *with ye; but I'll talk with*
 this Gentleman who speaks
 so agreeably:

Then coming to him, he embraced him after the Manner of Soldiers, and discoursed a good deal

78 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

about our Journey and Passage, and then they went and took a Supper together, which our *French* Gentleman gave him, and the other accepted of cheerfully. For these *Spanish* Gentry love Good-Eating as much as We do, but it must not be at their own Expence, for, otherwise, they'll suffer themselves to Die with Hunger. Our other Man retir'd, for the Thing began to be nois'd abroad. However, it went off. And as there are always People of two Sorts, some courteous, others discourteous, they let us enter very civilly, and live and lodge there for our Money.

And here I can't omit a Thing which happened to myself once at *Paris*, at the Beginning of our first Wars. The Troops being gone to *Eslampes* to incamp, I having sent my Retinue before, and being taken up at *Paris* about some Affairs, or Love-Intrigue rather, I took Post to go to the Army at *Eslampes*. There were three of us, one Man of my own, myself and the Post-boy. Being between the two Gates of St. James, I was encountered by a very numerous Guard, who were very strict at that Time, and among them a tall lusty Fellow from the Quarter of St. James, with a huge Beard and a Cuirasse, who very rudely stopp'd my Guide, and laid hold on his Horse's Bridle. I went forward and called aloud; 'Sdeath! You Man with your great Beard, what is't you mean? He instantly made up to me, and presenting the Point of his Halbard at me: 'Sdeath! You Man with your No-Beard; I mean to stop you. Where's your Passport? Don't ye know the Order that's made, not to go out of the Town without a Passport from the *Prevost des Marchands*? On a sudden I saw myself surrounded with a hundred Swords-Points, Pikes, and Halbards. I was to produce my Passport, which I did (for I had it about me) and told him, he ought to have demanded it in a civilier Manner, and that I was no Match for so numerous a *Corps-de-Garde*.
How-

However, after some handsome Excuses, we parted good Friends; and being got to the Army, I told the Story to the late *M. de Guise*, who liked both the Question and the Answer, and laugh'd heartily at the Thing, as did several of the Army likewise, to whom I told it; for, as *M. de Guise* said to me, One Bravo braved another Bravo, and so they are Quits.

When the Duke of *Arca* went into *Flanders* to head the Civil War against the *Beggars*,** he refus'd to make use of any but *Spanish* Infantry; nor did he bring any other. But what were They? the finest that ever took the Field; for he had pick'd 'em out among all the Regiments of *Lombardy*, *Naples*, *Seville*, and *Sardinia**; so that this select Corps, amounting to between nine and ten Thousand, had nothing wanting in them to render them the compleatest Body that ever was, either in Regard to their Arms, Accoutrements, Habits, Goodness and Vigour of the Men, Provision or Pay: nay, their very Whores were as fine as Princesses. In short, they were defective in no one Thing. And as they pass'd, in their Way to *Lorain*, along the Frontiers of *France*, the Roads were quite broken and worn with the Crowds of People that flock'd to see them. Some of the Spectators happening to ask them why the Duke had no *Italian*, or *German* Infantry with him? The Soldiers made Answer,

Porque cognosce bien,	<i>Because he knows very</i>
que con singular Virtud	<i>well that by the singular</i>
de nos otros Espanoles,	<i>Valour of Us Spaniards,</i>
ha de alcanzar en esta	<i>he will acquire in this</i>
Guerra el clarissimo nom-	<i>War the Reputation of a</i>
bre de Gran Capitan,	<i>Great Captain, beyond</i>
	<i>what</i>

**A Name given to the Malcontents of the Low-Countries, in 1566. The Prince of *Orange* was one of the Chiefs of these *Beggars*. See the Foreign Dictionaries at the Word *Gueux*, i. e. *Beggars*.

* He means *Sicily*, no doubt.

80 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

mas que ningan otro que *what hath ever been known*
 unque fue. *since the Creation of A-*
dam.

And indeed, by Their Arms alone, he made all that Country tremble, and reduced the People to their Duty.

I was talking one Day, in the Castle of *Milan*, with an old *Spanish* Soldier, an Invalid upon Half-pay, in Garrison there, who had spent his whole Life in the Wars of the Emperor *Charles*, and he told me, that the Emperor lov'd nothing so much as he did the *Spanish* Soldiers :

Porque, come buenos *Because, like good Workmen*
 Oficiales, y Labradores, *and Industrious Artists,*
 havian texido con sus *they had labour'd with their*
 Manos proprias la Coró- *own Hands in wreathing*
 na de Laurel que llevava *the Crown of Laurel which*
 al deredor de la Cabeça, *bound his Brows and en-*
 no temiendo dar Fin a *circled his Head, not fear-*
 sus Vidas para hazer vivir *ing to lose their Lives, to*
 la Fama del, y dellas. *establish His Glory and*
Their own.

A common Soldier of the *Spanish* Nation, being accus'd and found guilty of a Robbery, was condemn'd to have an Ear cut off, upon which he cry'd aloud :

Una Oreja, pefi à *An Ear! B—d and*
 tal ! Mas querria yo mo- *Oones—I had rather by*
 rir, que sufrir tal Affrenta. *half suffer Death than such*
 Entanto dixo el Captain *an Affront. So the Captain*
 concedese esta Gratia a *granted that Favour to a*
 este Soldado tan desseo- *Soldier so chary of his Ho-*
 de la Honra. *nour, and ordered him to*
be executed: which was
accordingly done.

But of all Soldiers give me a *Gascoon* ! One of that Profession and Country, being, for some Crime, condemn'd to be Hang'd ; and just as he was going to be turn'd

turn'd off the Ladder, a Woman came and said, she wou'd marry him, according to the Custom among the *Goths*, in ancient Times, if a Woman wou'd marry a Criminal under the Gallows, his Life shou'd be spared. The Fellow seeing she was very ill-favour'd, ugly, limping and lame, said, *What shou'd I do with such a Piece of Household Stuff? I shou'd have no Delight or Pleasure with her.* *Pinge, Pinge* (says he to the Executioner) which is as much as to say in *Gascon*, *Hang me, Hang me*; which he did without any more Words. Was not this Spark, think ye, a Man curious in his Pleasures, and very fond of Fine Women!

In the first Civil Wars, when an Assault was to be made on the Suburbs and Postern-Gates of *Orleans*, the late *M. de Guise* order'd the *French* to attack on One Side, and the *Spaniards* on the Other. At the Head of a *Spanish* Regiment, was a young Soldier, who was particularly remarkable for the Figure he made; out-shining all the rest in the Brightness and Make of his Arms, his Harquebuss, and his whole Furniture; very genteel and handsome in his Person, and no less so in his Dress; for he had a yellow Satin Doublet, cover'd over with Silver-Lace, and his Breeches the same; a Black Taffety Hat, with a yellow Plume of Feathers. In short, the late *M. de Guise* was so taken with him that he asked Don *Caravajal* (the *Spanish* Commander) who that young Man was, for that by his Appearance he seemed to be no mean Person. *Caravajal* answered, That he was of the Family of *Mendoza*, which had produced as many, if not more, Great Personages than any one Family in all *Spain*: And, upon this, he presented him to *M. de Guise*, to pay his Respects to his Excellency, who received him very courteously; *Caravajal* had told him *M. de Guise's* good Opinion of him, and how that he asked his Name: So the young Man
making

82 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

making his Reverence to M. Guise, and returning him his humble Thanks, said ;

Monfenor, oy o morire con Honra : o mudare mi Color amarillo en colorado, por alguna sangrienta y Noble Herida ; o hare algun illustre Senal de mi Nombre: por la Merced y Favor de mi General que lo ha pedido.

My Lord, I will this Day either meet my Death honourably, or change my yellow Colour to a Vermilion, by some bloody, but glorious, Wound ; or I will leave some illustrious Token of my Name, in Acknowledgment of the Favour and Honour done me by my General in inquiring after it.

So said, so done: for at the very first Assault, being one of the Foremost, he receiv'd in his Left Side a large Wound by a *Harquebuss* Shot, which however was not mortal : and M. de Guise had him carefully drest by a Surgeon, and two Days after sent him by Water to *Blois*, with others that were wounded : and to my Knowledge M. de Guise recommended him to the Queen by *John Baptist*, who was called the *Gossip*, whom he sent to her. I saw all this, for I was then there.

This young *Spanish* Gentleman kept his Word much better than a great foreign Lord, whom I shan't name because of his Quality, which ought to be respected, and who came over to King Henry's Side, on account of the Emperors having caused his Father to be Maslacted, and other Injuries done the Family. Sometime after, as King Henry was marching to give the Emperor Battle before *Valenciennes*, the preceeding Day, when the Emperor was thought to be nearer than he was, the said Lord, in compleat Armour, strongly mounted on a fine Courser, came and presented himself before the King, to whom he said, with his drawn Sword in his Hand,

Sire,

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 83

Hoggi con questa Spada io voglio vindicar la Morte del Padre, y del Fratello.

Sir, to Day, with this Sword, I will revenge the Death of my Father and my Brother.

And seeing the King pleased with his fine Words, being more encouraged, he pricked his Horse forward, and suddenly back again the same Way, to shew his Horsemanship. But the Steed being a little too Mettle some, or rather Vicious, and finding his Rider to be a little timorous, took it in his Head to get rid of him, and without any more ado threw him, and made him act the Conversion of St. Paul ; upon which the Lord cry'd out :

Ahi me ! yo son mez-zo-morto !

Alas ! I'm half-dead !

All the young Courtiers about the King, began to laugh not a little : They help'd him up : The next Day, on which it was fully believed they should come to an Engagement, since it had missed the Day before, and the two Armies not being able to avoid it, the same Lord, seeing there would be a Battle in good Earnest, fell to bawling out,

Come ! Non c'è nessun Fiume, nessuno Bosque, nessuno Monte, tra Noi & Loro ! Questo non è buono.

What ! Is there ne'er a River here, no Wood, no Mountain, between Us and Them ! I don't like This.

To be sure, he would have been very glad of any Obstacle, either a Mountain, a Marsh, River or Brook, to keep the Armies from coming near each other ; but there was no Occasion for his Fear. Had the Emperor been inclined to bite, the Field of Mars was never so Fair : But he avoided the Encounter by good Entrenchments, which he had caused to be thrown up near the City of Valenciennes ; so that the Game was not play'd by Wholesale, as one may say, but only by Retail ; that is, small Skirmishes : Which was a great Satisfaction to the Lord I have been

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speaking

84 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

speaking of, who had beforehand so sharply threaten'd and cry'd Vengeance; for he did by no Means like Handy-blows, but only your Tongue-Battles. I had this Story from M. d'Uzais, who told it as pleasantly as could be. At three Months end, the said Lord, his Brother, and the whole Family, quitted the King's Party; and, without any Injury received, went over to the Emperor, and espous'd his Cause.

The Day of the Battle of *Cerizoles*, when the Marquess *del Gouast* was taking a View of our Army, as it was marching up to Him, he said to the *Spanish* Infantry;

Ea, Soldados; aqui estan, à mi Parecer, los Gascones vuestros Vecinos, y quasi Hermanos a ellos. Que si son Vencidos, somos Vencedores, ni mas ni menos quando un Cuerpo està derribado y caydo en Tierra, todos los otros Miembros quèdan sin Fuerça y Valor.

Soldiers, cheer up! If I'm not mistaken, I see among the Enemy's Troops, not a few Gascoons, your Neighbours and almost your Brethren. If They are conquer'd, we shall remain Conquerors of all the Rest, neither more nor less than when a Body is beat down and overthrown, all the Limbs and Members of it remain without Strength and Vigour.

This was a great Encomium on the *Gascoons*, by placing the whole Strength of an Army, that Day, in Them, as being the real and effective Body thereof, and the other Soldiers but the Members of it, and, as such, could not hold out, when once the Body was demolished. I owe this Tale to M. de Grille, a brave and gallant Gentleman of *Provence*, who, for his Valour, was lately made Seneschal of *Beaucaire*. He was Captain in chief of a Company of Foot in that Battle, and spoke good *Spanish*; for, having been taken
in

in *Terouanne*, he remained three Years a Prisoner among them.

Being at the Court of *Spain*, just after the Conquest of *Velez*, a great many fine Gentlemen, Captains and other *Spanish* Officers, were there to make their Compliments to the King, and to be taken Notice of, and thank'd for their Share in that Expedition. As I was standing in a Tradesman's Shop, I observed a young Gentleman parading along the Street, very toppishly and fantastically dressed out in party-coloured Clothes, and abundance of Feathers, of all Colours, in his Cap, mounted on a fine *Spanish* Horse, with Velvet-Housings, turning up his Whiskers at every Step his Horse made; in short, making an extraordinary, vain-glorious Show of himself, seemingly, a Man of his Hands, fit for Action, and one with whom it was but a Word and a Blow. I asked an Officer of the Army, who was with me in the Shop, cheap'ning something, who that Person might be Who made such an Appearance? He only answered me;

Es aquel que tomó el Pignon del Velez, y nunca fue. Dexad lo ir, Señor, y volar à todos los Diablos, con sus Plumas, que tan mal haze del Bravo.

It was he who took the Pignon of Velez, and yet was never there. Dear Sir, let him fly to all the Devils in Hell, with his Feathers and he; how scurvily he acts the Bravo!

Much like a Gentleman of *Toledo*, who threatened every Day, that he was going to the *Indies*, and never set out. One Day, he appeared in a Hat with a large Plume of Feathers; and a certain Person made this Jest upon him;

No es posible que no salga agora este Virote, pues que està tan bien emplumada.

It is impossible but this Arrow must now be let fly, since 'tis so well-feathered.

86 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

It was a great Thing at that Time, the Taking of *Velez* and its *Pignon*, which was a high Rock, where was a Fortrefs, very difficult to get up to: Within it, there might be some sixty or seventy natural-born *Turks*; but they were frightened, and quitted it, after keeping it not above two or three Days. The Army, which was before it, was a very fine one, consisting of above 10,000 Men, and sixty or seventy Gallies, commanded by *Don Garcias de Toledo*, Vice-Roy of *Sicily*, for I saw all this myself.

I have heard it related, in *Spain*, by some old *Spanish* Captains and Soldiers, that *Gonzalez Pizarro* having rose in Rebellion against the Emperor *Charles*, made great Civil Wars against him in the *Indies*, in which he was never vanquished, in any of the numerous Battles and Fights he was engaged in, except the last, wherein he fought to the Utmost, both he and his Men;

Non come Leones mas Not like Lyons, but like
come verdaderos Espa- true Spaniards.
noles.

Inferring from thence, that they were Braver and Bolder than Lyons. *Pizarro* himself, being quite spent and disabled, and his People all defeated, he asked one of his Companions and Captains, whose Name was *John d'Accosta*, *What shall We do, who are left alone? Let us go* (answer'd *d'Accosta*) *to la Gasea*, who was the Captain of the contrary Party. *Let us do so*, said *Pizarro*:

Vamos à morir, come Let us go and die like
buenos y verdaderos good and true Christians.
Christianos.

Thinking it was an Act of a good Christian, says the Story, rather to surrender himself to his Enemy, than fly. Nor, indeed, did his Enemies ever see his Back. And meeting with one *Villavicencio*, he asked him, *Who he was?* The other answered;

That

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 87

Qu'era Sergente Major
del Campo Imperial.

*That he was Serjeant-
Major of the Imperial
Camp :*

Et yo, *respondit-il*, soy
Gonzale Pizarro el Des-
eichado ;

immediately gave him his Sword.

*And I am the unfortu-
nate Gonzalez Pizarro,*
answered the other ; and

He moved along like a brave Cavalier, and with a Kingly Countenance. He was mounted on a beautiful strong Horse, which he had, that Day, caused to be shod with thirteen Nails in each Foot, that he might not fail him in Time of Need, armed with a Coat of Mail, a very rich Curiafle, and over it a Velvet Coat, and on his Head an Helmet of Gold, no less valuable for its Workmanship than its Metal. This Serjeant-Major was very glad to have such a Prize of a Prisoner, and immediately carried him away to *Gasca*, the Commander in Chief, who asked him immediately, *If it was well done of him to stir up a whole Kingdom against the Emperor, his Sovereign Lord and Master ?* Pizarro's Answer was ;

Yo, y mis Hermanos,
haviendo conquistado es-
tas Tierras y Paezes, a
nuestras Cuestas, Traba-
jos, Gastos, y Sangre,
no havemos pensado pe-
car contra la Sacra Mae-
stad, gardandolas, y re-
giendo y gouvernando,
come legitimos Senores y
Conquistadores.

*I and my Brothers ha-
ving conquered these Lands
and Countries, at our own
Charges, and with our own
Labour, and at the Ex-
pence of our own Blood and
Sweat, we thought we did
no Wrong to his Sacred
Majesty, in keeping them,
and governing them, as
lawful Sovereigns and
Conquerors thereof.*

Then *Gasca* ordered him to be taken away ; and there were several Soldiers who had each 5 or 6000 Pieces of Gold for their Share of the Booty. The next Day, he was sentenced to be Beheaded, and carried on a Mule with his Hands ty'd and a Cloak over

88 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

over his Shoulders. He died like a good Christian, to all outward Appearance, without speaking a single Word, retaining to the last an Air of Authority and Grandeur, a grave solemn Behaviour, and a severe stern Look. His Head was carried to the City of the Kings, where it was placed on a Marble-Pillar, inclosed within an Iron-Fence, with this Inscription;

Aquí està la Cabeça del Trahidor Gonzale Pizarro, el qual diò la Battalla en la Valle de Xaquefagnava contra la Bandera y Estandarte Real del Imperador fu Senor, al Lunes 9 de Abril 1548.	<i>This is the Head of the Traitor Gonzalez Pizarro, who gave Battle to the Royal Army of the Emperor his Sovereign, in the Valley of Xaquefagnava, on Monday the 9th of April, 1548.</i>
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Such was the End of *Gonzale Pizarro*, who was never conquered in any Battle which he gave, tho' he gave several. *Diego Centeno* paid the Headsman for his Clothes, which were very Rich, that he might not be stripp'd, causing him to be buried with them in the City of *Cusco*, notwithstanding he had been his Great and Capital Enemy (a laudable and noble Action!) saying;

Que non era Tratto de Christiano, ni tan poco de Cavallero, injuriar y offender los Muertos.	<i>It was not the Part of a Christian, any more than of a Gentleman, to injure and offend the Dead.</i>
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There have been several talked of, and seen too, who have not given the like Treatment to their Enemies; for which God forgive them!

After the Sentence was passed on *Pizarro*, the like was done against *Francisco Caravajal*, one of his Accomplices and Captains, to be Hanged, and Quartered, and his Head placed with that of *Pizarro*; whereupon he said;

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 89

Harto es, pues que no *It is enough; since I*
 puedo morir dos vezes. *can't die twice.*

A *Gascon* Soldier, in *Piedmont*, being condemn'd
 to have his Head chopped off, he said, in his Jar-
 gon;

Cab de Diou! lou *Zwaiouns! my Head!*
 Cab! You donne lou— *they shall have my Taail*
 per un Hardyt. *too for a Hawpeny.*

This he said at the Point of Death. An Audacious Dog! ———

Not much unlike what a poor *Spanish* Devil said, when he was sentenced to be hanged:

Harto es. Desde yo *Mighty well! As soon as*
 muero, que me llevan à *I'm dead, let me be carry'd*
 la Carniceria. *to the Shambles.*

Another, being condemned to be Hanged, he was so enraged, that he could say nothing to the Judge but that he was like *Pontius Pilate*; but the Judge answered him much better;

A lo menos, no lavarè *I shan't, however, wash*
 mis Manos, para castigar *my Hands for condemning*
 un tan grand Vellaco *such an Infamous Rogue as*
 come vos. *You are.*

Another Malefactor being sentenced to lose his Ears, when the Executioner lifted up his Hair in order to cut them off, he found they were both gone, never an Ear left; which made him swear for Madness;

Cuerpo de tal! Bur- *Blood and T—d! do ye*
 lais-vos assi de la Gente? *banter a body?*

Cuerpo de tal assi! soy *The other replied,*
 yo obligado dar Orejas *Blood and T—d in your*
 cada Martes? *Teeth! Am I obliged to*
furnish Ears every Tues-
day?

It was, you must know, on a *Tuesday* [Market-Day] that his Ears had been cut off before; so that he neither marr'd nor mended the Market.

See

90 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

See how merry these Rogues are, in the Concern, not only of Limb, but Life itself! Nor is it these Rogues alone, but Others of a Finer Stuff and more Holy Life: Witness a certain *Spanish Bernardine* Monk, who, being in the Agonies of Death, was attended by a Brother-Monk, who, to comfort him, told him, he would not die now, for that he was surely predestinated to die *Dignified*, he replied merrily;

Otros morirán Prelados, y yo moriré Pelado. Others may die Dignified; but, for my Part, I shall only die Ignified*.

Meaning he was Clapt.

To return to the brave *Caravajal*: Besides his being Valiant in Deeds, he was Subtle and Smart in Words; but, withal, very Cruel in his Nature, in-somuch that it was grown a Proverb,

Mas fiero y cruel que Caravajal. More Fierce and Cruel than Caravajal.

The Night before he was Executed, Captain-Centeno went to see him. *Caravajal*, out of Pride, made as if he knew him not. When the other asked, if he did not know him? Know ye? replied *Caravajal*.

How

* As Mr. Ozell, the Translator of this Volume, is studious to keep as near as possible to the Author's Style, and also to make every Thing perfectly intelligible to the *English* Reader, by proper Notes, so he does not think it beneath him to explain even the Puns, as they occur. Here, for Instance, is one of the best Puns he ever met with, in the *Spanish* Tongue (for no Nation is without their Puns; the Difficulty is to translate them). It turns upon the Similitude of the Words *Prelado* and *Pelado*; the former, i. e. *Prelado*, any-body may guess means a *Prelate*, or a Dignified Priest: The latter, viz. *Pelado* (from the *Latin* Word, *Pilus*, the Hair on any Part of the Body) signifies, *Peel'd*, or the Hair pulled off; Thus in the *French*, *Peler*, or *Echauder un Cochon de Lait*, is to Scald a Pig. He therefore translates *Pelado*, Ignified, to answer to *Prelado*, Dignified. Thus you have the Pun in *English* as well as *Spanish*.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 91

Come te podria yo *How should I know ye ?*
cognoscer, que nunca te *since I never saw your*
vi por delantera, sino por *Fore part, but always your*
la trasera y detras ? *Back.*

How blue must this Captain look ! How dash'd must he be, at such a Rebuke of his Cowardice ! For it was true in Fact, that he had always fled in every Engagement he had had with *Caravajal*.

No less severe was a *Spanish* Court-Lady on a Gentleman she did not much like, who, being gone to the War in *Grenada*, against the *Moors*, and a Report being spread about Court, that he was killed ;

No puede ser ; porque *That can't be (said she)*
los Moros no comen mas *for the Moors touch no*
Carne de Liebre. *Hare's Flesh. **

A Devilish Wipe on his Cowardice, to compare him to a Hare, which always runs away and never fights.

Now I am speaking of *Caravajal's* Fierceness, he is said to have killed above 100 Men with his own Hand in one Battle. He was upwards of Fourscore and Four when he died. What a Stout Old Fellow was This ! He was very hard to *Confess*. He had carried a Colours at the Battle of *Ravenna*, and, before that, had been a Soldier under the Great Captain *Gonsalvo*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. The better the Master, the better the 'Prentice ; for, he was one of the best Warriors that ever went to the Indies, according to all Report.

The Dwelling-Houses of *Pizarro* and *Caravajal* were levelled with the Ground, and the Inner-part thereof sowed with Salt, and a Pillar was erected on the Spot, with these Words inscribed on it ; *Here stood the Houses of the Traytors Pizarro and Caravajal*. In my Time, when I was in *Spain*, their Names and Valour filled the Mouths of all Men ; who were

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* No more than they do Swine's Flesh, and other Creatures forbidden by their Law.

92 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

continually ringing Peels of their Praises, and ecchoing forth unwearied Encomiums on their Marvellous and Unprecedented Prowess and Prodigious Achievements. What a Thing is Valour ! For, be it well or ill employed, it is always highly esteemed ; according to the old *Latin* Saying ;

Fama, five Bona, five Mala, Fama est :
Fame, be it Good or Bad, is still call'd Fame :

Especially (and indeed most commonly) understood to proceed from a daring Disposition and a Stoutness of Heart, and not that Sort of Fame (or rather Infamy) which is the Effect of a mean and pusillanimous Spirit ; for, in short, every Man that aspires to do something which he supposes Great, can't but be greatly esteemed and commended, as *Machiavel* well observes. But, however, 'tis still more Laudable and more God-like, to do Good than Ill ; for a Good Action is always rewarded with Good, but an Evil one with Evil.

Here follows one of your *actual* Rhodomontades, not a *verbal* one : And it is no less true and honourable than it is strange and almost incredible.

Muchas Cosas han acaecido à los Espanoles en diversas partes, despues que, con invincibles Animos, andan desplegando sus Banderas quasi por todo el Mondo ; por las quales han merecido entre todas las Naciones Renombre de immortal Memoria. Y dexadas muchas que por varias Historias andan celebradas, el Hecho solo

The Spaniards have perform'd Great Things in divers Parts of the World, ever since they have displayed their Banners, and carry'd their Arms almost throughout the whole Terrestrial Globe ; for which Things they have acquired among all Nations the Renown of an immortal Glory. Not to dwell here on a great many Particulars remembered in Books, and celebrated

de un Soldado, el qual indegnamente està puesto en Olvido, fuerça à creer quanto sea el Animo y Valor de la Gente Española. Al Tiempo que el Marques de Pescara andava en buelto en las porfiadas Guerras de Lombardia, haviendo se travada entre Franceses y Espanoles una Pelea, vino à herir una Pelota à Luis de la Sena, Soldado, que andava puesto en Hilera en su Escadron * de Infanteria, y no valiendo la Defensa del Coceleste, le entro la Pelota en el Cuerpo. El animoso Soldado, sintiendo, que la Pelota baxava por los Vazios à las Tripas, apartado un poco de su Ordenença, con incomparable Effuerço y Osadía facandose un Cuchillo se hizo una pequena Abertura en la Barriga por donde (Cosa que parece Fabula) hizo salir la Bala: y bolviendo con las Dedos las Tripas para dentro, con Animo nunca visto, hizo con la Punta del Cuchillo, de

celebrated in sundry Histories, we shall mention only one single Action of a Soldier, which, tho' unworthily thrown into Oblivion, well deserves to be Recorded as a pregnant Proof of Spanish Courage and Magnanimity. At what Time the Marquess de Pescara was carrying on an Obstinate War in Lombardy, a smart Engagement happened between the French and Spaniards, wherein one Louis de la Sena, a Spanish Foot-Soldier, was wounded by a Musquet-shot, which entered thro' his Armour into his Body. The Courageous Soldier, finding the Ball gone down into his lower Bowels, he went a little aside out of the Ranks, and with an Undauntedness of Mind, not to be paralleled, he took a Knife and made an Opening in the lower Part of his Belly and drew out the Ball (a Thing which looks liker a Romance than a true Story!) Which done, he re-placed his Guts with his Fingers, and then with
O 2 *the*

* A Squadron, of Horse most properly, but often used for a good Body of Foot by Spaniards.

una y otra parte, algunos Agujeritos en sus mismas Carnes, y pasando por ellos la Aguj-ta cozio con grande Constantia la Abertura que havia hecho: y buelto à su Hilera, no se cognoscio en su semblante el Martyrio que de si, con sus Manos, havia; antes hizo su Personado entre los muy sanos, aquel que tenia el Cuerpo tan mal dispuesto; hasta que de ay a poco rato le hierieron de un Harquebuzazo en la Ceja, y quebraron un Ojo, por lo qual fue necessario que le sacassen del Escadron, y no con menos Diligencia que Admiracion curado, vino à Valladolid donde estava el Emperador Don Carlos, y mostrando el Testimonio de su Valencía, su Magestad le hizo Merced de Cien Ducados de Rente parce Siempre.

the Point of the Knife he made, on each Side of his Wound, several small Holes in the Flesh, and running a tagg'd-Point thro' them, he sewed up the Lips of the Incision he had made: And then returned into the Ranks, without any Body's perceiving by his Looks the Torture he had put himself to with his own Hands: On the contrary, he bore as unconcern'd a Countenance as the soundest Man of 'em all, tho' he was in so piteous a Condition, till, within a short Space after, he received a Shot in the Head, below his Brow, which putting out one of his Eyes, he was obliged to be carried off, and have his Wounds dressed; which done, and he being cured with no less Diligence than Admiracion, he went to Valladolid, where the Emperor Charles was, and shewing him the Testimony of his Valour, his Majesty, for his Reward, ordered an Annual Pension of a Hundred Ducats to be paid him as long as he lived.

I fancy, after this Story, I need not offer to produce a greater Instance of Spanish Intrepidity and Hardiness. Such a Rhodomontade as this, outweighs 100 Tongue-Bravados. I know not which of the Two merits most Praise, this Spanish Soldier,

or

or the famous *Roman*, named *Scæva*, one of *Julius Cæsar's* favourite Soldiers, who had served him a long Time in the *Gaulish Wars*, and signalized himself for one of the Boldest and most Resolute Soldiers in his whole Army. Likewise, when the War came on between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, in that Great Battle at *Dyrrachium*, between those Two Competitors, this Soldier, after having an Eye put out, and his Body pierced in divers Places thro' and thro', and his Buckler with 120 Arrows sticking in it, nevertheless, throws himself boldly into the Sea, and swam away to his General, to whom he presented himself, without his Arms (a Thing not allowed of in the *Roman Militia*) he cried out aloud to him ; *Ab ! my Emperor, pardon my appearing thus without my Arms.* Whereupon, *Cæsar*, instead of reprimanding him, or looking in the least displeased, bestowed the highest Commendations on him, and instantly made him a Centurion.

I knew a brave, bold, rough-hewn Gentleman of *Britany*, named *Marueil*, of a very good Family, and brought up a Page of Honour to King *Francis I.* who, when he was 60 Years old, in the Battle of *Dreux*, having done all that a Valiant Man cou'd do, and having received several Wounds, one by a Pistol-shot in the left arm, another by a Thrust of a Sword at the extreme Part of his Armour, and being sorely cut and hacked in several Parts of his Body, and covered all over with his own Blood, and that of his Enemy, he came to *M. de Guise*, and thus addressed him, shewing his Wounds : *Sir, I beg you would tell me freely your Opinion, Whether I am in a Condition to fight on, or retire a little aside to get my Wounds dressed ? If you think proper I should return to the Charge, and you would have me so to do, I will be gone and get myself dispatch'd at once : If, on the contrary, you shall be pleased to command me to go and have my Wounds dressed, I will go and do so : But, otherwise,*
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96 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

I will not. So be pleased to lay your Commands on me one Way or other. Yes, replied, *M. de Guise, Yes, Mons. de Mareuil, I am desirous you should go and get your Wounds dressed: Nay, I command you so to do. You have done Enough for Your Part.* I heard *M. de Guise* tell this Story himself that Evening; and *M. de Mareuil* was so well taken Care of, that he recovered of all his Wounds, and lived above 15 Years after it, as brisk and as brave as ever, and as quarrelsome too, for he never was without a Quarrel on his Hands. Nay, but a Year before he died, he had one with *St. Colombe*, the Stammerer, a Man of Mettle, with whom it was but a Word and a Blow, and accordingly they appointed to meet at *Blois* to fight it out, but were hindered, and made Friends. This *M. de Mareuil*, was, for his Merit and good Services, rewarded with the Order of *St. Michael*, which was no great Matter, for it was grown too common: He deserved much greater Favours and Preferments.

The *Spanish* Soldiers who came into *France*, in the first Expedition with the Prince of *Parma*, were used to lay;

Que eran todos de una Voluntad, es à saber, morir o vencer, y prestos al Mandamiento de su General; y en su Armada, con el Claror de las Armas de los Soldados, sus Rayos el Sol hazia mas illustres; de manera que con questeas luzidas Armas, y con las ricas Cabiernas y Panachos engalanados parecian una Muestra de una muy florida Huerta, que presen-

That they were All of one Mind; namely, to Die or Conquer, and to the last Degree ready to follow the Orders of their General; and that, in their Army, the Sun acquired an additional Brightness to his Beams from the Lustre of their Arms; so that, glittering with these resplendent Arms, and dressed in rich Array, and adorned with their Plumes of Feathers, they appeared like a beautiful

tava alli la Orguleza del Coraçon, y dava senal en los colorados Rostros ; tanto que solo con el Aspetto ponian Temor, y manifestavan à los Enemigos el Peligro tan cierto que sus Presentias.

ful Flower-Garden, where you might see painted out the Pride and Fierceness of their Courage ; and by their enflamed sanguine Countenances you might be fully convinced that the bare Sight of them was enough to strike a Terror into their Enemies, and portended a Ruin as immediate as their Presence.

These are fine Expressions to be sure ; especially the Two last.

A *Spanish* Soldier, once praising the King of Spain to me, used these Words ;

Ninguno ay en nuestros Tiempos entre los Principes Christianos y Moros, à quien se dava Acatimiento y Obediencia, come al Catolique Rey de Espana, mi Senor, cuyos notables Hechos, subidos hasta las Estrelas oscurecen los de los Emperadores. Y no es menester que lo diga : diganlo los Reynos y Reyes del vencidos ; diga lo todo el Mondo.

There is no Person, in these our Days, among all Princes, either Christians or Moors, to whom so much Reverence, Respect and Obeysance is due, as to the Catholick King of Spain, my Master, whose glorious Actions, reaching to the very Stars, quite darken and obscure those of Emperors. There's no Occasion for me to say this : Let the Kingdoms, and the Kings he has conquered, tell it : Let the whole World report it.

The Duke of *Alva*, he who conquered the Kingdom of *Naples* for *Ferdinand*, being ready to be Besieged in *Pampeluna*, by *John*, King of *Navarre*, assisted by *French* Forces sent him by *Louis XII.* commanded by *M. d'Angouleme*, a young Prince (after-

98 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

(afterwards King *Francis*) and by *M. de la Pallice*: The Inhabitants of *Pampeluna* having represented to him how insufficient his Few Forces were to withstand so great an Army, he answered ;

Aun mas Gente no deffea el que se fuesfen, porque mas Honra à los pocos quedava. Los Pampeloneses, accordan- dose poco d'esta Honra, dixeron ; mas la Honra sin Gente mal se gana.	<i>That he did not desire a greater Number than what he had ; because the fewer they were, the more Ho- nour they would gain. The Pampelunians, making but light Account of this same Honour, said ; But this Honour can not be gained without Men.</i>
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Well answered, to be sure, by such as are for playing a sure Game, and are good Husbands of their Honour. *Pelopidas* said quite otherwise when he prepared to go against *Alexander*. News was brought him, that that Tyrant's Forces out-numbered his by far. He only answered: *The more they are in Number, the more we shall kill of them.* This Man's Mind was bent more on Slaughter than Honour. Not like the *Spanish* Captain, who said ;

Que adonde ay mas Affrenta, alli mas Hon- ra se gana.	<i>The more Danger, the more Honour.</i>
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A *Spanish* Captain, of a very low Stature, being bantered about his Littleness, answered ;

En los Cuerpos peque- nos se enfierta un grande y fuerte Coraçon ; por- que la Natura à quello che salto en el Cuerpo, puso en la Virtud del A- nimo.	<i>Little Bodies contain large Hearts and couragi- ous Souls ; because what Deficiencies Nature leaves in the Flesh, she makes up in the Spirits.</i>
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Another being asked, why he made such a Thra-sonical Boasting, being of so diminutive a Size, he replied ;

That

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 99

Humbre chiquito, si *That if a little Man*
no brava, no vale nada. *can't Rant it and make a*
 Shew of Something, be's good
 for nothing.

As, in Truth, I have observ'd abundance of little Men, who wanting wherewithal to eek out their Manhood, have flood a tip-toe, with their high Slippers, or rather Cork-Stilts, holding up their Heads as high as possible, and straining and torturing their Postures all manner of ways, that they may the better bounce it, and play the Vapourer.

In short, they are Pygmies, arm'd with Spear and Shield to make War on the Cranes. They are for ever getting up into the Steeple to speak the louder. You shall never see any of these puny Folks satisfied with themselves, but always wishing to be Bigger: And yet, on the other Hand, to be over-big is not so well neither; for I have observed a great many of your gigantic People not to have more Guts in their Brains, than your dwarfish ones; nay, to be mere Dolts, Slabberers and Oafs, both by Nature and Art; nor a whit more valiant, but downright Cowards. Besides, they are a fairer Mark to shoot at in War, and more like to be Ham-strung by their Assailants; as is both said and read, that when the Great Sultan *Soliman* was going thro' *Hungary* to besiege *Vienna*, there was taken, in a certain Fortrefs, a *German* Foot-Soldier, of so exorbitant a Height, that he was deem'd a Miracle of Nature; so that they made a Present of him to the Grand Signior, thinking he might make use of him for one of his Guards: But, instead of that, by a most barbarous Cruelty, he made him the Subject of his Pastime, by ordering his Arms and Feet to be made fast, and then to be set upright in a Room, to serve, like a Man of Straw, for a little Favourite Dwarf of his to fight and make Passes at with his Sword; and he was above an Hour before he could kill this

↓

Giant,

100 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Giant, so weak was his Arm, and so ill-plac'd his Stabbs; sometimes hitting him in the Body, as he could reach him by raising himself up, sometimes his Thighs, or Hams; the poor Giant all the while parrying and avoiding the Thrusts as well as he could. At last he fell to the Ground, and the Dwarf dispatch'd him after a bungling Manner. And this was a Spectacle of Pleasure to *Soliman*, and the Bashaws and Grandees of his Court. It might serve for Laughter to such as are of a barbarous and cruel Disposition; but not to us who are Christians. I believe the *Romans* never exhibited such a Diversion to their People.

I have read in a *Spanish* Book, intitled, *La Conquista de Navarra*, that King *John* of *Navarre* having sent a Herald to the Dukes of *Alva* and *Nageré*, Joint-Generals of the Army: which, by the way, is no good Way,

Porque una Hueste,
gouvernada de dos sobe-
ranos Capitanes, nunca
bien se conserva,

*Because an Army, com-
manded by two Captain-
Generals, can never be well
governed, or safely condu-
cted,*

To demand a Battle near *Pampeluna*, they answered,

Que alli no lo querian
dar, mas en los razos
Campos de Bordeos, ad-
onde adereslavan sus Ca-
minos, para conquistar
toda la Guyenna.

*They would not give it
there, but in the Plains of
Bordeaux, whither they
were marching, to conquer
all Guyenne.*

Which, however, they did not do, but failed of their Word; for there was too great an Obstacle in the Way; so they would not undertake it; however, 'twas necessary to make this Bravado.

After the Battle of *St. Quintin*, the *Spaniards* said,
Este Dia perdieron los *The French have this*
Franceses el Nombre que *Day lost the Honour as-*
cribida

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 101

Tito Livio les da diziendo, *Galli sunt Gloria Belli.* *cribed to Them by Livy, The French are the Glory of War.*

They ought not to make a Mock of us, since, according to a Saying of their own,

Las Cosas de la Guerra van mal al tiempo que mas sin pensallo estan. *Affairs of War go ill, when not sufficiently weighed before hand.*

When the Emperor arrived before Metz *, having sent his Army thither before, Those of his Camp celebrated his Arrival by making large Bon-fires, Volleys of Great and Small Shot, and other remarkable Signs of Joy. Those within the Town, not knowing what to think of his Coming, and lest the Emperor, at his first Accession, should give them (in the Night) some Dish of his own dressing, illuminated all their Windows with Candles, and lighted up large Fires on their Ramparts; which made the Spaniards say;

Que era Cosa maravillosa de los Fuegos, y Luminarias y Hachas, que eran en la Ciudad, de manera que parecia Cosa encantada. No menos el Real del Emperador, era visto claro y radiante de la mucha Lumbré de Fuegos que parecia otro Cielo estrellado. *It was a marvellous Thing to behold the Fires, the Illuminations and the Flambeaux, which were in the Town; which rather look'd like a Piece of Incantment than a Reality. The same did the Emperor's Camp, which was so glittering with the Blaze of Fires and other Lights, as to resemble the Firmament of Heaven in a starry Night.*

The Duke of Alva being besieged in Pampeluna by King John and M. de la Pallisse, and expecting a general Assault, among other Things which he urg'd in his exhortatory Harangue to his Soldiers, he used the following Words,

P 2

Gen-

* Charles V. was baffled by the French in this Siege, vid. p. 13.

Bien creo, Cavalleros, que no podre crescer vuestro Eſfuerço con mis Palabras, y tan bien ſoy cierto que la Viſta de la Batalla no os ponia Miedo. Aquello che muchas vezes defeaſtes aveys hallado, que es ver os con vuestros Enemigos, y no ſolo vuestros, mas de Dios. Todo lo que à mi toca de Eſtado y con mucha Diligencia lo he hecho: de mas es en la virtud de vuestros Coraçones e Fortaleza de Brazos. Eſto ruego os que acordeys del Nombre de Eſpaña, que nunca ſupo ſer vencida. Y ſi me quifieres reſponder, que de eſſo no ſe pueden alabar los Eſpañoles, pues eſtan ſus Vãderas en Poder de ſus Enemigos deſpues el Dia de la Batalla de Ravanna, yo aſſi os lo conieſſo: mas, mira que tan ſangrienta Victoria tuvieron, que los meſmos Franceses conieſſan que pluguiera à Dios que ellos fueran los vencidos; porque non tuvieron la Victoria tan lloroſa. Acordad os, que en la Tierra, que de baxo de vuestros Pies hollays, el

Gentlemen, I don't think any thing I can ſay, can add to your Courage; and I am certain, the Approach of a Battle gives you no Fear. You have now met with what you have ſo often wiſh'd for, to ſee yourſelves near your Enemies, and not only your Enemies, but God's. I have diſcharged my Duty in every Reſpect, with a great deal of Care and Attention: the Reſt depends upon Your Intrepidity of Heart, and the Vigour and Strength of Your Arm. I beg you would remember you are Spaniards, and never let the Name of Spain ſlip out of your Minds; of Spain I ſay, which never yet could be Conquered. And if you tell me, that the Spaniards ought not to boaſt of That, ſince their Standards are now, and have been, in the Enemy's Poſſeſſion ever ſince the Battle of Ravenna, I grant it: but then conſider, if the Enemy gain'd the Victory There, it was ſo Bloody a one, that the French themſelves wiſh to God they had been Conquered; for that then they had had leſs Occaſion to
mourn

Rey Carlo Magno fue vencido y desbaratado, con Muerte de sus Doze Pares. Dezia Rey nuestro Don Alonzo el Casto, que es mas Gloria de conservar lo Aquirido, que ganar grandes Tierras, aquellas no pudiendo sostener. Y porque à los virtuosos mostrandoles el Peligro mas les crece el Effuerço, os hago saber, que estays sentenciados por los Franceses à perder las Vidas sin ninguna Merced. Ruego os, que assi las vendays, que primero vuestros Matadores que vuestra Sangre, cayan en el Suelo. Y, porque veo ya las Vánderas de los Enemigos acercarse, os encargo que Sacqueys de Verguença el Nombre y Gloria de su Espana.

mourn than now they have. Remember, Brother-Soldiers, that on this very Spot of Ground which you now tread with your Feet, King Charlemaine was Conquered with his 12 Peers. Our King Don Alphonso the Chaste, used to say, That there was more Glory in keeping what we acquire, than in making new Acquisitions, without being able to keep them. And forasmuch as when courageous Men are shewn their Danger, their Courage grows thereby the greater, I must let you know beforehand, that the French have doom'd you to Death, without any Quarter. I therefore earnestly desire you, to sell your Lives, in such a Manner, that your Murderers may first meet that Death they threaten You with. And now, because

I see the Enemy's Standards already advancing, I recommend to You, to preserve from Shame and Dishonour, the Name and Glory of your Spain.

This is a fine Speech, and of great Weight, tho' but short. And, indeed, a General should never lose Time, and amuse Himself and Others, in making long Speeches, when he is going to encounter with an Enemy. Deeds are then properest, not Words. Such was the Opinion and Practice of the Great *Julius Cæsar*; who, being on the Point of a Battle,

Battle, spent not his Time in large Discourfings, as we fee in his Commentaries; but delivered himself to his Soldiers concifely, and like a gallant Soldier, and great Commander. Likewise, the Bold *Catiline* in *Salust*, when he was to give Battle, exprefs'd himself in a very few Words, but so much to the Purpose, that all his Soldiers (to a Man) died in their Ranks; nor did any one of them stir an Inch from the Place he fought in. I have known many Great Commanders, such as Marshal *Strozzi*, and Others, laugh at their Brother-Generals who were great Speech-makers, especially when Time hurry'd and Business was pressing. It is true, the *Roman* Consuls used to lay Themselves forth mightily in long-winded Harangues, as we read in *Livy* and other Historians; but this was done a good while before they came to Action; and they always prepared their Speech beforehand, and in good Time (for such was their Custom) Otherwise, there had been nothing in it: the Thing had not been worth a Rush. But when Matters were come to Push of Pike (as we say) and the Word was, *Now or Never*, had they put themselves upon their Fine Speeches and Military Harangues, they had been a Parcel of Fools and Numbskuls, and had found the Enemy upon them, before they could look about 'em, or know whereabouts they were; and had never done such glorious Exploits, or gain'd so many Battles, but had been miserably and foolishly defeated: wherefore, such Commanders, as approve of what the *Spaniards* call *Razonamientos*, i. e. *Discourses*, should do it the Day before the Battle (if one is expected) or else an Hour or two before, but not at the Moment the Troops are ready to Charge: At such Time, few Words are best. *Guicciardine* is fond of imitating *Livy* in his Military Speeches. Among others, he makes one by far too prolix, and puts it into the Mouth of M. de *Nemours*, just going

to give Battle at *Ravenna* : the Speech is certainly +
very fine, and every way worthy the Soldiers he directed it to, and very proper to encourage them : but it is to be presum'd, he shortened it greatly ; for the Business then in Hand, was to get over the Canal as fast as they could, to fight the Enemy on the other Side. *Paulus Jovius* likewise spends a great deal of Time in spinning out long Speeches. In short, many Historiographers, if not the major Part of them, have done the same ; of which *Belle-Forêt* has been so curious as to make a large Collection. The Author of *The History of France*, fathers upon M. de *Guise* and Mons. the Admiral, such tedious extended Speeches, at the Battle of *Dreux*, that nothing comes up to their Length. I heard M. de *Guise's* Speech myself ; and it was couch'd in very few Words, but admirably good. As for Mons. the Admiral's, he had hardly Leisure to make such a long Speech ; something like it, he might make, when he charged the last Time, but it could not be near that Length. I am of the Opinion of Marshal *Strozzi*, who was wont to say, It was the great Vanity of Historiographers, which put them upon this Practice, and caused them to study, devise and write down these endless Harangues ; and being themselves full of Wind and Vain-Glory, they were minded to illustrate and embellish their History, and render it the more florid and delightful, by such a Superfluity of Words. Other poor Scribblers thought their History would be lame and lean, if they did not decorate and eke it out with much Pomp and Verboseness of Stile. Once for all, there's nothing like your short Speeches, in Matters Military, especially when a Fight is at Hand, as was done by the brave M. de *Guise*, the Day he expected a General Assault to be made on him at *Metz*, which M. de *Ronsard* has put into Verse ; but it was not near so long as M. de *Ronsard* has made it, by what I have
been

106 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

been told by those who were present and heard it ; who added likewise, That the Original far excelled the Copy. And it was very fine, certainly, to hear him pronounce it ; for, besides his having a powerful, yet charming, Delivery, as ever Man had, he was a perfect Master of the Military Eloquence, as I intend to give Instances of in a Century of *Military Harangues*, very brief and concise, as well of Modern Times as the Ancient *. Mean while, I leave this Discourse ; for, as says the *Spaniard*,

Otras Vaccas tengo à *I have other Cows to*
gardar, y otras Orejas à *keep, and other Sheep to*
trasquillar : *sheer :*

And will return to the Great Duke of *Alva's* Speech, in which, tho' he does not dissemble or disguise to his Soldiers how the *Spaniards* were beat at *Ravenna*, yet he very much lessens that Victory, in regard to Us. But let him and other *Spaniards* say what they will, it was a very considerable, and a very signal Victory to Us, and very Bloody to Them ; but then, indeed, it proved unfortunate for Us, by the Loss of what we had conquered in *Italy* and at *Milan*. The *Spaniards* have this Singularity, they hardly ever own themselves conquer'd or beaten, and resolve every thing into their own Glory. As was done by the just-mentioned Duke of *Alva*, in *Flanders*, in a Speech he made to his Army, and chiefly to his *Spanish* Soldiers, some Days before he intended to give Battle to the Prince of *Orange* (near the River *Meuse*) who had brought so powerful an Army against him, to fight him. But it all vanish'd into Smoke, by the Providence and wise Conduct of this Great Captain, who made him shamefully retire into *Germany*, which I take Notice of elsewhere †. This Duke recited to his *Spaniards*, from End to End, all the Glorious Exploits their Countrymen

* This Collection is not extant.

† See Discourse XLIV. of Foreign Captains.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 107

Countrymen had performed for a hundred Years past, and brought every thing to Account, as well Loss as Gain, Vanquished and Vanquishers, Beaters or Beaten: and this I had from a *French Soldier Spanioliz'd*, who was among the *Spanish Troops*; and heard it all. And first the Duke took Notice of the great Wars they had carried on in the Kingdom of *Naples*, under the Great Captain *Gonsalvo de Corduba*; also the Battle of *Ravenna*, tho' it was unfortunate. He proceeded to the great Conquest of the *Indies*, which he set before their Eyes, achieved by *Hernando Cortes* and *Francis Pizarro*, both whom he called, *The Honour of the Spanish Soldiery*. He then put them in Mind of their Noble Combat in *Italy*, under the valiant *Marquess de Pescara*, *Antony de Leva* and *M. de Bourbon*, in the Taking of *Rome*. The Siege of *Naples* and of *Florence*, under *Philibert Prince of Orange*. The Raising the Siege of *Vienna*, and the Flight and Pursuit of *Sultan Soliman*. The Conquest of the *Gouletta*, *Tunis* and *Cleves*. The Expedition to *Provence*; that of *Algiers* and *Londrecy*, where they came off poorly. The War of *Germany*, which turned out well, and where the Emperor acquired great Glory. The Wars of *Piedmont*, *Parma* and *Sienna*. He gain'd nothing in the two first, witness the Battle of *Cerizoles*, and the Conquest of *Piedmont*, which I take notice of in another Place. *Sienna* was gain'd, but it cost them dear. Then the Siege of *Metz*, which they had sufficient Cause to repent of. He did not forget *M. de Guise's Expedition*, and the Breaking of his Design. And then concluded with the two Battles of *St. Quintin* and *Gravelins*, which constrained the King (being able to do no more) to ask a Peace. He slur'd over the Taking of *Calais*, *Guysnes*, *Tbionville* and the Camp at *Amiens*, where the King, being in Person, offered the King of *Spain* Battle a hundred Times; but he would not bite at

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the

108 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

the Bait. In short, he made a long Piece of Work on it, not forgetting Himself, as being several Times the Emperor *Charles's* Lieutenant, and a true Witness of their Valour. This Vaunting of Himself and his Soldiers, could not well be dispens'd with, because otherwise the *Spanish* Pride would have no Vent. Besides, in this Harangue he did but imitate his Uncle, the Conqueror of *Navarre*, lately mentioned, whom some will have to be his Father: but that was not so; for his Father was *Don Garcia de Toledo*, who died in *Gerbes* *, against the *Moors*, in the Flower of his Age, having been sent thither with *Don Pedro de Navarre*, King *Ferdinand's* Lieutenant in the Army, which went thither in 1510.

A *Spanish* Soldier, having challeng'd an *Italian* Lord, the latter made answer, *That since he was not his Equal in Birth, he would send his Footman to fight him.* The Soldier reply'd;

Yo lo otorgo; porque, *I consent to it; for, let*
 por muy ruyn que sea, *him be ever so despicable a*
 fera mejor que vos. *Fellow, he will be a better*
Man than You.

The same is said of a *French* Gentleman, who, in like manner, refus'd to fight one that was not of so good a Family as himself, that he would send one of his Footmen to him. The other answered, *I wish you would; for it is impossible you should send One of them, but what is a Man of much more Worth and Honour*

* An Island of the Kingdom of *Tunis*. *Lat. Girba*, says *Sobrin's Spanish Dictionary*: But *Morery* gives this Account of it; An Island of *Africa*, in the *Mediterranean Sea*, dependent on the Kingdom of *Tripoli*. It is separated from the *Terra Firma* by a little Space, over which there is a Bridge. The *Arabians* call it *Zerbi*, and the Ancients by various Names. For it is the *Zotophagitis* of *Ptolemy*, the *Myrmex* of *Polybius*, and the *Mernix* of *Strabo* and *Pliny*. The *Spaniards* have been Masters of it; but in 1560 they were outed by the Infidels. The *Corsair* *Dragut* escaped thither from *Andrew Doria*. See *Tlucanus's History*, Book XXVI.

Honour than Yourself: and thus, in fighting the Servant, I shall gain more Credit, than in fighting the Master.

A certain *Castilian* Lord did much better. As in the Kingdom of *Castile*, when there is a Duel to be fought, the Parties must be equal in Point of Family and Extraction, and because his Adversary was very much inferior to him in that Respect, he sent word,

Dezid a tal, que me	<i>Tell such a-one, that I</i>
hago de tan ruyn Linage	<i>wave my Quality and Birth,</i>
come el, y que se salga a	<i>and make myself of as low</i>
matar conmigo a tal Par-	<i>Extraction as he is, and</i>
te.	<i>now let him come and fight</i>
	<i>me.</i>

A great many *Grandeess* have taken the like Method of degrading themselves, for an Hour, of their Dignity, Office, Degree and Order, to fight their Inferiors; whereby they gain more Honour than by taking Advantage of their Privileges, and making use of such a Cowardly Armour as their *Quality*. I have elsewhere treated of this Matter *.

The *Portuguese* were wont to celebrate, every Year, the Anniversary of the Battle of *Alivvarota*:

It happened, that Day, a *Spanish* Franciscan Fryar came to pay his Compliments to the King, who said to him;

Que os parece de nuestra Fiesta? Celebran se en Castilla tales Fiestas por semejantes Vencimientos?	<i>What think ye of our Festival? Do they celebrate any such in Castile for the like Victories?</i>
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No se hazen; porque son tantas las Victorias nuestras, que cada Dia seria Fiesta, y moririan los Oficiales de Hambre.	The Franciscan reply'd, <i>We keep no such Festival: because we have so many Victories, that every Day would be a Festival, and Tradesmen and Artificers would die with Hunger.</i>
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No

* See the Discourse on Duels.

110 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

No Soldier could have made a better Rhodomontade than this *Spanish* Monk did. But it was not long before it was retorted upon him by a *Portuguese* Monk, who, in his Sermon on that Occasion (the next Time the Anniversary of that Victory came about again) giving a graphical Representation of the Battle, as such Preachers often digress from their Text, used these Words ;

Nos otros *Christianos* *We Christians were on*
estavamos de un Cabo del *this Side the River, and*
Ryo, y los *Castillianos* de *the Castilians on that.*
la otra Parte.

What a Fryar-like Attack was this !

Ever since History has given us any Account of Things, the *Portuguese* and *Castilians* (i. e. *Spaniards*) never much lov'd one another : And I remember an Instance of this myself. When I was at *Lisbon*, I went into a Shop to buy some Silk-Stuff at a Mercers, and, as I spoke good *Castilian*, I ask'd a young Woman that kept the Shop, where her Master was ? She presently call'd him, and said, taking me for a *Castilian* ;

Aqui sta un *Castillano* *Here is a Castilian*
que te pide. *wants ye.*

The Master finding me to be a *Frenchman*, said to her, in a Passion,

Vellaca, mal-criada, à *Are not you asham'd,*
un Hombre honrado co- *ye ill-bred Sow, to call*
me este, no has Ver- *such an Honourable Gen-*
guença de llamarle *Casti-*
tillano ? *tleman as this, a Casti-*
lian ?

At this Time *, now that the King of *Spain* has got the Kingdom of *Portugal* into his Hands, they are great Friends and Allies ; but it is all per-force, and from the Teeth outwards.

The Fight which was had in the Kingdom of *Naples* between Twelve *French* Gentlemen on one Side,

* About the Year 1596.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. III

Side, and Twelve *Spanish* Cavaliers on another, remained very Doubtful as to the Victory. After it was over, *Gonsalvo* (commonly called the *Great Captain*) who had sent pick'd Men, asked the Person, who was come from the Fight, What News? The other, in an ambiguous Way, only answered;

Senor, los nuestros vi- *My Lord, The Men*
nieron à nos por Buenos: *who came to Us from You,*
were Good Soldiers:

The Great Captain answered;

Por Mejores os avia yo *I sent them you for Bet-*
embiado: *ter:*

Meaning, he had sent them for *very Good* and very well chosen, and to Do better than they did. By this 'tis plain, our Men were not All worsted, as some Foreign Historians have related: But that's no Wonder, being disaffected to Our Nation. Whoever reads *M. de Bayard's * Life*, will be soon convinced, that Our (*French*) Men, in that Encounter behaved better than the *Spaniards*, tho' the *Spaniards* made their first Onset on the Horses, not on the Riders, holding for a Maxim,

Muerto el Cavallo, *The Horse once dead,*
perdido l'Hombre d'Ar- *the Rider's undone.*
mas.

M. de Bayard gained much Glory by that Action.

When the *French* lost the Kingdom of *Naples*, with their General *M. d'Aubigny*, the Great Captain *Gonsalvo* just-mentioned, gave them All the handsomest Treatment he possibly could, and Horses to carry them off. *M. d'Aubigny*, willing to look Great, tho' vanquished, desired *Gonsalvo* to accommodate him, at least, with Good Strong Horses for his *Return*. *Gonsalvo* interpreting the Word *Return* to signify *return-*
ing

* See in *Morery*, at the Word *Terrail*, An Account of this Incomparable and most Extraordinary Man, commonly called, *The Good Knight without Fear or Fault*.

112 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

ing to the War, after they had been at Home, and recruited, answered ;

Torna en buen hora, quando quisièdes ; que siempre hallareys en my la misma Liberalidad que hasta aqui.	<i>O, for that Matter ; return o' God's Name, whenever you please : You shall always find in Me the same Liberality which I now exercise towards You.</i>
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A Good and Noble Answer, and well-becoming such a Captain, always Courteous and Polite in his Behaviour, and even when there was Occasion of Resentment, not Rough, but Genteelly Sarcastical.

During the Siege of *Perpignan* (not this last Siege) there was the Marquess *de Cenette*, who sent a Defiance and Challenge to any of the Besieged to a single Combat at the Lance : And not long after, seeing two Cavaliers advance, as he was retiring, he turn'd about, in order to go up to them ; upon which his Gentleman of the Horse said to him ;

No buelva V.S. que yo yrè, y derribarè uno de aquellos, y V. S. llegarà à cortale la Cabeça. Re- spondiò el Marquès, an- tes yo quiero yr, y derri- bar le he yo, y llegareys vos despues, y bezar le heys en el Rabo.	<i>Don't You return. I will go, and demolish one of them, and you shall come and cut his Head off. The Marquess answered ; No, I will go rather, and demolish him, for you to come and kiss his A——se afterwards.</i>
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A very proper Answer to such a Bravo ! I have met with many such in my Time, who have said ; *Sir, Don't go thither ; it is Dangerous : Let Me go, and do You stay here, and don't stir a Step.* When, God knows, for all their bluff Looks, and big Words, their Hearts shrunk with Fear, and they were ready to bewray their Breeches. They should be told, as the great Captain *Gonsalvo* told one who talk'd to him in the same Manner ;

If

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 113

Si no tengo Miedo, *If I have no Fear,*
 porque quereys me la me- *why do you seek to give it*
 ter? *me?*

And as a Great Captain of our own said to a certain Spark, whom I knew, *Why would you make me a Coward who am none?*

A *Spanish* Captain, fighting with another, cut off one of his Arms, and almost one of his Legs; with which he fell to the Ground, and the former bidding him *Yield, or he would cut his Head off*: He answered;

Hazed lo que quieredes; que aunque me falta el Braço para pelear, *Do what you please;*
for tho' I have not an Arm
 sobra mi el Coraçon para morir: *to defend me, I have still*
a Heart left me to know
how to Die:

Often repeating these Words;

Muera la Vida, y la Fama siempre viva. *Let my Life die, so Reputation lives!*

A *Spanish* Soldier, in a Duel, having reduced his Enemy to such a Pass, and given him so many Wounds, that he was quite disabled; the latter, instead of begging his Life, begged his Death of him, and that he would kill him: The other not only refused his Request, but hack'd and cut him unmercifully in the Arms and Legs; for two Reasons, said he;

La una porque mas penes à bivar; y Potra, *First, That you may*
suffer more Pain in Living;
 porque puedas dar Razon *and, Secondly, That you*
 de quien te hirio, y te *may tell who it was gave*
 diò tales Cuchilladas. *ye these Gashes.*

And, indeed, it was a great Heart-breaking to this poor Devil, to see himself thus mangled and maimed by his Enemy, and not be able to get Satisfaction of him. Death had been a thousand Times more desirable.

Another, hearing a Fellow talk big, and give himself grand Airs, only said to him;

Moderate

114 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Calla Cabeça de Sobervia, que ella basta à te hazer Morir.

Moderate your great Pride, Friend ; else 'twill certainly be the Death of ye, without any Thing else.

A *Spanish* Officer, being returned from the War in *Italy*, and reckoning up his Miraculous Performances, a Servant, who waited at Table, said to him gravely, making a Bow ;

Supplico è V. M. me de Licentià para que lo crea.

I beg You'd give me a License to believe it, Sir.

A *Spanish* Soldier, being returned into his own Country, and boasting, in a good deal of Company, That he had seen all the World ; One breaking in upon that Word, said to him ;

Puede ser que V. M. avia estado en la Cosmografia.

Then, perhaps, Sir, you have been in Cosmography.

The Other made Answer, either wittingly, or thinking it might be some Country or City so call'd ;

Senor, llegamos à vista della, pero dexamos la à Man derecha, porque y vamos de priesa.

We were in Sight of it, Sir, but we left it on the Right-hand, because we were very much in Hastle.

A Rare Fellow, this ! — Tho', perhaps, he only bantered them, as well as they him.

Not unlike this *Spaniard* was a certain *Italian*, who, one Day, hearing King *Francis* discoursing, at Table, on the Largeness and Beauty of his City of *Milan*, and every one, in his Turn, giving his Verdict freely of the Matter, he put in his Oar, and said ; *It was indeed a very Fine City, but its Haven was a very indifferent one ; for, without the utmost Care in the World, no Ship or Vessel could safely enter it.* The King, and the whole Company, immediately began to laugh ; and his Majesty told him, Since he had so narrowly viewed

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 115

viewed and taken Notice of the Place and its Port, he would be glad he would draw nearer to the Upper-end of the Table, and give him a further Account of it. Whereupon, the *Italian* advancing forwards, and making a very low Bow, said no more than,

Basta, Sire, ch'io ho *It is Enough, Sire, that*
parlato. *I have spoken to your Ma-*
jesty.

The King asking him, What he meant by that? He answered, *That as every one else had freely spoke his Mind, he was willing to do so likewise; That if he had said any Thing that was Common (in praise of the Subject) and known to be True, his Majesty would not have much minded what he had said, and therefore he bethought himself of this egregious Blunder, in order to be the better heard and taken Notice of by his Majesty; for that he well knew the Sea to be as far off of Milan, as Genoa was.*

This brings an old Acquaintance to mind, one M. de Beaulieu, who had been a Captain-Lieutenant of one of the Gallies of the late Grand-Prior of France, of the House of *Lorain*, whom he loved beyond all his Officers and Servants, for he was a good Companion, and Second to none for a buffooning, ludicrous Wit, and a facetious, agreeable Behaviour. The People of *Marseilles*, having a Business of great Importance to be transacted at Court, deputed two of the most considerable and wisest of their Corporation, to solicit the Affair; who, tho' they made two Journeys to Court, were unable to effect any Thing, and came back again just as they went. Upon which they bethought themselves of desiring the said M. Beaulieu to take the Affair in Hand. He readily complied with their Request (being a good-natur'd Man) and made the best of his Way to Court, where, after he had made a Speech to the Queen-Mother, who at that time governed All, *But, pray,* Beaulieu,

R

said

said she to him, laughing heartily, *cou'd the People of Marseilles find no wiser a Person than You, to send on their Embassy?* He answer'd; *O yes, Madam; no doubt they cou'd: But when they saw, that the Two they had sent to you, cou'd do no Good, they e'en resolv'd to send a Fool, to try if he might not succeed better than One more Wise, and so they deputed Me. Now, if Your Majesty wou'd please to grant the Petition I come about, You will bring me into Credit; and from a Fool, as I'm counted at present, I shall hereafter be look'd upon as a Wise Man.* The Queen, who loved a Joke at her Heart, granted his Petition, and ordered him to be dispatched out of Hand: Which done, he returned joyful and triumphant, and was well received and esteemed of by the *Marseillians*, who made him a handsome Present of 1000 Crowns for his Trouble, which he did not conceal from the Queen, who was not a little pleased therewith. I was then at Court, and saw the whole Scene, and the Mirth it occasioned there: For this same *Beaulieu* was an intimate Friend of mine, as I hinted before.

Having one Day asked a mettled Spark, how many Men he could fight with, and come off with Honour? He answer'd;

Si es Hombre de Bien, Uno; y de Vellacos, la Calle llena. *One, If he be a Man of Honour; and a Street-full, if they are Scoundrels.*

This is a good and sensible Answer, for Nothing is more easy than to beat your low-bred, mean-spirited People.

I knew a certain Captain (you may believe as much of the Story as you please; for my Part, I believe my Share of it) His Name was *Freville*, a thorough Rake, * a tall, genteel, young Fellow,

25

* *Vray Enfant de la Mathe.* A Virtuous well-given Youth, Ironically Speaking See *Howel's* *Cotgrave*, at the Word *Mathe*, which, that Dictionary says, was a Rascally Place, so called heretofore, in *Paris*, whereat Common Gamsters, Cheaters, Cony-catchers and Cut-purtes usually met.

25 Years old, and spoke as good *German* as *French*, having lived in that Country six or seven Years. This Captain was very much my Friend, and had followed me to the Siege of *Rockelle*, and at Court sometimes. King *Henry*, in his Return from *Poland*, being at *Lyons*, this Captain being frequently with Me, I was spoke to by no mean People, to advise him to keep out of the Way a little, and not to go abroad so much, lest the Commissary of Peace should have him taken up. I did not fail to advertise him of it: But he answered me very gravely and quite unconcerned; Sir, I thank you; but, pray, be in no Pain for Me on that Account, for it is a Thing of Nothing. It is only a trifling Assault and Battery they accuse me of: but the Justices have nothing to do with it. I desir'd he would inform me truly what it was, Sir, replied he, it is Nothing, or next to Nothing: But, since you are desirous to know it; There was a Rascally Tradesman of *Paris*, who had done me a Displeasure. I had him watch'd, and hearing that he was set out one Day for *Orleans*, with Four or Five other Tradesmen in Company, I immediately take Horse; I follow them as fast as I can: I find they din'd at *Longemeau*: I alight, and give the Landlord my Horse to hold: I go up Stairs with my Pistol cock'd: I find my Man at one End of the Table, I go directly to him, saying no more, but, Confess your Sins, for you're a dead Man. I presented my Pistol at his Head, and snapp'd it; it misses Fire; I presently draw my Sword, run him thro' the Body, and he falls dead on the Ground. Observing his Companions look a little Vindictive, I cleave one of them down to the Waist; he falls into the Fire, and there breathes his last. The Third I tumbled under the Table to pick up the Crumbs, but he did not pick up many, for I pinned him to the Floor. The Fourth endeavoured to get away by running to the Stairs Head, but I gave him such a furious Kick o' the Breech, that he went down faster than he desired; for he broke his Neck. I

118 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

very coolly wipes my Sword with the Table-cloth, drinks a Glass of Wine ; and then leave my Chaps dead as a Door-nail. I goes me down Stairs again, strides me over the Body of him on the Stairs, and without the least E-motion, remount my Horse, without any Body in the Inn stirring a Foot, and so make my Escape untouched. And All this my Sword and I together did in the Turn of a Hand. After he had given me this Relation, I told him, not without laughing, *How ! Do ye call this nothing ? By G—d, You are in an ill Way, I can tell you, unless You take Care of yourself. Begone, as soon as you can, out of this City, I'd advise you.* He took my Advice, and I accommodated him with a good Horse and some Money, and he made off the Ground in good Time ; had he staid but an Hour longer, he had been a lost Man. And yet I had much ado, to get him to go away. What a Ruffianly Dead-doing Hackster was here !

Such another Accident happened at *Milan* (when *Antony de Leva* was Governor for the Emperor *Charles*). A certain Count of that Dutchy, who went by the Name of Count *Claudio*, without any Surname, happening one Day to be a Hawking, in an unfrequented By-place, he met with four Soldiers who had challenged each other, and were met to end their Quarrel in a Sheep-pen, where the Shepherds fold their Sheep to dung the Land (a Fine Tilt-yard, you'll say, these brave Fellows had chosen !) The Count seeing them all stript into their Shirts, two against two, he desired them not to proceed, but to be reconciled to each other. They would not hear of that Ear, not They, but told him, if he had a Mind to stand by, and see a little Sport, he was welcome. The Count replied, he could not bear the Reproach of suffering them to cut one anothers Throats in his Presence ; and there-upon, getting off his Horse, he drew his Sword, in order to hinder them from fighting. But they, like
Desperado's

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 119

Desperado's, cried out, one and all ; *Let's kill Him first, since he is for disturbing our Design, and afterwards let us resume it and fight it out, to see who are the best Men* : Accordingly they fell on him in good Earnest. But the Count, who was one of the bravest Men, at that Time, in *Milan*, so well parry'd and thrust, that he laid Three of them dead on the Spot ; and the Fourth, being mortally wounded, begged his Life, which he gave him, and then went his Way. And This I have heard from the Soldier himself, as well as the Count, more than Once.

These are *Mars's* lucky Hits, which he bestows on his Favourites. And here it must be observed, that when Men of true Mettle are in earnest to fight, nothing vexes them so much as to be parted : And they have often fallen upon those who have interposed. I have known several Instances of this myself, where there has been a Quarrel between Two, Four, and sometimes a greater Number. For nothing in the World is so provoking to a Valiant and Brave Man, than to be interrupted in his Designs of the Sword.

At the Siege of *la Fere* lately, Two Soldiers being taken Prisoners in a Skirmish, One of them, a *Frenchman*, and the other a *Spaniard*, and carried before the King ; his Majesty told the *Frenchman*, that he had forfeited his Life by Fighting against his King and Country, but that he would pardon him, if he would tell him One Thing : Which the Soldier promising to do, the King asked him, What Quantity of Provision they might have in the Place ? The *Frenchman* replied, *Sufficient for a Month*. Then putting the same Question to the *Spaniard*, He answered, *Sufficient for Two Months, if not Three*. Upon which the King, turning to the *Frenchman*, told him, *He should be banged for telling him a Lie*. The *Spaniard* being a ready-witted good-natur'd Fellow, and desirous to save his Comrade's Life, said to the King ;

Sire,

120 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Sacra Mageftad, non miente: porque no ay mas para los Franceses, que fon grandes Comedores; mas bastan tanto para los Espanoles, que viven y fe contentan de poco.

Sire, he tells you no Lye: For there is no more than a Month's Provision for the French, who are great Eaters: But there's twice as much, or more, for the Spaniards, who live sparingly, and are satisfied with a small Matter.

And, indeed, the Besieged had dispatched a Messenger to the Cardinal of *Austria*, only to send them some Salt; for that they would salt and eat one another before they'd surrender. This Rhodomontade did not hold Water, for they were glad to surrender, upon honourable Terms tho', which the King most generously granted them, and punctually kept his Word.

Certainly, the *Spaniards* must be allowed to be a soberer and more abstemious People than the *French*. Two Soldiers meeting in an Inn in *Italy*, the Host brought them forth a Plate of Grapes, which the *Frenchman* did not like, and would eat none of them. The *Spaniard*, upon this, told his Host;

Que los Franceses no eran acostombrados hazer sus Edificios sobre Cosas redondas.

That the French were not used to build their Edifices on Things that were Round.

As for the *Spaniard*, he takes up with any Thing that's given him, and eats very sparingly when it is at his own Cost and Charge. And if you come upon him suddenly at his Meal, he puts a good Face upon it, desires you to sit down, and do as He does, and all that, with a

Senor, come desto pedaço de Tocino; que juro à Dios no hay Perdiz que lo valga.

Sir, taste of this Bit of Bacon: I swear to God there's no Partridge can compare with it.

But

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 121

But when they are at another Man's Table, they'll play as good a Knife as the *French*, tho' at the same Time they'll laugh in their Sleeve at the *French*, for laying out All upon their Belly, and leaving Nothing for their Back ; whereas They (the *Spaniards*)

Van vestidos y atavia- *Are well-cloth'd and a-*
dos come Reyes. *dorn'd like Kings.*

And, in Truth, it was impossible to see any thing more spruce and gallant than were the *Veteran Soldiers* (I have formerly seen) belonging to the Regiments of *Naples, Sicily, Lombardy, Sardinia*, nay, and the *Gouletta* too, when they held that Place.

To return to their Sobriety and Temperance, and how they will endure Hunger : I will give you the following true Story, among others which I shall occasionally relate, and which are no less true. When the City of *Sienna* revolted, and was taken by Surprise, by our King *Henry II.* there were three *Spanish Soldiers*, who, not losing Courage, made their Way to the *Porta Romana* (the *Roman Gate*) where they resolved to stay and sell their Lives as dear as they could. And, indeed, they play'd their Part so well, that M. de *Termes*, the *French General*, went himself and talk'd to them, and told them, If they would surrender, they should have honourable Usage, and as good Conditions as they could wish ; and advised them to consider, that, as they had lived four or five Days without eating any thing, they were within an Hair's Breadth of Death, having no manner of Prospect of any Provision coming to 'em, and that they would do well to yield and take-on in the King's Service, and quit that of the Emperor : Otherwise, he would order the Place to be fired about their Ears, and themselves to be burnt alive in it, or else to be starved to Death with Hunger. Upon which, thro' a little Window in the Tower, one answered for the rest, as follows ;

Gentlemen,

Cavalleros, quales quiere qui fuere, todos come estamos bezamos vuestras Manos muchas vezes, por el buen Partido, y Voluntad, que de nos librar de Muerte nos haveys monstrado. Y quanto a nos rendir, y servir al Rey de Francia, el es tan bueno, que no le faltará quien le sierva; y nos otros tan leales à nuestro, que ningun Timor de Muerte nos hará variar; y no espanta el Fuego, ni otra Muerte qualquiera que sia. En que toca su Intento, y que dezis que no tenemos comer, sabed que acá tenemos abundancia de Ladrillos, y sempre que à los Espanoles falta la Provision, con estos bien molidos nos sustentamos.

M. de *Termes* very much commended their Speech and their Valour. But, having again laid before them their miserable Condition, they thought better of it, and surrendered. He treated them mercifully, and dismiss'd them safe and sound. It is not to be doubted but they did actually, at last, eat of those pounded Tiles, having continued so long without any Provision, and having, among other Military Virtues, such an entire Mastery of their Appetite: neither is it to be doubted, but that they had an Inclination to surrender; for they were quite spent: but they could not help making the above Rhodomontade,

Gentlemen, who-ever ye be, we kiss your Hands (one and all) and thank ye a thousand and a thousand Times, for the handsome Offer you make us, and for your kind Intentions of delivering us from Death. As for surrendering ourselves and entering into the Service of the King of France, He is too good a Prince ever to want Servants; and we are Subjects too loyal to ours, ever to swerve from our Duty through Fear of Death, either by Fire or otherwise. As for what you say about our being in Want of Provision, be pleased to know, that we have here abundance of Tiles, which, when beaten small, will serve to support Nature, and keep us from starving.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 123

montade, they are so accustomed to this Practice, and so national is their Humour of acting the Bravo as well in Adversity as Prosperity.

In this War, at the Battle of Sienna, between the Lord *Estroffe* (*Strozzi*) and the Marquess de *Marignan*, the Spaniards extolled to the Skies *Astolpho Baglion*,

Que tan grande Estrago en lo Enemigo hazia, que no Hombre topava con su Espada cortadora, que à la Dulçura de sus Hilos no dexassen la Vida en sus Manos.

Who, they said, made so great a Slaughter of the Enemy, that he touch'd none with his Sword, but they left their Lives in his Hands, so delicate an Edge did it carry, and so Razor-like was his Dead-doing Weapon.

They no less extoll'd for their Behaviour in that Battle,

Un Capitan Leon, & un Espinosa, de los quales era tanto el Estrago, que en los Enemigos hazian, que otra Cosa no hollavan entre sus Pjes, sino Hombres muertos de una y otra Parte.

One Captain Leon, and One other nam'd Espinosa, who did such Execution among the Enemy, that their Feet could find no Place to tread on, so incumbered was the Ground on every Side with the Heaps of Bodies they had un-soul'd and deprived of vital Air.

A *Spanish* Soldier of the Prince of Parma's Army, in the Time of these Wars, being taken Prisoner by some of our People, and ask'd by one of our Captains, Whether they had in their Troops any brave Officer that would come and take a Turn or two at Push-Pike with him, *for Love?* The Other answered;

Si, ay, juro à Dios, muchos, y mas que no

Yes, before G—d, is there many a one; nay,
S *more*

124 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

ay Pelos en sus Barbas. *more than you have Hairs
in your Beard.*

Another, being taken on the Frontier of *Picardy*, and brought to the King, who was on his Return from *Franche-Comté*, after the Taking of *Cambray*, he ask'd what they said of him in his Army?

No otra Cosa, sino que *Nothing*, reply'd he, por treynta mil Ducados *but that, for 30000 Du-*
que aveys ganado en la *cats which you gain'd at*
Franche-Comté, haveys Franche-Comté, you have
perdido *lost* *Cambray.*

What this Fellow said, is not absolutely without Foundation; for, had not the King lost much Time in patrolling about *Franche-Comté*, he had not lost *Cambray*; for his Presence alone would have kept the Enemy in Awe. But if we were catch'd napping by *Philip* of *Spain*, in the Business of *Cambray*, it cannot but be own'd, we, before, took *Calais* and *Guynes*, under his very Nose. And as for *Cambray*, the King (*Henry IV.*) was by no means well-serv'd, neither was he minded to quit the Blockade of *la Fere*, which, at last, after two Months obstinate Resistance, yielded to the King's no less obstinate Resolution of Taking it.

When the Prince of *Parma* came to raise the Siege of *Paris*, by Command of his Master (*Philip II.* of *Spain*) who expressly gave that General his Orders in these very Words, *Don't fail to relieve My City of Paris*, looking upon it already as his own: He laid Siege to *Lagny*, in order to make our King (*Hen. IV.*) quit his Design on *Paris*, and to lure him on to a Battle; which the King really wish'd for, and the Other only pretended to do so. Here was a great Fault committed, in leaving a City of such Consequence as *Paris*, to go to the Relief of such a paltry Town as *Lagny*, and to quit so fair a Field, which he was in Possession of, to look out for Another 15 or 20 Miles off, to fight a Battle in. This
Prince

Prince (of *Parma*) therefore, being informed, that the King should say, he grasp'd at too much, to think to take a Town before his Face, and give him Battle too, as he boasted he would, he made this Answer to a *Frenchman* he had taken Prisoner, Tell him I'll Take the Town,

Aun que fuesse puesta *Tho' it were placed on*
en Cima de su Moustacha. *the Point of his Mustacho.*

The King ordered this Answer to be given him, That he would set against him so many Mountains of Iron, as should put a Stop to his Progress. The Prince reply'd ;

Pluguisse à Dios que *Would to God those*
fuesßen d'Oro, que seria- *Mountains were of Gold*
mos mas ricos. *instead of Iron ; we should*
 be so much the Richer.

Meaning, that the Overthrow of those Mountains of Iron, who were the King's Soldiers, would prove rare Plunder for his own.

The Prince did not deceive himself, for he took the Town, without coming to a Battle, which redounded very much to his Honour, no less than what he did likewise at *Rouen* ; for, the King, having Notice of his coming to relieve that City, sent him Word, he should account him the greatest General in the World, if he made him quit that Siege too, without giving him Battle. To which the Prince returned him this short Answer ; Bid him begin now to account me such ; for, I'll raise the Siege, and yet will give no Battle. And he was again as good as his Word, as I shall shew more at large in a Discourse on him *.

These were two glorious Atchievements. Such as love to criticise on Words, will tell ye, that what the Prince meant by the Word *Mustacha*, was not the Whiskers, or Hair of the King's upper Lip, but the Hair of his Head, which he wore very long and

S 2

curl'd

* This Discourse never yet came to Light.

126 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

curl'd up at the End, and was imitated therein by many of his Subjects, but he afterwards had it cut shorter: for, say these Criticks, had the Prince meant the Mustachas of his Beard, or Whiskers, he would have used the proper *Spanish* Word, *las Bigotas* * *de sus Barbas*.

Of these two memorable Actions, the *Spaniards* are not a little proud, as well as of all the rest, wherein they have followed the Royal Standard, and been more than ordinary successful, and outshone all other Nations, as in their Valour, so particularly in their Military Discipline and Order of War. To which Purpose I have often heard them alledge a Multitude of Examples, and, among others, that of *Ferdinando Cortès*:

Digno (dizen ello por cierto) de poner lo entre los de la Fama; el quel, con menos de mil Infantes Espanoles, nueves y ochente Cavallos, prendiò dentro de Ciudad al gran Rey Montezuma, y al fin con sola la buena Orden sujetò el Imperio Mexicano. Y en nuestros Dias, Hernan Alvarès de Toledo, aquel gran Capitan y Duque de Alva, con solos mil Harquebuzeros, y quinientos Musqueteres, y la buena Disciplina y Orden de Guerra, rompio y degollò en Friza, à la Ribera del Rio Amazio doze mil Hombres,

Worthy, they'll tell ye, to be rank'd amongst the most renowned Generals; who, with less than 1000 Spanish Foot, and 89 Troopers, took the City of the Great King Montezuma; and, at length, by mere good Order, reduced the whole Kingdom of Mexico. And, in our Time, Ferdinand Alvarès of Toledo, that Great Captain and Duke of Alva, with no more than 1000 Harquebussiers, and 500 Musketers, and a good Discipline and Order of War, broke and put to the Sword, in Frizeland, on the Bank of the River Ems, 12000 Men,

* *Bigotas* comes from the Oath *By God*; because the *Germans* and *Goths*, when they swore, took hold of their Whiskers.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 127

con que el Conde Ludo- *Men, with whom Count*
vico Nazao avia entrado *Lewis of Nassau, was en-*
en aquella Provinca. *ter'd into that Province.*

The *Spaniards* exaggerate the Account very much in this last Action; for the Duke of *Alva* had a great many more Men than they speak of: but the other, indeed, had double his Number, and particularly 8 or 900 *Frenchmen*, very brave Soldiers, who behaved exceeding well. I was then at Court, when this News came to the King, who thought this Defeat a very extraordinary Thing, considering how few there were against so great a Number.

Certainly the *Spanish* Discipline and Good Order is highly to be commended; therein resembling the brave *Romans* of old, who, by their Military Discipline, and not by a great Number of Men, master'd the whole World. But, pray, what is the Cause of this excellent Order of the *Spaniards*, and their admirable Discipline? Nothing but the handsome Entertainment the King of *Spain* gives his Men of War, and the noble Pay of the Soldiers, which they never fail to receive, tho' perhaps not so soon; but, however, they do not lose it, as our *French* Soldiers too often do: For, where-ever there is Money stirring, Order is there kept up; and where it is wanting, there is nothing but Confusion: And I have heard Great Captains say, that, at this Day, there is no Potentate, be he ever so Great, can shew such a thorough-train'd Army, so well disciplin'd, so regularly ordered, as the King of *Spain* has done ever since his Father resigned his Dominions to him. Then, again, he has such large Possessions in Land, and so prodigious a Revenue, that the *Romans* had nothing like it. To confirm this, let us a little consider the mighty Titles he bears in his Front, which, for Curiosity-sake, I'll here enumerate.

Don

128 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Don PHILIPPE, por la Gracia de Dios, Rey de Castilla, de Leon, de Arragon, de las dos Sicilias, de Jerusalem, de Portugal, de Navarre, de Grenada, de Toledo, de Valencia, de Galicia, Mallorca, de Sevilla, de Cordova, de Zerdena, de Corsega, de Murcia, de Jaen, de los Algarves, de Alegezira, de Gibraltar, de las Islas de Canaria, de las Indias Orientales, Islas y la Tierra Firme del Mar Oceano, Archiduque de Austria, Ducque de Borgogna, Brabante, y Milan; Condè de Abspurg, de Flandes, y Tirol, y Barcelona; Senor de Biscaya, de Genova, y de Molina.

Don PHILIP, by the Grace of God, King of Castile, Leon, Arragon, the Two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Portugal, Navarre, Grenada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Majorca, Seville, Cordova, Sardinia, Corfica, Murcia, Jaen, the Algarves, Alegezira, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the East-Indies, the Isles and Terra Firma of the Ocean; Arch-Duke of Austria; Duke of Burgundy, Brabant and Milan; Earl of Abspurg, Flanders, Tyrol and Barcelona; Lord of Biscay, Genoa and Molina.

These are Titles which strike an Awe but to hear them nar. d., especially the *Indies, East and West*. It may, perhaps, be objected, that the Title of *Old and New Spain*, contains in it several petty Kingdoms, called after the Name of Cities; be it so, yet they are equivalent to good and large Kingdoms: Thus the *Dutchy of Milan*, bears its Name from a City; and not from a Country; but what a Dutchy is it? And how many Towns are there under it? The Kingdom of *Naples*, what a Kingdom is it? The like may be said of all the Kingdoms and Cities which are in *Spain*. To conclude, The King of *Spain* is a Great King, and that's enough: And I have been informed, that the *Romans* never had such an

an Extent of Land, or such Treasures of Wealth, as he has. This is easy to be known by any one that will compute and measure the Lands and Territories of the one and the other.

Tho' what I have been saying in Praise of the Military Discipline of the *Spaniards* be very true, yet is it as true, that they are very apt to mutiny, when they want their Pay, and hardly ever upon any other Occasion; for they don't love to be seditious for Sedition Sake, and it must be some more than ordinary Reason that induces them to it, whenever they happen to incline that Way. This has been their Custom of a long Time, and they have gone on in it, under the Great Marquess of *Pescayra*, under M. de *Bourbon*, and under the Duke of *Alva*, who, knowing their Humour, glutted them so with Plunder, that they could well enough stay for their Pay; which, however, they would not lose a Doit of upon that Account; witness the Sacking of *Rome*, which cramm'd 'em 'till they were ready to burst again, and yet the Pope was forced to find Money to pay them for all that.

Now, their Way of Mutiny, as I have been told by some among themselves, is this; They begin with complaining to one another, and then buzz about the Words *Motin, Motin*, i. e. *Mutiny, Mutiny*, and afterwards, from muttering, they proceed to bawling aloud,

A fuera, à fuera, los	<i>Avaunt, avaunt, such</i>
Gufmanes! Apartano se;	<i>of ye as are Gentlemen!</i>
porque nos querimos amo-	<i>out and away! for We</i>
tinat.	<i>are resolv'd upon a Muti-</i>
	<i>ny.</i>

For, if there are *Gentlemen* among 'em, or *Gufmans*, as they call 'em (as there are a great many) they won't receive them into their Company; neither would such enter into it for the World; for they would be Dishonoured for ever; tho' some have not been

been so scrupulous, as I could shew Instances of, had I Time now to do it. The Captains, having a Scent of it, withdraw in good Time, as well for the Sake of their Lives as their Honour; for they would look upon themselves as disgraced for ever, and branded with indelible Infamy, should they be found concerned in their seditious Doings. Being joined together in a good Body, Great or Small, they Elect their Chief, one eminent for Parts and Prudence, above the rest, and him they call *Elegido*; that is to say, *Their Elect*, or *Chosen-one*. They force him to take that Office upon him; and there's no refusing it; for, should he do so, they'd certainly murder him. This done, they pay him the same Obedience as to their true and rightful Captain and Leader; reserving, however, a sort of a negative Voice among themselves. Then they do their Endeavour to seize upon some Towns by Surprise, to serve them for a Retreat: from whence they occasionally fall forth and commit a thousand Mischiefs and Robberies, and use all manner of Violence to extort Money for Ransoms, and the like.

One of the most considerable Mutinies, and which I have heard themselves tell of, was that they made in *Sicily* against *Ferdinand de Gonzaga*, the Vice-Roy there. The first Source of it sprung from *Gouletta*, and consisted of very near 4000 Mutineers. But *Bernardin de Mendoza*, General of the Gallies of *Sicily*, foreseeing the Danger, applied a Remedy to it in good Time; for, had they rallied together with the *Allarbes* and the *Moors*, *Gouletta*, *Tunis*, and all beyond, would have gone very ill for the Emperor. Wherefore, by giving them good Words, and fair Promises, he got them all on board the Gallies and Ships, and carried them into *Sicily*, where they thought they should receive Money, but did not touch a Two-penny Piece: and now it was worse than before; for they play'd strange Pranks,

Pranks, and committed innumerable Disorders: there was no Enormity that they were not guilty of; they took Towns, ranged the Fields, ransom'd or plundered every body. In short, they play'd the Devil. They had pitch'd upon one *Heredia* for their Chief, because he was a cunning, subtle Fellow, and, above all, a great Master of Language, a smooth, Silver-tongu'd Orator; for he had been, in his Time, a Preaching Friar, but had changed his Beads for a Blunderbuis, his Gown for a Gun. He had for a Companion one *Mont-dragon*, a *Navarrian*, who had greatly help'd to raise this Sedition. In short, they did so much Mischief, and were become so terrible, that *Ferdinand* (the Vice-Roy) did not well know which way to turn himself; for to use Force, and to go to work with them *Vi et Armis*, was not to be thought of, they were such desperate, bold, resolute Fellows; and withal, so expert at their Arms: So it was determin'd to cajole them with winning Words and alluring Promises. Accordingly, after several Goings and Comings to and fro, many Messages, and not a few Conferences, with *Alvare de Sando*, *Sancho Alarcon*, *Alphonso Vives*, and especially that honest old Man *Juan Varga*, whom the Mutineers lov'd, and call'd their Father, a Peace was concluded on: and to confirm the same, and render it durable and permanent, it was agreed, that at a certain Place where publick Mass should be said, all of them, on both Sides, at least the Chiefs, should take their Oaths on the Body of our Blessed Lord, at the Elevation thereof by the Priest, That they would keep the Peace, and no way infringe the same. When the Priest was got to that Part of the Ceremony, *Heredia's* Deputies very readily lifted up their Right Hands. But one of them, named *Villalovo*, taking Notice that Don *Ferdinand* was backward in lifting up his Hand, he called out,

132 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Senor Vi-Roy, alçad la Mano, si quizierdes, qu' al Cuerpo de Dios, que aqui vedes. Si no la alçays, luego nos apartamos del Juramento, y quebramos la Paz, y Guerra come adelante.

My Lord Vice-Roy, pray hold up your Hand, if you please. You see there the Body of God before your Eyes. If You won't do as We do, and hold up your Hand, to ratify the Peace, we'll immediately be gone without any more ado:

We'll not stand to the Peace, but go on with the War, as before.

What a Rhodomontade ! To talk thus to a General and a Vice-Roy ! as if he had been their Inferior instead of their Superior ! But *Ferdinand* was forced to lift up his Hand, and put on one of his best Looks into the Bargain. However, he was afterwards even with them ; for, when he had separated them, and disposed of them into Garrisons up and down, he ordered all the Ringleaders, in the first Place, to be hang'd, as likewise several Others : many were thrown into the Sea, and above 500 of their dead Bodies were floating at a Time near the Shore. Others he banish'd to the adjacent Islands, where most of them were starved to Death, as in the Isle of *Lipara*, than which, I never saw a more miserable Place to dwell in, for nothing grows there but Caper-Trees. Others were sent into *Spain*, to be made an ignominious Shew of, which made them say, when they were carry'd thither,

Que mas presto los hiziessen morir, que recibir tal Afrenta y Verguença, por ser trahidos al Esquernio de sus Parientes, Amigos y Compagneros.

They had rather, a thousand times, have been put to death, than to receive such an Affront and Disgrace, and to be exposed in that Manner to the Scorn of their Parents, Relations, Friends and Companions, or

else to put 'em to the Blush for Them, and suffer Shame on Their Account.

To

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 133

To conclude: They were very rigorously chastized; which the Council of *Spain*, however, was much displeased at, and ordered a Process against Don *Ferdinand* for what he had done. I have been told some Particulars of the Pleadings, which were very fine, and not ill-grounded, and I would have inserted the same here, but that they would have too much exceeded the Bounds I prescribed to myself. I think to do it elsewhere. They ordered him to appear in Person, but the Emperor put a Stop to the Proceedings. It has been averred, and written by some, that the Emperor approved of the Severity and Punishment above-related; and even that he taxed *Ferdinand* with not having done enough. But it is all a Fiction; for I have been informed by several old *Spanish* Captains and Soldiers, whom I was acquainted with in *Sicily* and *Naples*, that he was very much dissatisfied with the Vice-Roy's Actings, and highly blam'd him for what he had done, tho' he was willing to let the Thing drop for that once: but so far was he from approving of it, that when Deputies came to him from *Milan* to complain of the Mischiefs done them by other Mutineers (headed by their Chief, *Sarmento*) and that if he did not see Justice done them, they should be obliged to do it Themselves, the Emperor severely frowned upon them, and was very angry, threatening what he would do to them if they ever talk'd to him in that Manner again; and even ordered his Chancellor *de Granville* to reprimand them in sharper Terms, and a more resentful and menacing Manner.

Now, the said *Ferdinand* having sent many of these poor Wretches into *Spain*, and they being seen there in that miserable Condition by all Sorts of People, nay, not a few being carried before the Council to be made, as it were, a Sight of, no Wonder if such a Spectacle raised an Abhorrence of *Ferdinand's* Proceedings in every true *Spanish* Breast, and brought

134 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

upon him abundance of severe Reflections and opprobrious Language. They call'd him,

Vellaco Italiano, Enemigo del Nombre y Valor de los Espanoles, Trahidor, Perjuro, Burlador del Cuerpo sagrado de Nuestro Senor, Inganado de Fe, y Verdadero sangriento.

A Rascally Italian, an Enemy to the Name and Valour of the Spaniards, Traitor, forsworn Monster, Despiser of the Sacred Body of Jesus Christ, Perjurator and Impostor, False Deceiver, Infringer of a Sacred Promise, and a bloody Cut-throat.

And a deal more of such injurious and foul-mouth'd Epithets ; for the *Spaniards* know how to call Names as well as other Nations. Why did he not content himself to decimate them, said they, or let 'em cast Lots for their Lives, or only have punish'd some of the chief Ring-leaders ? Had he done this, the Thing had been less execrable : Or else, added they, he might have sent them against the *Turks*, as the *Marquess del Guast* did those who mutiny'd in the *Dutchy of Milan*, under their Leader *Sarmento*. There were 3000 of them conveyed to *Dalmatia*, *Cataro*, and *Castro-novo* : where, indeed, they all perish'd, either by the Edge of the Sword, or under the Iron-Chain of *Barbarossa* and his People, suffering the Penalties and Pains due to the Enormities and Misdeeds committed by them in their Rebellion ; but then again, to balance the Account, there fell by their Hands not a few of the Enemy likewise. Possibly the same, or better, Service had been done by those of *Ferdinand*, had he employed them in the same Manner ; and thus so many *Turks* being knock'd o' the Head, there had been fewer Enemies left to infest the Christians.

Certainly there is no Occasion to be so rigid and cruel in executing this kind of Justice ; for, sometimes, such Men, having been pardoned, and becoming

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 135

coming sensible of their Error, have repaired their Fault, and done good Service. I cannot produce a more notable nor a more gallant Example of this, than the Mutineers of the Town of *Alost* in *Flanders*, who, of their own Accord, succoured so well and so valiantly, the Citadel of *Antwerp*, then besieged by the States, and which I have taken Notice of elsewhere*. They have done the same in several other Places, and thereby reconciled themselves to their lawful Superiors: I could tell whom, and where, but it would take up too much Time at present.

I would only be glad to know of some learned Doctor, whether *Ferdinand* shewed himself to be a Man of much Conscience or Religion, in taking and breaking this Oath as he did, for all what some People urge, that he only made it with his *Mouth*, and not with his *Heart*? I would ask, I say, Whether That *can*, or *may*, be done, in the Presence and Sight of the Body of our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*; and whether it is not offensive to Him, and highly criminal, thus to abuse His Sacrament and holy Mystery? As for the Point of *Honour*, there is so much to be said on both Sides, *pro* and *con*, that I turn the Reader over to Greater Captains, and Politer Gentlemen than myself, to be satisfy'd in that Matter. Yet this I will take upon me to say, That Commanders ought not (at least in my Opinion) to be so severe to poor Soldiers, tho' they should be guilty of these, or the like, Faults; for 'tis *They* that fight for the Chiefs; 'tis *They* that purchase them their Victories with their Blood and Sweat, while the Chiefs triumphantly enjoy the Honour and Profit of both. To which, *Scipio*, the *Roman* General, had a prudent Regard, with Respect to his Mutineers, who, not content with Revolting, assum'd to themselves the Authority and Insignia of the Consuls. He punished the Ring-leaders, and some of the Soldiers; the rest he pardoned;

* See Discourse XLV. of Foreign Captains.

136 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

done; and they performed afterwards excellent Service to Him and the Republick. These same mighty Punishers of Sedition would have their Soldiers make Bread of Stones, as the Devil would have had our Saviour in the Wilderness. But, being unable to work such Miracles, they must live some how; and they cannot, unless they are Paid, or allow'd to Rob and Plunder. And not being allow'd to rob and plunder, nor yet paid, what would you have them do? Great Captains and Generals of Armies, would do well to think a little of these Things, before they proceed to such severe Chastisements; for it is a Matter of Conscience, and they must certainly answer for it one Day — But here I break off, the Discourse being too long, and, perhaps, tedious and disagreeable to some.

Not many Years ago, our King having recovered Possession of *Paris*, every-body knows how, the *Spaniards* within it (whom some, indeed, call'd *Neapolitans*, but there was an equal Number of each) were very much astonish'd at first; however, coming soon to themselves again, they resolved, one and all, to fight it out, and accordingly put themselves in a Posture of acting: But the King sent them Word, not to amuse themselves with any such Thoughts as battling it; for, if they did, they were lost Men; however, adding, That if they would acquiesce, and be quiet, they should have such good Treatment, according to the fair Usage of War, as to have no Occasion to complain; namely, their Lives granted them, as also, Bag and Baggage, a Soldier-like Retreat, and Safe-conduct. Their Maitre-de-Camp, who commanded them, with the other Officers, surpriz'd at our King's Generosity, broke forth into Exclamations of Wonder;

Mira qual Rey valero-
so, el qual no se contenta
de vencer los Hombres

*Behold, said they, and
admire this generous King,
who not only masters Man-
kind*

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 137

con las Armas, mas los *kind with his Arms, but*
 vence y gana con todas *likewise conquers and wins*
 Cortezias y Gentileffas. *them by all manner of*
Courtesies and Civilities.

So they accepted the Offer ; and when they were marching off thro' the City, the King having a Mind to see them, the Officers, as they passed along, paid his Majesty their most respectful Salutes, and so did the common Soldiers, in the Manner that became them, which they full-well knew how to do. The King returned their Compliments, according to the Regard due to his Royal Grandeur, and caus'd them to be safely conducted to the Place of their Retreat. This was not done without speaking all the fine Things in the World of this great King, as, indeed, they had Reason ; for, had he been cruelly inclin'd, they had been all cut to pieces.

Much such Speeches and Commendations were uttered by the poor *Spaniards* who were left in the Trenches before *Metz*, in Praise of the late Great *M. de Guise*, who finding them, at the raising the Siege, in a miserable Condition, sick, and dying with Hunger and Cold, had them removed to commodious Places, and there well-clothed and fed, and their Wounds dress'd, and then conveyed in Safety to *Tbionville*. It was their Duty, in common Gratitude, to bless the Hand that procured them so much Good, and they did bless it a thousand and a thousand Times ; and, among other their Encomiums on their Benefactor, this was one, which, tho' short, was pithy, and carried great Weight :

Que era justo Enemigo, *That he was an Equita-*
 y piadozo Vencedor. *ble Enemy, and a Gene-*
rous Conqueror.

He did not serve them as the *Spaniards* did our *Frenchmen* and Foot-Soldiers, who were left in the Trenches before *Pampeluna*, when the Siege of that Place was discontinued by *M. d'Angouleme*, the King
 of

of *Navarre*, and *M. de la Palisse*. The *Spaniards* made them swear and promise,

Que, si sanassen, de no recibir mas Sueldo de Rey de Francia, pues que contra la Eglezia se mostrava. A los, que esto creyan, y prometian, davan el *Corpus Christi*, y los otros Sacramentos de la Madre Santa Eglezia, y, si morian, Ecclesiastica Sepultura. Los qui eran interrogados por sus Confessores, que no querian reconciliar se, los dexavan alla morir: y, si morian, como Mo-ros los enterravan; porque tal era Intention y la Bulla del Papa Julio.

If they recover'd of their Wounds or Sicknefs, never more to receive Pay from the King of France; since he shewed himself to be against the Church. To such as Believed and Promised as above, they gave the Body of our Lord, and the other Sacraments of Holy Mother Church, and, if they died, they were buried according to the Ecclesiastical Rites and Ceremonies. Such as were interrogated by their Confessors, and would not reconcile themselves (he means the Protestants) they left them to die there; and, if they

died, they buried them like Moors; for, such was the Intention, and the exprefs Words, of Pope Julius's Bull.

What a Bull of Gold, or a Golden Bull, was this!*

The *Spaniards* make great Boasting of all this. But, by what I have heard some old *French* Gentlemen and common Foot-Soldiers say, none of them were spared, reconciled or not reconciled, the one no more than the other; but they were all knock'd o' the Head, as those were by Friar *John*, in *Rabelais*, whom he found in the Close of the Vineyard. Not so acted *M. de Guise*; for, tho' there were abundance of *Lansquenets* (Foot-Soldiers) and other *German*s, smelling strong of Protestantism, he ordered them

* *Brantome* writes like a Protestant, let his outward Profession be what it would.

them All to be taken care of, like good Christians and Catholicks, but not with so much Tenderness of Affection ; referring himself to the Will of God, and not being desirous to be reputed a Cruel or Barbarous Man, since Man is made after the Image of God. But I submit all this to profess'd Theologues.

In the late War of *Grenada*, begun and ended by Don *John of Austria*, as I was riding Post, I accidentally met with a *Spanish* Captain. He was coming from *Spain*, in his Way to *Flanders* ; and I was going from Court to my House. We fell into Conversation together concerning the War ; of which he related to me abundance of Particulars, and extoll'd Don *John* to the Third Heavens, calling him no less than,

Sepultura de los Paganos ; y que sus Obras y Valencias mas querrian ser vistas, para ser creydas, que no contadas.	<i>The Grave of the Pagans ; and added, That his Prowess and Heroic Deeds required rather to be Seen than Told, in order to be Believed.</i>
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When the Capitulation of *Amiens* was lately made, there was one of the Deputies from within, a *Spaniard*, who, finding his Majesty among some ruinous Outhouses, waiting for their coming out to finish the Articles, said, as he entered in, thinking to shew a Concern for the King's Life,

El Rey no està aqui bien Seguro de los Canonnazos :	<i>The King is not secure here from the Danger of the Cannon on the Ramparts :</i>
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His Majesty hearing him, made answer, *The King is in more Security here, than You are in Amiens.*

Then, entering upon the Treaty, the first Thing they demanded,

140 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Porque (*dirent-ils*) es *Because (said they) it is*
 Razon que las Cosas Ce- *fit Cælestial Things should*
 lestiales vayan primeras, *be first treated of,*

Was, That the Burial-place and Monument of Don *Hernandille* should not be so much as touch'd, much less broken down or demolished. The King answered as resolutely as pertinently; *It is fit Don Hernandille's Sepulchre should be Demolished and Broken down, since he had caused the Walls of my City of Amiens to be Demolished and Broken down.* They demanded, next, to have

El Saco de la Villa. *The Plundering of the Place.*

A Demand, doubtless, most Unreasonable, and extremely Impudent, especially to such a King; who answered them very properly; *How! a Thing which you have already, and long since, plundered, Do ye now demand it?* They presently swore, they had not touch'd it. To which the King instantly and bravely reply'd; *Since, therefore, it has not been Plundered in my Absence, do you think I'll suffer it to be Plundered in my Presence?* I have mentioned these Three Articles, not for Bright Thoughts of the *Spaniards*, or great *Rhodomontades* (except the last about Plundering) but as so many Acute and Fine Answers of our King, who is very ready at them, and couches them in as few Words as ever Man did Things of so much Weight. I intend to give Instances of them, in his Life*. At last, the Capitulation was concluded, and punctually observed on our King's Part, and to his great Honour: And, had he not been of a magnanimous Disposition, and merciful withal, he might have taken their Lives; for, as the *Cardinal of Austria* had failed to come to their Relief, he had their Necks in an Halter.

Now let us take Notice of some agreeable Passages and *Rhodomontades* concerning the LADIES. When the

* It was never printed.

the *Queen* came to *Bayonne*, of all the *Spanish Ladies* belonging to her Court, she took none with her but *Magdeleine de Giron*, Daughter to the Countess of *Traigne*, Lady of Honour to the said *Queen*. She likewise took with her *Senora Sofonisba*, an *Italian*, born at *Cremna*, a beautiful Lady, very good-natur'd, full of Virtue, and extremely well-skill'd in painting after the Life. The other young *Spanish Ladies* were highly dissatisfied at their being left behind, who had certainly been an Ornament to the Court; for some of them were very handsome, and particularly *Leonora de Toledo* was so to a very high Degree, and might, perhaps, have eclips'd the Lustre of the above-mentioned *Magdeleine de Giron*, who, for that Reason, was not at all sorry she was not one of the Party. I shall wave the Reasons why these pretty Ladies were overlook'd in this Journey, because it is foreign to our Story.

The above-mentioned *Magdeleine* was exceeding beautiful, and as proud as she was beautiful, for she was conscious of her Charms. Insomuch that, as I was one Day discoursing of her and her Beauty with a certain *Spanish Gentleman*, he said to me with an Air of Disdain and Indignation:

Dexad la, Senor, Juro à Dios, que es tan brava y orgullofa por su Beldad, que si el Cielo se abaxasse, y se arrodillasse adelante sus Pies, no degnaria de- zirle que se levantasse, y se remetieffe en su Lugar.	<i>Talk no more of her, Sir. I swear by all that's Good, she is so proud because of her Beauty, that if the Gods themselves were to descend and kneel down to her, she would not vouch- safe to bid them rise and resume their Seats.</i>
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Not much unlike this Hyperbolical Expression, was that of our *French Gentlemen*, who went into *Hungary* to support the *Hungarians* against the *Turks*, under that valiant Leader *John Duke of Burgundy*. These same Gentlemen, presuming too much upon

142 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

themselves, and being swollen with Pride, and in their hot boiling Blood, threatned every where what they would do; that their Lances were not only sufficient to defeat the *Turks*, and push them out of the Creation, but, if Heaven itself were to fall upon them by way of War, they would hinder it from descending with their erected Lances, and keep the Air in its wonted Place. But, however, their Misfortune was such, that their Rhodomontade miss'd Fire; for, without having to do with Heaven, they were discomfited and defeated by mere Men, as may be seen in our *French* Chronicles.

Just as vain was a *Spanish* Captain, who was going to Battle. The more to animate his Men by extolling their Strength,

Boto à Dios, que si el
Cielo se cayesse, le have-
mos de tener con los Bra-
ços.

*I vow to God (said he)
did Heaven itself threaten
to fall on us, we could bear
it up with our brawny
Arms.*

Could this Bravo have done so, he would have been esteemed a second *Atlas*, who bore up the Skies with his Shoulders. What a Load, what a Burden, was this! Tho', upon second Thoughts, I have heard an old Dreaming Philosopher say, that the Air is very light, and that the Heavens, which partake thereof, are so too——But no more of this, lest, by aiming to soar too high, I get a Fall, as *Icarus* did. Such Matters I am an absolute Stranger to, and understand no more of them than I do of *Arabick*, neither did I ever desire to learn a Science of so abstruse a Nature, for My weak Brain could never attain to it.

To return to the beautiful *Magdeleine de Giron*; As lofty and high-spirited as she was, her Heart was no Enemy to Love; neither did she refuse to be address'd (for what Fine Lady does?) by many worthy Gentlemen, especially by *Monf. Damville*, now the
High

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 143

High Constable of *France*, then a young and a gallant Nobleman, who made his Addresses to her the whole Time of the Journey, and wore Yellow upon it. There was at that Time a *French* Gentleman, a well-bred gallant Man, who happened to be near her as she was walking in Procession on a *Corpus Christi-Day*, and she chanced to make a false Step, the Gentleman advanced forward to help her up, but she repuls'd him in a most disdainful Manner, with *Away with your French Courtesy!* The Queen hearing of this, reprimanded her for it. Some Time afterwards, she was marry'd to a Great *Spanish* Lord, whose Name I have forgot; but he was afterwards Vice-Roy in the *Indies*. As she was going thither to him with the usual Fleet, the Ship she was on Board of, with two others, being separated from the rest, and driven towards the *Isle of San-Domingo*, a *French* Gentleman, named *Landreau*, of a good Family, and a Man of the Sea, having fitted out some Ships for a Cruize, had like to have taken the Ship she was in, and actually fired several Broad-Sides at her; but she was succoured by two other Ships who gave Chace to the said *Landreau*, else he had certainly taken her, as he assured *M. Strozzi* and myself at his Return; adding, That if he had taken her, he would have given the Lady no dishonourable Usage; but still would have made her pay the Tribute of her former Arrogance.

'Tis certain, there are Ladies in *Spain* as arrogant as the Men to the full; the Air of the Country inclines them to it. Some Gentlemen love to be the humble Servants of Women of this Humour, whom they stile,

Bravas y Fieras come *Stately, Stiff-neck'd and*
Toros. *Fierce as Bulls.*

This confirms the Saying; Every one loves his Like. If they obtain the Victory over her, she is so much the more prized by them; and if they
are

144 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

are Baffled by her, they glorify themselves never the lefs on that Account: as faid a gallant Cavalier one Day, who wore for his Device a Branch of Laurel, with thefe Words,

Los unos l'an traydo, *Some wear it as Con-*
por fer Vencedores; Yo, *querors, and I wear it as*
por fer bien Vencido. *Conquered.*

And thus thefe Blades please themfelves in their Vain-Glory, and chufe to beftow their Hearts on the Scornful, Haughty Fair-ones, preferable to thofe of a milder Temper.

I remember to have heard them fing in *Spain* an old Song (one of thofe they call *Romances*) which was very pretty, and where a Lady is brought in grieving and lamenting for her Husband, who was a Prifoner in *England*, and could not obtain his Release by Ransom, or any other Way. Which made her write to the King of *England*, with her own Hand, to fend her back her Husband fafe and found, otherwife ſhe would make War upon him by Sea and Land, adding,

Que fi me falta Capi-	<i>That if I can meet with</i>
tan, yo mefma llevarè la	<i>no Captain, I'll take in</i>
Bandiera, y l'irè a poſar	<i>Hand the Standard myſelf,</i>
haſta à las puertas de	<i>and come and fix it on the</i>
Londres; y tan bien, fi	<i>Gates of London; and if</i>
mi falta Bombardier, yo	<i>I want Canoneers, I'll</i>
meſma darè fuego à l'Ar-	<i>fire off the Artillery myſelf,</i>
rilleria, fi que dirà toda	<i>ſo that the whole World</i>
la Gente, <i>Jefus!</i> qual	<i>ſhall ſay, Jeſus! what a</i>
<i>Muger Guerrera!</i>	<i>Warlike Woman's this!</i>

Here's a ſecond *Marſiſa*, or *Bradamante*, for ye! To head her Army herſelf, plant her Standard on the Wall, act the Gunner, and fire off her Artillery! To conclude; The Words of the Song are very pretty, the Tune pleaſing, and the Whole merry to the laſt Degree.

This

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 145

This Lady was more Couragious than Another, who, in order to induce a certain Gentleman to call One to an Account for affronting her, used the following complaisant Language ;

Bien creo yo, gentil	<i>I am fully perswaded,</i>
Cavallero, que no os sal-	<i>noble Sir, you will grant</i>
tará tanta Virtud, para	<i>my Request with as much</i>
hazer my Ruego, come	<i>Readiness and Generosity,</i>
os sobra de Bondad y	<i>as you have Fortitude and</i>
Valor para haver la Vic-	<i>Valour to avenge me of my</i>
toria de su Persona.	<i>Enemy.</i>

Handsome Words these, both for praying and praising !

A beautiful young *Spanish* Lady, having been but a very little while married before her Apron began to be a good-deal too short, by the early Swell of what it covered, and who had all along carried herself very proudly, when a Maid, and held out against Marriage with a high Hand, as a Thing beneath her haughty Spirit, so much as to bestow a Thought of, and was wont to say ;

Que no queria ser sub-	<i>She would never debase</i>
jetta à ninguno, segun el	<i>herself so much (not she !)</i>
Valor y Gloria de su Per-	<i>as to subject HER Person</i>
sona ;	<i>to Any Man whatever :</i>

And that, should she be constrained to it, she would use her utmost Efforts to hinder her Husband from robbing her of her invaluable Virginity, and if he did get the better of her, he should find it a hard-fought Field, and gain the Victory Inch by Inch. But *Saying* and *Doing* are Two Things : *Promising*, is One-body's Province ; and *Performing*, Another's. And so it prov'd in this Case. For, very soon after she was married, as I observed before, her Pregnancy became manifest, to Every-body's great Surprize, and her own Shame and Confusion, tho' she did all she could to hide it, and retard the

Visibility

Visibility of it as long as possible. But a certain Gentleman, who had made his Addresses to her in an Honourable Way, when a Maid, was very glad of this Opportunity to rally her ; and accosting her one Day, he told her,

Que no fuesse avergonçada, porque todos bien sabian, que de semejantes Luchas, siempre resultan tales Caydas ; y por esso no se maravillavan si era verguencada, porque en aquel Caso ella fuesse Novicia, y que sentia en si unos Mudamientos nunca por ella sentidos ; y tales que, aunque su Effuerço, Virtud, y Gloria fuesse grande, no bastaria resistir las Inclinaçiones de la Naturaleza que era de Muger.

Not to be ashamed; for Every-body well knew that such Wrestlings always produced such Falls; yet again, that it was no Wonder to see her out of Countenance, because she was a Novice in that Affair, and she might feel in herself an Alteration to which she was quite a Stranger, and of such a Nature, that tho' her Spirit, her Virtue, and her Glory might be, and, to be sure, were very Great, yet were they not able to resist the Inclinations which Dame Nature has given the Fair Sex.

This Gentleman spoke pertinently to her, and judiciously reflected on her Vanity, her Boasting, her Guarding her Maidenhead, and the Frailty of her Sex, which the Ladies should not presume too much upon, or lift up their Crest on so precarious a Bottom.

By Chance, one of this Lady's Companions, who had never been married, being present when this happened, was minded to excuse her, and yet give her, withal, a gentle Rap of the Knuckles (as we say):

Come es possible, Senora, que tu generosa Virtud, Effuerço, y A-

How was it possible, Madam (said she) that your Great Virtue, your Strug-

nimo superbo, no excu-
zaron de fer herida de
llaga que tantos Desmay-
os os causa? Plegue à
Dios, que no sea mortal,
come yo creo que no sera,
porque jamas d'estas He-
ridas no moriò ninguna
Donzella.

*Strugglings, and your high
Courage were ineffectual
to hinder you from recei-
ving a Wound which occa-
sions you so much Uneasi-
ness? God grant it mayn't
prove mortal; neither do I
believe it will, for the La-
dies never Die of such
Wounds.*

Upon which the aforesaid Gentleman, taking up
the Cudgels again;

Ha! Senora, vos que
esso certificays, haveys
lo passado? — Garde
meDios (*respondit elle*) d'-
esto Estrecho. No Se-
nor; mas, he lo oydo
certificar à Personas de
grand Credito.

*How! Madam, you
have then experienced the
Thing, you talk so confident-
ly of it? Heaven preserve
me (answered she) from
such a Strait (i. e. Mis-
fortune) But I have heard
very Creditable People say
so.*

There needed no very Creditable Persons to vouch
such a Thing; for tho' the Strait, as she called it,
be as dangerous as that of Gibraltar, some Women
pass it safely, tho' others, indeed, do not.

A Lady, having lost an humble Servant, whom
she had but newly made a Conquest of, and had
kept but a little while, for he happened soon after to
be killed in the War; upon hearing the News, she said;

Ah! Senor Cavallero,
que si tan tarde me cono-
cistes, muy temprano me
perdistes!

*Ah! my Dear Cheva-
lier, who knew me too late,
and lost me too soon!*

Another Gentleman, seeing her grieve so, said to
a Companion of hers;

El Tiempo cura las
Cosas; y no ay grave

*Time cures Every Thing:
There is no Grief so Vio-
lent*

148 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Dolor que andando el *lent but wears off with*
Tiempo no se disminuye. *Time.*

A Lady * asked a Gentleman for a Book called,†
Celestina ; he answered her ;

Por Dios, Senora, que *Z--ds, Madam, you*
me espanto de Vuestra *amaze me ! When you*
Merced. Teniendo en *have the Original by you, to*
Casa el Original, pedir *ask me for the Copy !*
el Traſlado !

The *Spaniards* are very ready and acute at Repar-
tee (*Motejar*, they call it) much given to Bantering,
Joking, Drolling, Jestling upon People, Rapping
'em over the Knuckles, or Reaching 'em o'er the
Thumbs (as we say) (*Golpear*, they call it) Flou-
ting, Scoffing, Deriding, turning into Ridicule, bit-
ter Reflectings, Rallying, Stinging, Nipping, Cut-
ting to the Quick, &c. &c.

Of which take three or four Instances. A Gentle-
man happening to meet, one Day, at a Fair, Three
young Ladies, who were Sisters, and all of them of
a very black Complexion, they would have borrow-
ed a Ducat of him to buy Something, saying, they
had forgot to bring Money with them. He told
them, he had no Money about him, and that he
was very sorry he could not accommodate them with
what they wanted ;

Come ! Un Hombre *How ! (said they) such*
tan Honrado no teneys un *a Fine Gentleman as You,*
Ducado ? Dixo el, Pues *without a Ducat ? Why*
no, Cuerpo de tal ? No *not, said he, since among*
ay entre vos-otras tres *all you Three, there's not*
una Blanca. One Blank Anglicè
White-Farthing.

The

* A Lady-Errant, I suppose, or, an Errant Lady.

† A Famous *Spanish* Tragi-Comedy, called *Celestina*, which
represents a wicked Old Bawd, so called. It was the usual pro-
per Name of a Woman, but little used since that Play was
writ.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 149

The Pun is not amiss ; for, a *Blanca* is an old *Spanish* Piece of Money, worth about a Farthing. *Blanca* is also the Feminine of *Blanco*, *white* ; so he alluded to 'em all Three, among whom there was not One *white*, either Woman or Farthing.

A *Spanish* Physician having received some Affront from a Widow Lady, he ordered a Horse-courser, one Day in her hearing, to go and get him

Una Mula, que fuesse Viuda : *A Mule that was a Widow :*

Come, Cuerpo de tal !
Vos burlays de my, Se-
nor Doctor ; Nunca fue
Mula viuda.

The Jocky answered ;
Gogs Heart ! Master
Doctör, do ye banter a Bo-
dy ? A Mule can never be
a Widow :

Digo yo, que tenga
tres Conditiones de una
Viuda ; que sia gorda,
andadora, y comedora. *The Physician reply'd ;*
I mean, let her have
the Three Qualities of a
Widow ; let her be Fat,
Rambling, and Gluttonous.

It is said, that Widows, some of them at least, have these Three Conditions. As for Gadding and Cramming, I refer myself to those who have Experienced it, and have taken Notice of it. As for the Third Article, I have known abundance of People, and, in particular, one Person of very great Authority, as well as Wit, who was of that Opinion, and held it for a Maxim, that a Woman, as soon as she's a Widow, becomes very Fat and Jolly ; which I have often observed and wonder'd at: For, some Women have I seen, who, when in the Hands of their Husbands, were meager, dry, thin, and scraggy ; their Skin wrapped about them like a Morning Gown ; but so soon as ever they became Widows, they grew plump and fleshy, as does a lean, crest-fal'n Horse newly put to Grass. From whence arose the Maxim, *He that wou'd make a married Woman Fat, must make her a Widow ;* for That is the best

Way to Fatten her. Not but that the Husbands bestow upon 'em all the Fatning they well can, and let 'em want for Nothing in their Power; but, you'll say, they don't like this Provender so well, coming from their Husbands Hands, as when they're in a State of Widowhood, and can take it, here and there, of themselves, in a perfect Liberty and full Freedom of Will. I would fain ask some Good Physician the Reason of this: Perhaps, he would refer me to the Fable of the Ass and the Horse, in *Rabelais**, and the Parley they held upon much the same Subject; where, at last, Mr. Ass concludes, There was nothing like the Freedom of the Field, where they might feed when they list'd, tho' 'twere on Thistles, and Stallionize it too as often as they pleas'd, without being in Subjection to Another, as the Horse in the Stable is, tho' he be ever so well fed.

A Gentleman one Day making Love to a Woman who was grown into Years, but still very handsome, and very desirable,

Y come, Senor, me
hable V. S. desta Cosa à
mis Completas?

Lord! Sir, said she to
him, *how can you talk to
Mē of such a Thing, when
I'm at my Complines?* †

The Other made Answer;

Senora, fus Completas
valen mas que las Horas
de Prima de qualquier
Otra.

Your Complines, Ma-
dam, are perferable to any
Other Woman's Prime.**

A

* *Rabelais* his Works, Vol. V. Ch. VII. p. 22.

† Complines: The Last of the Seven Canonical Hours among the *Romanists*. The *Spaniards* and some others call 'em *Completas*: Being the closing or completing Prayers of the Evening. So this Joke, *à mis Completas*, may run in *English*, *When I'm at my last Prayers*.

** Prime: The First of the Canonical Hours.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 151

A Pretty Allusion enough ! I have made a Discourse elsewhere upon the same Subject, and that Many Old Women, are as beautiful and desirable as young * Ones ? An Old Man, indeed, can't be so in the Eyes of the Women, unless, now and then, to chat with or so, and to crack a Jest, tho' he has not a Tooth to crack a Nut. As it was the Case, one Day, between an Old Cavalier and a Fine Lady, who reprimanded him, for offering her his Service. She was called *Madame de la Torre*, *Madam la Tour* ; i. e. *Mrs. Towers* ; he told her ;

Tal Torre ha menester *Such a Tower wanted*
d' una Barba-cana. *a Barbican.*

This is a Good Pun, and carries in it these two Meanings. *First*, A *Barbican* signifies a Sort of Fortification, or, indeed, any Out-work belonging to a Great Building, and, *Secondly*, A *Grey Beard*, *Barba cana*, in *Spanish* (and in *Latin* too).

The like to this is, what a Gentleman said of a very Beautiful and Well-bred Lady, who, having got a sad, nasty, slovenly, ugly Fellow, for her Husband, yet was herself so far from partaking, in the least, with his Uglinefs, she not only retained her full Beauty, but burnished upon it Daily more and more. The above-mentioned Gentleman said ;

Que no havia visto ja- *He had never before seen*
mas Fruta en un tal Ces- *Fruit continue so long in*
to, que tanto durasse, sin *such a Basket, without taint-*
podrirse. *ing.*

I have seen a great many Women, in my Time, of the same Nature, not to spoil, nor corrupt, nor be at all impaired in their Beauty, for conversing with an odious, filthy, ill-favoured Copes-mate †.

Now

* In his *Dames Galantes* ; or, Amorous Ladies.

† Tho' oftentimes the Husband, at Long-run, imprints his Likeness on his Wife, as the Seal does on the Wax when thoroughly pressed upon it.

152 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Now let us wind up our Bottoms, and conclude with Three beautiful Princesses.

In the Journey and Interview of *Bayonne*, mentioned before, *Madam de Guise*, now *Madam de Nemours*, was of the Number, and appeared there in her Weeds, having newly lost her Spouse. She looked extremely well, and for Handſomneſs was ſecond to no Lady of the whole Court. Now, indeed, ſhe is what you may call an *Autumnal Beauty*: But even at that Time, tho' ſhe was much Older than *Magdeleine de Giron*, ſhe quite Eclipſed her. As ſhe was one Day in the Queen's Chamber, a *Spanish Cavalier*, a well-dreſſed, genteel Man, aſked me;

Senor, qual es eſta linda Dama veſtida da Luto? Senor, *luy reſpondis-je*, es Madama de Guyza, Muger de aquel grand Capitan Montur de Guyza. Es Madama de Guyza? *dit-il*. Valame Dios, que linda Dama es, y de muy brava y alta Guyza! Ay me Dios! que bravo Trage tiene, y que es bien tallada, y de linda Catadura! *Es pues me re-demanda*. Es tan buena Catholica, y Enemiga de los Luteranos, come ſu Marido? Si Senor, *luy repondis-je*, y mas; porque los Luteranos l'an matado.

Sir, who is that Lady in Mourning? *Sir*, reply'd I, *It is Madam de Guise, Relict of that Great Captain Monsieur de Guise.* *Bless me!* ſaid he, *She's a most Beautiful Lady, and of a more than ordinary Guise.* * *Jesus! How well-fancied and pretty her Dress! How fine her Shape! How genteel her Person! How pleasing her Look! How charming her Appearance! — Is ſhe as good a Catholick, and as great an Enemy to the Lutherans, as her Husband was?* *Yes, Sir*, answered I, *and even a greater; because the Lutherans killed him.* He

* *Guise*, i. e. Mien or Behaviour. It is a Word much used in Old Romances, and corresponds well enough to the Lady's Name, *Guise*.

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 153

He then enquired of me, Whether she had Children as Handsome as herself? I answered in the Affirmative, and shewed him her Son *M. de Guise*, and told him, She had Two more, at School at *Paris*, both of 'em like him. Then, pausing a while, and looking wishfully on the Lady, he broke forth into a Sort of an Exclamation;

O ! bien aventurado Capitan, que tantos Hom-
bres enemigos de Dios
peleastes y matastes en
Campos y Villas ! O !
bien aventurado, otra
vez, y mas, que con tan-
tos Asaltos combatistes y
vencistes esta linda Da-
ma en las Camas y Pa-
vellones !

O ! *Thrice Happy Cap-
tain, who did'st fight with
and kill so many Men,
Enemies of God, in the
open Field, and within the
Cities ! O ! more than Thrice
Happy Man, who did'st
in so many Attacks and En-
counters with so Fine a
Lady, engage and sub-
due her, within the Pavil-
lions of thy Bed !*

And this he uttered as in a Sort of an Amorous Vexation and Rage, that he could not have a Share of so Delicious a Morfel ! As, in Truth, I don't think, there's any Thing in the World so grievous and mortifying to One that's in Love with a Fine Lady, to think that a Husband, or Another, is enjoying her, while *He* only eats his Bread in the Steam of the Feast, and, by the Force of simple Imagination alone. I have heard this Opinion maintained by a very great and gallant Prince that is dead, who one Day, in private Conversation, told me, that had he been a Monarch of some great Kingdom, he should never have play'd the Tyrant, except in One Thing ; that he should have maintained the Laws in their full Vigour, kept up the Courts of Judicature, caused the Authority of all his Edicts and Ordinances to be strictly observed, done Wrong to No-body, preserved to all his Subjects their Civil and Religious Rights, carested very much his Nobility, and never, in the least, been
oppressive

154 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

oppressive or burthensome to his People in imposing and levying of Taxes, Tributes and Subsidies upon them: But, if any Subject of his, great or small, had a Handsome Wife, with whom he should happen to be smitten, he should surely bid Adieu to all Restraint, and upon that Head extend his Prerogative a little, and play the Tyrant; but first he would try all the Gentle Methods that Love could inspire him with, and if they were like to prove tedious and troublesome, he would make short Work on't, and not stick to use Force: *For, where wou'd be the great Hurt, added he, for Her to be acquainted with a Brave King, and her Husband to be his Companion (Brother-Starling) on Whom, and on Her, he would heap Favours, and raise them Both to great Honours and Preferments, and would never be Ungrateful to them, nor (above all Things) scandalize them himself, or suffer any Body else to do it.*

To the best of my Remembrance, those were his very Words, and they were upon a very Handsome and very Great Subject, one whom such a Piece of Tyranny well deserved to be exercised upon.

The Queen of *Spain*, for whose Sake alone the above Voyage and Interview of *Bayonne* was made, appeared there also very Handsome; nor was there any *Frenchman*, that had seen her before she was married, but confessed she was extremely improved in Beauty, Genteelness of Person, and an Amiable, Noble Deportment, tho' she was, indeed, born with all these Advantages, but Age and Time performs abundance of fine and good Things, as well as of naughty and ugly ones. Thus, one Day, I was discoursing with a very honourable *Spanish* Gentleman (for, without boasting, My Company was sought after by Numbers of such, as well on Account of my having been acquainted with some of them at the Court of *Spain*, 'not having left it above six Months, as because I spoke their Language well)

He

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 155

He deliver'd himself to me in these very Terms, as we were upon the Topick of the Perfections of this Glorious Queen ;

Que de veras, tan principal Reyna, y tan complida, parescia ser antes la Creation del Mondo quasi abscondida y cerrada en el Pensamiento de Dios, hasta que fuesse su Divina Voluntad, que se juntasse por santo Matrimonio con Rey Don Philippe ; que siendo por sus buenos Hados tan grande tan poderoso Rey, y quasi tocando el Ciel con la Mano de su Grandezza y Pojança, era menester, y no otramente, que no espozasse otra sino aquella, que, por su gran Hermosura, su honrada Majestad, y sus Virtudes Claras y Nobles, semejava mas Divina y Celestial, que Humana.

Of a Truth (said he) it looks as if this Great and Accomplish'd Queen had been bidden, as it were, and concealed within the Depth of the Almighty's Thoughts before the Creation of the World, until it was his Divine Will to join her, in Holy Matrimony, with the King Don Philip; who being, by the Felicity of his Fate, a King so mighty and so puissant, that he almost touches the Heavens with the Hand of his Grandeur and Power, it was absolutely and indispensably necessary, that he should marry no Other than Her, who, by her superlative Beauty, her supreme Majesty, and her rare and most exquisite Virtues, seem'd rather Divine and Celestial than Human and Mortal.

These were great Encomiums on his King and Queen. I speak of her more largely in another Place, where I have written a Discourse upon Her alone, without mixing it with any Thing else *.

Now, if this excellent Queen of Spain has been extolled by her own Subjects, not only in the above-mentioned lofty Terms, but by a Million of other

Y

Ex-

* The IVth Discourse of the Honourable and Illustrious Ladies (Dames Illustres.)

156 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

Expressions (for they all entirely lov'd her, nay ador'd her, as I have taken Notice of elsewhere) the Queen of *Navarre*, her Third Sister, hath been no less admired and praised by all that ever saw her, they unanimously setting her upon a Level with the Other Two. But, yet, the Youngest hath a little the Advantage of the Eldest, as we sometimes see in a Grove of Trees, a Sapling shooting up its beauteous Branches above another Tree that's older than it. But, however, they were Both extremely Beautiful, in a different Way; and had each of them an admirable and inexpressible Air peculiar to themselves alone.

You must know, that when this incomparable Queen of *Navarre* went to the *Spa Baths*, she pass'd thro' *Namur*, as I have said elsewhere, where she was honourably received by Don *John of Austria*, and seen with great Admiration by the *Spanish* Captains and Soldiers. Soon after, I met, in the Palace, at *Paris*, a *Spanish* Captain, whom I asked, if he had seen her in those Parts? He answered, he had, and that,

Por ser extremada de Beldad y bonas Gracias havia mas Priestra, quando salia fuera, por mirarla, que no à beber Agua de los Bagnos; y que por l'Arte de su Hermosura captivava las Personas con la Fama, y aun muy mayor con su Presentia: porque mostrava su Hermosura entre las Otras Damas, come el Sol entre las Estrallas. De sus otras illustres y claras Virtudes no hablo yo, porque, por ser tan her-

For the Extremeness of her Beauty, and fine Mien and Carriage, there was a far greater Resort of People to admire Her, when she went abroad, than there was to drink the Waters; and that for the compleater Adornment of her Perfections, as she had before captivated all Men by her Fame, so now she riveted their Chains by her Presence; because her superior Charms made her appear among the other Ladies, just as the Sun among

mosa, ninguna Cosa le *among the Stars. I omit*
 alta. *to mention her other Quali-*
fications, because she was
all over Beautiful without a
But.

Another Time I met, in the *Louvre*, another
Spanish Captain, in his Way from *Spain* to *Flanders*,
 who, pitching upon Me above my Companions, as
 perceiving something of the *Spaniard* in me (as he
 told me afterwards) desired me to get him into the
 Great Ball-Room, one Grand Day, only to see the
 Fine Queen of *Navarre*,

La Fama volava por *Whose Fame (he said)*
 todo el Mondo, *me dit-* *had flown throughout the*
il. *World.*

I took him in with me; and, during the whole
 Time of the Ball, he said not a single Word, nor
 used any other Posture, but looking, with a fixed
 Regard, on the Queen, without casting so much as
 a Glance elsewhere, as I observed, and let him alone
 to do as he would, without drawing him off of his
 Contemplation. When the Ball was ended;

Y pues, Senor, que os *Well, Sir (said I to*
 parefce de nuestra Reyna *him) What think ye of*
 de Navarra? Que me *Our Queen of Navarre?*
 parefce, Senor? *me re-* *What think I, Sir? (an-*
 spondit-il—Juro à Dios, *swered he) I vow to God,*
 me parefce tal, que si *that to Me she seems to be*
 estuvieffe en nuestra Corte *suck, that if she was at*
 de Madrid, como es en *Our Court of Madrid, as*
 esta, el Camino seria tan *she is in this here, the Road*
 poblado, para visitar y *would be so crowded to see*
 mirarla, que parefcia *her and admire her, that*
 un Camino de Romeria, *it would look as they were*
 donde muchos Pardones *going in Pilgrimage to gain*
 se ganan: que aunque se- *a plenary Pardon of Sins;*
 nalado Camino no uviera, *nay, if there were no beat-*

158 *Spanish Rhodomontades, &c.*

solamente bastaria à seguir el Hilo de la Gente para mirar y adorar la, come Reyna de la Tierra, y la Generala de todas las Reynas y Damas las mas signaldas de la Europa, y pregonar la tal con justo y honrado Titulo, por su Divina Beldad, Real Maestad, y buenas Gracias.

en Road, it were enough to follow the Stream of the People, to admire her and adore her as the Queen of the Earth, and the First of all the Chief Queens and Ladies of Europe, and to proclaim her for such, by a most just and honourable Title, on Account of her Divine Beauty, her Royal Majesty, and her excellent
Graces and Qualifications.

Certain it is, that this worthy Gentleman was in the Right to say what he did, for, in my Conscience, the World never saw a more engaging Princess. I can safely aver this, having seen not a Few Beauties, both in *France* and foreign Countries. She wants but One Thing—She is not so Fortunate as she deserves to be, and as her most affectionate Servants could wish. Of this, I can guess no other Reason, but that, Heaven, who formed her, will not, out of Jealousy, have her to depend on any but Himself. However, she is not at all anxious about Worldly Grandeur, which All, both Men and Women, so eagerly hunt after: Grounding herself upon a Reason, which is surely an excellent good one, as she did me the Honour to tell me herself, not long ago, That it was Grandeur and Ambition enough for her to have come of so great a Race of Kings: So that she might, at this Day, call herself the only remaining Branch of the Greatest and most Illustrious House in the World; and that there's no Kingdom, Empire, nor Monarchy, which can make her Greater than She is. Ambition is well enough for inferior second-rate Princesses; but as for Her, Away, Away with Ambition! She is
satisfied

Spanish Rhodomontades, &c. 159

satisfied with being what she is, neither is it possible for Any to fly a higher Pitch than what she can on the strong and ample Wings of her Noble Family, and of her own Personal Virtues and Endowments, and that Pitch is as High as Heaven itself.

Here, therefore, let us Finish; having, elsewhere, treated this Subject at full Length in a Discourse by itself*.

* Discourse Vth of the *Honourable and Illustrious Ladies.*

The E N D.



A DIS.

 A
 DISCOURSE
 ON
 SPANISH OATHS
 AND
 ASSEVERATIONS.


 Having given a Recital of some *Spanish Rhodomontades*, I thought it not impertinent to relate likewise some of their particular *Oaths and Asseverations*, which I have been an Ear-Witness to; and herein I think they abound beyond all other Nations, and have a greater Variety of them, and oftner invent New Ones than any People I know. The most usual and ancient is,

1. **J**uro à Dios.

2. Si, Por aquella Señora, que nasció preservada de la Culpa Original.

3. Si, Por mis Pecados que confesse anteayer à los Pies del Confessor.

4. Si, Por el santo Voto, que hize Saliendo de las Galeras de los Renegados.



1. **B**^T G—d. Then these which follow.

2. Yes, By that Lady who was born without original Sin.

3. Yes, By my Sins which I Yesterday Confest at the Feet of my Confessor.

4. Yes, By the Holy Vow which I made when I was freed from the Gallies of the Infidels.

5. Si, Por la Casa santa de Hierusalem.

6. Si, Por la Incarnation del Verbo Divino.

7. Si, Por la Veronica Santa de Jahn.

8. Si, Por los Corporales Santos de Daroca.

9. Si, Por Nuestra Senora de Mont-Serrat.

10. Si, Por la Alma de mi Madre qui està en Parayso.

You may be sure he had an authentick Certificate of the Thing.

11. Si, Por las Revelaciones de San Juan.

12. Si, Por la Purification de Nuestra Senora.

13. Si, Por la Sagrada Natividad de Christo.

14. Si, Por la Cinta de San Francisco.

15. Si, Por la Vida de mi Padre, Hombre de Bien.

16. Si, o Reniego aquel Puto de ruyn Ladron, que motejava Nuestro Senor en la Cruz.

17. Si, Por la Letania de los Santos.

18. Si, Por la Madre Sin Manzilla.

5. Yes, By the Holy House of Jerusalem.

6. Yes, By the Incarnation of the Holy Word.

7. Yes, By the Holy Veronica * at Jaen.

8. Yes, By the Sacramental Cloth of Daroca.

9. Yes, By our Lady of Mont-Serrat.

10. Yes, By the Soul of my Mother who is in Paradise.

11. Yes, By the Revelations of St. John.

12. Yes, By the Purification of our Lady.

13. Yes, By the Holy Nativity of Christ.

14. Yes, By St. Francis's Girdle.

15. Yes, By the Life of the Honest Man, my Father.

16. Yes, as true as I renounce that Bug—g Dog, the Bad Thief that mock'd at Our Lord on the Cross.

17. Yes, By the Litany of the Saints.

18. Yes, By the Mother without Spot or Blemish.

19.

* *Veronica*, the Picture of Christ's Face, as it is said to have remained imprinted on a Cloth, or Handkerchief, with which a Woman wiped his Face as he was carrying the Cross. It is also the proper Name of a Woman, particularly of a Popish Saint so called, whose Life in *Portuguese*, tho' but a small Quarto, cost Archbishop *Tenison* 7*l.* *Sterl.* out of a Library in the University of *Conimbra* in *Portugal*. It is an Ecclesiastical Romance, written 200 Years ago, with a View to nip the Reformation in its Bud, and Certify'd by the Heads of that University to have been approved of by God, and Revis'd by the Angels. This Extraordinary Piece was, at the Archbishop's particular Recommendation just begun to be Translated by the late Dr. *Geddes*, but carried on and finish'd by Mr. *Ozell*, and Printed by Mr. *Watts* in Octavo. Price 2*s.*

19. Si, Por la Senora de la Coronada.

20. Si, Por los quatro Evangelios Santos.

And, thereupon, they must cross their Mouth, right and left Shoulder, and Breast.

21. Si, Por el Sepulcro Santo, en el qual Hijo de Dios fue Sepultado.

22. Si, Por las Novenas de la Senora Santa Elizabeth.

23. Si, Por la Sagrada Escritura.

24. Por Nuestra Senora del Pilar de Saragoça te lo juro.

25. Si, o reniego de las que tengo en la Cara.

26. Si, o reniego los Pecados de los Muertos.

27. Si, Por la Incarnation de Christo.

28. Si, Por las Reliquias Santas de San Juan de Latran.

29. Si, Por toda la Perdition del Mundo te lo juro.

30. Si, Por la vera Cruz de Caravaca.

31. Si, Por el Cuerpo de Santo Alfonso, qui esta en Zamora, te lo juro.

32. Si, Por el Apostel Divino Sant Jago.

33. Si, Por el Siglo de mis Finados.

34. Si, Por las Brazas de San Anton.

35. Si, Por el Sagrario de Nuestra Senora.

19. *Yes, By our Lady of the Coronade.*

20. *Yes, By the Four Holy Gospels.*

21. *Yes, By the Holy Sepulchre, wherein the Son of God was buried.*

22. *Yes, By the Nine-Days Devotion of the Lady St. Elizabeth.*

23. *Yes, By the Holy Scripture.*

24. *Yes; I swear it by Our Lady of the Pillar of Saragoça.*

25. *Yes, as True as These in my Face.*

He means the Gashes in his Face.

26. *It is true, or may the Sins of the Dead never be Pardon'd.*

27. *Yes, By the Incarnation of Christ.*

28. *Yes, By the Holy Relicks of St. John de Lateran.*

29. *Yes, 'Tis true, or may the Whole World be swallow'd up to quick Damnation.*

30. *Yes, By the True Cross of Caravaca.* *

31. *Yes, I swear by the Body of St. Alfonso, which reposes at Zamora.*

32. *Yes, By the Divine Apostle St. James.*

33. *Yes, So rest the Souls of my departed Parents.*

34. *Yes, By St. Antony's Fire.*

35. *Yes, By the Tabernacle† of our Lady.*

36.

* A Town in the Kingdom of Murcia in Spain, famous for a Miraculous Cross there, said to have been brought by an Angel.

† The Box on the Altar on which the Blessed Sacrament is kept.

36. Si, Por la Oreja Sagrada de Malchus, y Sanada por la Mano de Jesus.

It might be indeed Sanctified by Our Saviour's touching it, not Otherwise.

37. Si, Por el buen Ladron, que Jesus Christo salvò moriendo con el.

36. *Yes, By Malchus's sanctified Ear, heal'd by the Hand of Jesus Christ.*

37. *Yes, By the Good Thief to whom Jesus Christ promised Paradise when he Suffer'd with Him on the Cross.*

38. Si, Por los Libros de Maester Abraham.

38. *Yes, By the Books of Master Abraham.*

39. Si, o reniego los Infieles del Hijo de Dios.

39. *Yes, By the Hatred I bear to all Unbelievers.*

40. Si, o reniego los Moros, quando van descariados sin Rey.

40. *Yes, As sure as I abominate the Moors that wander up and down without a King.*

41. Si, Por mis Cuentas.

41. *Yes, By the Beads of my Chaplet.*

42. Si, Por la Virgen, que concibió sin Doler.

42. *Yes, By the Virgin that conceiv'd without Pain.*

43. Si, Por la Penitencia de Santa Maria Magdalena.

43. *Yes, By the Penitence of St. Mary Magdalen.*

44. Si, Por el Angel de la Pax.

44. *Yes, By the Angel of Peace.*

45. Si, Por el Senor, que padeció en la Cruz.

45. *Yes, By the Lord who Suffer'd on the Cross.*

46. Si, Por la Senora de los Campos.

46. *Yes, By Our Lady of the Fields.*

47. Si, Por les Reliquias di Roma.

47. *Yes, By the Relicks of Rome.*

48. Si, o reniego la que me parió, si no es Verdad.

48. *Yes, I renounce her that bore me, if it is not true.*

49. Si, o reniego del Oficio que quedò en Poder de Rapazes.

49. *Yes, Or may Children never be allow'd to abuse their Trades.*

50. Si, o reniego de la Pueta mi Suegra.

50. *Yes, As sure as I detest the Whore my Step-Mother.*

51. Si, Por la Senora de las Huertas.

51. *Yes, By Our Lady of the Gardens.*

52. Si, Por la Passion de Hijo de Dios.

52. *Yes, By the Passion of the Son of God.*

53. Si, o reniego la Cosa abrazada del Pluton.

53. *Yes, As I wash my Hands of Pluto's flaming Mansion (Hell)*

54. Si, Por la Santa Trinidad.

54. *Yes, By the Holy Trinity.*

55. Si, o reniego la Ley de
quel Puto Mahomet, y descreo
de la Casa donde esta Sepulta-
do.

56. En Verdad, lo Affirmo
por los Santos de Dios.

57. Si, o reniego del Spiritu
Maligno.

58. Si, Por las Romerias de
Sant Jago.

59. Si, Por la Virgen del
Remedio, te lo juro.

60. Si, Por Vida del Empe-
rador Carlos.

61. Si, Por la Vida del Rey
Don Phelipe.

62. Si, Por los Ojos de mi
Dama.

63. Si, Por estas Barbas que
nascieron a la Fumada de los
Canones.

55. *Yes, As I abjure the Law
of that Crapper-monger Maho-
met, and abominate his Sepul-
chre.*

56. *Yes, By the Saints of
God, I aver it.*

57. *Yes, As I deny and defy,
with both my Hands, the Evil
Spirit.*

58. *Yes, By St. James's
Pilgrimages.*

59. *Yes, I affirm it, By the
Virgin that Cures People of all
Distempers.*

60. *Yes, By the Life of Em-
peror Charles.*

61. *Yes, By the Life of King
Philip.*

62. *Yes, By my Mistress's
bright Eyes.*

63. *Yes, By these Whiskers,
which owe their Growth to
Cannon Smoak.*

Some of their Oaths are quite Execrable, such
as I heard one Day utter'd by a Musketeer, near
Narbonne, who swore,

Por los Higados de
Dios.

*By the Entrails and Li-
ver of G—d.*

A vile Wretch as he
was !

I saw a Soldier at *Naples*, where an Order had
been published against Soldiers Swearing, having
lost all his Money in the *Corps de Garde*, said only,

Bezo las Manos, Senor Pilato : *I kiss your Hands, Signi-
or Pilate :*

One of his Companions asking him, What he
meant by That ? He reply'd, He return'd Thanks
to *Pilate*, and own'd himself oblig'd to him, for
Sentencing Our Saviour to Die. A sad Dog this, and
ought to have been burnt alive !

Another

Another Soldier, going, one Day, into the House of a Woman, where he lodged, and who had three or four young Children about her, who did nothing but cry and were very troublesome ;

Que no vive aun el *Wou'd to God,* said he,
Rey Don Herodes para *Herod was alive, to deli-*
vengarme d'estos Ninos. *ver me from these squaw-*
 ling Brats !

A most Religious Person this !

Another, recovering out of a Burning Fever, went to Church to return God Thanks, which he did in the following Terms ;

Bezo las Manos, Se- *I kiss your Hands, Ma-*
nor Jesus: y tan bien à *ster Jesus ; and yours too,*
vos, San Pablo, y San *St. Paul, St. Peter, and*
Pedro, y à todos Vos *all the other Apostles and*
Otros Apostoles y San- *Saints of Eternal Life !*
tos de Vida Eternal !

And then turning towards St. Antony, who was pictured there with his huge white Beard, he said ;

Y no à vos, Barba *But I con You no Thanks,*
blanca, que tan mal tu *Master Grey-Beard, whose*
Fuego me tratò, y me *Fire has treated me so*
quemò en mis Calentu- *roughly, and burnt me so*
ras. *cruelly during my Fever.*

The brave Monsieur de Bayard did not act in that Manner. We are told, in his Life, that being taken ill of a Violent Fever, he implored Monsieur St. Antony, in the following Prayer ; O! Monsieur St. Antony, my Good Saint and Lord, I beg you wou'd Remember the Time when We, Frenchmen, went and threw ourselves into Parma, which the Imperialists were going to besiege. All the Dwelling-Houses and Churches in the Suburbs were ordered to be burnt or pulled down. I never wou'd give my Consent for Your's to be demolish'd, or, in the least defaced, tho' it was a Thing of the utmost Importance ; but I went into it Myself with my whole Company: So that I secured it from

Violation, and it continued untouch'd, and as entire as it was before. This Prayer being made, in a Week's Time M. de Bayard was perfectly recovered of his Illness.

Now I'm upon the Article of *Hand-kissing*; a Preaching-Fryar in *Spain*, preaching the First Sunday in *Lent*, the Gospel for the Day being relative to *Satan's* Tempting our Lord, and bidding him cast himself down from the Pinnacle of the Temple, for that, since he was the Son of God, the Angels would bear him up in their Hands that he should take no Hurt: Hereupon the Preacher used these very Words;

Jesus, come Cavallero muy bien creado, respon-dio assi: *Bese las Manos, Senor Satan. Tengo Otra Escalera para abaxar.*

Jesus, like a well-bred Gentleman, answered; I kiss your Hands, Signior Satan: There's another-guise Pair of Stairs than That to go down by.

I knew a very great Prelate, who (unwittingly) fell into a Fault, not unlike this, and I heard it myself: This Man, preaching the same Day at *Fountainbleau*, before the King and Queen, and the whole Court, there being likewise 2 or 300 *Huguenots*, and touching upon the same Point of Our Saviour's being Tempted, he said; *Prithee, Friend Satan, What have I done to You, that You should tempt me thus?* This Word was no sooner said, but most of the Auditory, especially the *Huguenots*, fell to tittering and laughing, which he taking Notice of, asked some of his Friends, when the Service was over, what made them laugh; they told him, Because he had called the Devil *His Friend*. At which he was so ashamed, that he declared, he had rather have given a 1000 Crowns than have said such a Thing. And, indeed, the *Huguenots* roasted him for't ever after sufficiently.

And

And here it must be noted, that some *Spaniards* are so fond of their Jokes, that they spare neither Religion, nor Religious, neither Person nor Thing, whatsoever.

I was going, one Day, to *Naples* with the * *Procace*, who takes in all Sorts of People, rough as they run, without any Distinction. There happen'd to be with us a Serjeant-Major of *Naples*, whose Name was *Caravajal*, a clever Sort of a Man. You need not ask whether we were well or ill used by the *Procace*. After we had din'd, in a Town called *Bellifre*, † as ill as possible, upon Meat no better than Carrion: They set before us, for a Desert, Two Dishes of Sallad, consisting of wild and bitter Herbs, such as *Old Nick* himself would not have touch'd with a Pitch-Fork. In two other Dishes a-part, was a very small *Modicum* of Vinegar, and an Ocean of Oil, with which they abound in those Parts, but are very little Lovers of Vinegar. *Caravajal*, seeing this fine second Course, with this huge Quantity of Oil, cry'd aloud, from the Upper-end of the Table, where he was, and myself next him ;

Senores, quien quiere	Gentlemen, such of ye
morir de vos otros, qu'	as have a Mind to Die,
aqui està la Extrem-Unc-	here's Extreme Unction
tion.	for ye!

Because Oil is used in Extreme-Unction.

We

* The Ordinary Post, or Carrier, that goes Weekly between *Rome* and *Naples*. Also (says *Torriano*) the Messenger, or he that travels from one Great City to another in *France*, and conducts their Natives or Strangers, bearing their Charges at a set Rate. *Procace*, in *Italian*, likewise means saucy, foul-mouth'd, shameless in asking, impudent, &c. from the *Latin* *Procax*.

† I can't find by *Veneroni's* Dictionary, there's any such Town in the Kingdom of *Naples*, or elsewhere in *Italy*. *Bellifre* there is. I suspect it to be some poor Beggarly Place upon the Road between *Rome* and *Naples*, and Nick-named *Bellifre* by our Author, for *Bellifre*, in *French*, means a Poor Knave, a Rogue, a Scab.

We all fell a laughing, except one Monk who was present, and said ;

Senor Capitan, estas *Master Captain, those*
Palabras no son buenas à *Words are not fit to*
dezir : *Speak:*

Senor Frayle, estas *The Captain reply'd ;*
Yervas no son buenas à *Master-Monk, these*
comer. Tomad este A- *Herbs are not fit to eat.*
zeyte, y llevalo al Vica- *Take therefore this Oil,*
rio. *and carry it to your Vicar.*

The poor Monk was quite amazed, but he was forced to put up the Affront, for the other did not much value him.

A poor Man, one Day, asking Alms of a Soldier, and adding, that he would pray to God for him, the Soldier pulling out his Purse, gave him a Real (Six-pence) ;

Tomad, que yo no *There, said he, I give*
prestó à Uzura. *it you freely. I don't put*
Money out to Use.

Another asking Alms of the same Person, and saying, he would pray to God for Him likewise ; the Soldier gave him Nothing, but said ;

Ruegados por vos, que *Pray for yourself: You*
teneys harto Menester de *have need enough of Prayers*
tus Ruegarias para sus *for your own Sins, with-*
Pecados, sin gastar las *out lavishing them away*
por los Otros. *for Others.*

This was not so Courteous an Answer as the preceding.

Another Beggar, asking Alms of a Gentleman, and hoping he would not refuse him, because

Pues que era su Her- *He was his Brother, he*
mano. *said.*

The other, somewhat surprized, asked him, how he was his Brother ; he reply'd,

Be-

Porque todos estamos *Because we all sprung*
de un mismo Padre, A- *from the same Father and*
dam: *Mother, Adam and Eve:*

The other drawing out his Purse, gave a *Blanca*
(i. e. the Third-part of our Farthing). Upon which
the Beggar reply'd, That was but a very little for a
Brother. The Gentleman, pushing him away, told
him ;

Si cada uno de tus *If every one of Your Bro-*
Hermanos te diese Otro *thers gives ye as much,*
tanto, no hauria Princi- *there would be no Prince in*
pe tan rico como tu. *Europe so Rich as You.*

A *Spanish* Cavalier seeing, one Day, His Mistress
courted and made Love to, by Another, who was
as ugly and black as the Devil himself, came up to
him, and said ;

Vade retro, Satanas : *Get thee behind me, Sa-*
no tentays my Senora. *tan, and tempt not thus*
my Mistress.

Another Spark that was over Head and Ears in
Love, contemplating, in a Picture, the Mysteries of
Our Lord's Passion, as they are represented by the
Painters, he said ;

Ygalar otros Martyri- *It were an idle and an*
os à estos, seria gran *impious Thing, to compare*
Desvario ; mas, grandes *Any Sufferings to These of*
son los mios. *Our Saviour ; but, how-*
ever, Mine are very Great.

This Comparison, tho' a tacit one, ought by no
Means to have been made. Tallying with this, or
rather worse, was one made by a certain *Franciscan*
Fryar, whose Story I'm going to relate. He was
one of the Preachers and Confessors belonging to
Queen Anne of Bretagne. I know not whether it
was Fryar *John Bourgeois*, very famous at that Time,
or Another. Among the *Queen's Maids* was one
named *Bourdeille*, eldest Sister to my deceased Father,
and so my Aunt, God-daughter to King *Louis XII.*
and

and from him called *Louisa de Bourdeille* *. The King had her brought to Court at six Years of Age, and, for the most Part, had her to dine with him (at the lower End of the Table) being a Girl of uncommon Wit for her Age, and of a prattling merry Behaviour, and gave a Pleasure to everybody that heard her talk. But when she grew to be eleven or twelve Years old, the Queen took her to herself, and put her to Table with the rest of her Companions. At Fifteen, she was termed the *Angel of the Court* for her Beauty, which was so great as to captivate the Hearts of Abundance of those who attended the Court, and, among the rest, the above Franciscan Fryar (for, beneath St. Francis's Girdle, *Cupid* plies his Wings, as well as elsewhere.

In those Days the Franciscan Fryars were so little distrusted, that they were admitted every where, even into the Queen's Bed-Chamber, to *Confess*, *Exhort*, and the like. He was very assiduous about this Aunt of mine, and from the Topicks of the Love of God, and of Charity, he always let fall some Words of his *own* Love; inso-much that my Aunt having two or three Times express'd a great Dislike to such Discourse, and he not desisting from it, she acquainted the Governante (Mother of the Maids) who told the Queen of it. Her Majesty seemed not to believe it, but chid her, and call'd her naughty Girl, for that the Father was a very Holy Good Man. This continued some time, till on a *Good-Friday* he was to Preach on the Crucifixion, in the Great Hall at *Blois*, before Queen *Anne*, her Maids of Honour, and her whole Court. He fell directly upon the Subject of Love, and began his Sermon with these very Words; *For Thee and for Thy Sake, Sweet Human-Nature, did I suffer, as on this Day, said Our*
Lord

* See Vol. I. of the Lives of Hon. and Illustrious Ladies.

Lord Jesus Christ. Then launching further out into the Subject, he goes on so dexterously and subtilly, turning and winding his whole Text, and the Circumstances of the *Passion*, and artfully applying it to *That* himself laboured under for the Sake of that Sweet Human-Nature, that Beauteous Flesh and Blood, which stood before his Pulpit, and on whom he was continually casting a Sheep's Eye, counterfeiting the Sad, the Dolourous and Piercing Pains of Our Saviour, which he still converted to his own, and made them all center there. Few, or None, had any Suspicion of the Thing, except the Queen a little, who, not trusting to her own Judgment, after the Sermon, resolv'd to speak with our Spark, in the Presence of Two of her Doctors, who had heard the Sermon; to whom the Queen having communicated her Doubt, they began likewise to entertain the same Suspicion, and repeated to her most of the Passages, as well True as Feign'd, the Good as well as Bad ones, which our Gentleman had been urging and quoting in his Sermon. In short, they found there was Roguery in the Thing, and thereupon being call'd before the Queen and the Doctors, and convicted of the Crime (tho' not without defending himself boldly) the Queen is said to have ordered him to be Whipped in her Kitchen. But that was not true; for she did not love Scandal: so she turn'd him over to his Provincial, with admirable Recommendations, to be sure, which he remembered as long as he lived: and thus was my Aunt rid of a troublesome Companion, and the Queen satisfied she had not wrongfully accused him, and the Truth of the Matter made fully appear; for which the Queen lov'd her the more, and so did the King her Godfather: but she did not long enjoy these Advantages, for she died before she was Sixteen: And great Pity it was for so fine a Flower to be

cut off in the very Spring of Life. She was much lamented by the King, Queen, and all the Court, and very Honourably Buried in the Cordeliers Church, near the High Altar on the Left Hand. Before the Church was burnt, about 16 or 17 Years ago *, her Epitaph, in Brass, was to be seen fasten'd to a Pillar, which, with many more, was melted down, so fierce was the Fire, and so impossible to be remedy'd. I owe this Account to my late Mother, and honest M. de Pons, who was told it by his Mother Madam de Pons, Governante to Madame Renée of France, since Dutcheſs of Ferrara. I believe, if Madam de Nemours, her Daughter, would recollect herself, ſhe could confirm the Truth of it; and now this Story is ended, let us proceed to others.

There have been, and ſtill are, among theſe ſame Franciſcans, as boon Companions, and as merry Mortals, as in any Society whatever. I knew a *Spanish* Monk, nam'd Ignatius (*Inigo*) who walking one Day in a Street of *Toledo*, behind ſome Ladies who raiſed a great Duſt with the Tails of their Gowns trailing along the Ground; they taking Notice how offenſive the Duſt was to him, ſtopp'd ſhort (for they had a great Reſpect for him) and ſaid, very courteouſly;

Paſſa Vueſtra Reverencia, porque no le damos Polvo.

Will your Reverence please to walk before, that we may not incommode you with the Duſt we make.

He drew back, and ſaid,

Bezo las Manos, Senoras. Vayan ſe Vueſſas Mercedes: que el Polvo de las Ovejas no lo aborrece el Lobo.

I kiſs your Hands, Ladies: Pray don't ſtop on My Account. The Wolf never diſlikes the Duſt which the Sheep make.

What

* In 1580. See the Journal of H-e III, under that Year.

What a crafty Wolf was this! not to dislike the Dust of these Fine Ladies! Neither would he have disliked the Flesh, any more than the Four-footed Wolf does that of the Sheep; tho' he wore sometimes a Sanctify'd Look, and some-times a most Prelatical one, for he aspired to a Mitre: Which made one of his Companions say to him, out of Envy;

Quitad esta vana Gloria de ti: que aun que llove Mytras, nunca cayerà una en su Cabeça.

Lay aside that vain Imagination of thine: For should it rain Mitres, not one of them would ever fall upon Thy Head.

One may be allowed some-times to break a Jest on these Gentry; since they make a Mock of one another, as a Franciscan Fryar one Day did by a Jacobin. These two travelling together, came to a Brook, where was neither Plank nor Bridge; the Jacobin desired the Other, as he was bare-footed and bare-legg'd, that he would take him on his Shoulders and carry him over the Water; which the Franciscan readily consented to; but, as soon as he was got half way thro', he look'd up, and ask'd the Jacobin, if he had any Money about him? The other reply'd, That he had about Six Reals; the Franciscan strait made answer;

Padre, perdonad me, que no puedo llevar conmigo Dineros, porque assi lo mandò mi Regla. Y deziendo esto, luego lo hechò en el Rio, y si pienso ahogar.

Excuse me, Father, I can carry no Money; it is contrary to the Rule of our Order; and saying so, he immediately let him drop into the Water, where he was like to have been drowned.

The Franciscan, you may be sure, laugh'd to some Tune at the poor Jacobin.

A good Woman, being sick, sent for the Curate to come and confels her, and ordered a Hen to be given him for his Trouble, which he did not make any Refusal to accept of, but took it away along with him. When she was well again, forgetting the Gift she had made, she ask'd her Servant, what was become of her Hen? she answered, She had given it the Curate by her Order; upon which,

Vale me Dios! Infinitas Vezes que se me perdiò esta, la di al Diablo, y nunca la tomò: y una Vez, que la prometí al Cura la llevò luego.

Blessed God! (said she) How often, when I have lost this Hen, have I given her to the Devil, and yet He never took her! and I did but once bid the Curate take her, and he carried her off immediately!

A Jovial Blade had married a Handsome and Virtuous Wife; but proving a Bad Husband, he soon squandered away hers and his own Fortune too. Upon which she left him; but he being delirious to have her again, went to the Vicar and begg'd he would contrive Matters so as to bring them together again. The Vicar went to the Lawyer, and ask'd him,

Si havia consumido el Matrimonio?

If He had Consummated and Finish'd the Matrimony?

The Lawyer answered humorously enough,
Y aun el Patrimonio.

He had consummated and finish'd not only the Matrimony, but the Patrimony.

Another did much better, who, having likewise either eaten up, or drank down, his Estate (or Both) and being found by a Friend of his at Supper making merry, with a Wax Flambeau burning by him; his Friend began to expostulate with

with him, and ask'd him, since he had not where-withal to supply such an Expence, why he did not content himself with a small Tallow-Candle, instead of a huge Wax-Flambeau? the other reply'd,

Senor, hago el Cabo *I am performing the Obse-*
de l'Ano de mi Hazien- *quies of my Defunct Estate.*
da.

Did not I tell ye, these *Spaniards* will have their Joke, tho' the Devil stood at the Door?

I could relate a great many more, but I'm afraid of being thought tedious. However, I will trespass on your Patience for a Minute or two more.

The Queen of *Spain*, Donna Isabelle of *France*, walking one Day in a Procession at *Madrid*, with her Ladies and Maids of Honour behind her, all as handsome as herself; and the Governante, who came last of all, being both Old and Ugly, a Gentleman said,

Questa Dama paresee *This Lady looks just like*
la Muerte en Cabo de un *a Death's Head at the End*
Rosario d'Oro o de Pe- *of a Gold or Diamond Ro-*
drerias. *sary (Pair of Popish*
Beads).

You are to fancy you see a Fine Chaplet or Rosary of Gold, or Diamond Beads, of exquisite Workmanship, and inestimable Price; at the End whereof, is usually fastened a Death's Head for a *Memento Mori*.

A Captain of the Gallies, giving Chace to a Galliot of the *Moors*, made a Vow, that, could he but take her, he would give the Tythe of her to our Lady of *Guadalupe*. One of his Soldiers fell a laughing; and being ask'd why he laugh'd? he said,

That

Lo que a prometido el Capitan, agora es de los Moros; y si se gana, será de nos otros Soldados: pues mira adonde se a de sacar el Diezmo por Nuestra Señora?

That which the Captain has promis'd, is, as yet, in the Possession of the Moors; and if it is Taken, it will belong to us Soldiers. Judge you, therefore, where he will find a Tythe for our Lady?

The Captain, to be sure, meant to take out his own and Soldiers Share first and foremost, before he bestowed any Part on our Lady.

One more and I have done. A merry Blade, or, to speak more properly, a wicked Wretch, being one Day sick of a violent Fever, which made him very Thirsty, he desired his Physician to let him have some Spring-Water to drink. He answered, It would do him Hurt, if he drank of it, and therefore he should have none. The other said,

Dad me dunque un poco de Agua bendita para beber, que Cosa tan bendita y sagrada no puede hazer Mal.

Give me then a little Holy-Water to drink: So Sacred, Hallowed and Blessed a Thing as that, sure, can do no Hurt.

The Physician answer'd,

O, Hijo de Pata, qu' aveys dicho? Den le quanta Agua quiziere.

O, Thou Son of a Whore! What hast Thou said? Here, Give him his Belly-full of Spring Water.

Thus the Doctor let him drink his Fill of other Water, but not touch Holy-Water, which has far other Virtues than to be Drank, as I am going to relate.

M. de Grignaux, a Gentleman of Perigord, as Gallant and Ingenious a Man as any of his Time, and Knight of Honour to Q. Anne of Bretagne, was once sent on an Embassy to Pope Julius, by his Master King Louis XII. Being one Day at St. Peter's

ter's Palace, and seeing 5 or 6 Cardinals hurrying out in great Haste to an Exorcism, that is, *to cast a Devil out of the Body of a Man*, he begged they would stay a little, till he had spoke one Word to his Holiness, and he would go along with them to see this *Mystery*, or Secret in Religion, which he had never seen in all his Life. They took him aside, and told him, he must not think of coming thither, because he was not *Confess'd*, nor in a proper State of Holiness, as They were, to defend him from the Assaults of the Devil; forasmuch as these Evil Spirits are wont, when they are driven out of one Body, to enter immediately into the next Man they meet with, who is not in such a Condition as a right-good Christian and Catholick ought to be; and thus the Evil Spirit, when expell'd out of this poor Man's Body, might enter into His, finding it altogether Defiled and Unclean. To which M. de Grignaux answered briskly, and without Ceremony, *Say ye me so, my Lords? Are ye thereabouts with your Bears! If you're upon that Lay, I have hit upon a good Remedy. I'll tell ye what I'll do: I'll go and throw myself, with my Shoes and Stockings and all my Clothes on, just as you see me, into the Great Holy-Water-Stock, and plunge into it up to my Throat. But first I'll take a good Mouth-full of Holy-Water; and, when you have done your Prayers, Imprecations and other Fooleries, and I perceive the Devil coming out of the Man, I'll spout my Holy-Water at him out of my Mouth, and continually ply him with it, till he makes his Way, either out of the Window, or into the Body of some one of You, who are not a Jet cleaner or better than I am, but rather worse; nay, fouler than the Devil himself: For, by G—d's Passover (that was his Oath) ye are All of ye, both you and your Master, a Pack of Rogues. and do nothing but trick, betray and impose upon the King my Master; and, indeed, the Event, not long afterwards, justified his Words.*

Words. Thus you see how M. de Grignaux provided against the Devil's entering into him, either at one Hole or the other, and convinced the whole Assembly of the Efficacy of his Remedy, and that he could see the whole *Mystery*, without running any Risk, or exposing himself to the least Danger.

This Story I was told by an old Gentleman my Neighbour, who had it from the late M. de Bourdeille my Father, who was a near Kinsman, and very good Friend, of M. de Grignaux, and as good a Companion too as He was: Both of whom, not only in the *French*, but the *Italian Wars*, had play'd their Parts in their Time, tho' my Father was the younger Man of the Two: For, he was Page to Queen *Anne*, going always, on his Mule, immediately before her Litter, which was a great Honour in those Days; and M. de Grignaux was, before that, Knight of Honour to the said Queen, who, when my Father was out of his Page-ship, recommended him to the Care of M. de Grignaux, and to take him with him to the Wars of *Naples*. I have good Store of Tales concerning both of 'em; Tales no less true than odd and uncommon, and pretty withal; nay, some of them Excellent *, whereof I have produced Instances in another Place †.

Now, for all the Mirth and Ludicrousness of this Story, it must be own'd and confess'd, that Holy-Water has very great Virtues and Properties,

* In the Original, *qui levent la Paille*, such as attract Straws, that is, Excellent. The French speaking of a Thing which they would praise, say, *qu'elle leve la Paille*; it attracts or lifts up a Straw: in Allusion to what is done with Amber, which has the Virtue to raise a Straw. See *le Roux Dictionnaire Comique, &c.* for this and Thousands of other pretty Phrases used by the best French Authors, both Ancient and Modern, and not to be found in *Boyer, Winge, Cotgrave, Howel, &c.* and yet absolutely necessary, not only to Foreigners, but Frenchmen themselves, for the understanding all Sorts of French Books; and no less pleasant to read, than useful to turn to. I have good Part of it translated by me.

† See Vol. I. of *Illustrious Ladies*.

ties, not only against Evil-Spirits, but likewise against Thunder and Lightning, Storms, Tempests, Fire, Burning of Houses, and, in short, a World of other Calamitous Cases, where it has visibly availed in a most miraculous Manner!

I did not think to have swell'd this Tract of *Oaths* with any Stories or Strictures of my own: But, as One Thing brings on Another, I went on insensibly, as it were, and before I was aware. Besides, it is better so, than to dwell on such Enormous Oaths and Blasphemies, which, in themselves, are extremely Scandalous, and very hurtful to the Soul, even more than can be imagined; and it affords just and great Matter of Wonder and Amazement, that People don't refrain more than they do, from prophaning God's Holy Name by such rash, vain and light Swearing, in their common Discourse. But, by what I have seen and observed, there is scarce any Nation whatever but is guilty of this wicked Practice, especially the People of *Italy*, with one of which Country, I shall wind up my Bottom. He was a *Genoese*, and a Captain of the Gallies. I shall forbear to name him, because he was a Retainer to the Grand-Prior of *France*, of the House of *Lorain*. Being upon the Sea, as we were just a going to pass the *Gulph of Leghorn*, which is very Dangerous, he being engaged with another at Dice, and having had an ill Run, at last, he cry'd out three Times, with his Eyes turn'd up to Heaven! *If I lose this Throw, Misser Domine Dio, thou lovest a Christian Soul.* In which last, likewise being disappointed, as he had been before in all the rest, he redoubled his execrable Blasphemies, and said the following Words (in *Italian*)

Yo so bien, que Misser
Domine Dio mi vol dar
hoggi qualche Estretta:

*I see plainly God has a
Mind to throw me head-
long this Day into some*

B b

Misfor-

ma, tu mentirai, qu'io
no jugarò più :

*Misfortune ; but (looking
up to Heaven) Thou shalt
not have Thy Will, for I'll
play no more :*

And having said so, he took the Dice and flung them into the Sea, after losing 300 Crowns. This Blasphemous Speech was followed by the greatest Danger that can be imagined. Of the 16 Gallies which the Grand-Prior had with him, there was not one, but was within a Hair's Breadth of sinking. The Grand-Prior being afterwards informed of this Captain's Blasphemous Expressions, rattled him severely, and told him, if ever he was guilty of the like again, he should pass his Time very ill, and so left him, seeing him full of Contrition and Repentance, and far more fearful than any of the rest, during the whole Storm ; and, indeed, not without Reason ; for he had provoked the Almighty to Anger, as it plainly did appear. Ever after this, he behaved less like a Devil, and more like a Christian, and would often say,

La Fortuna de Livor- *The Danger of Leghorn*
na mi fa ancora Paura. *still frightens me.*

It is necessary Heaven should sometimes, on a sudden, inflict its Chastisements on such execrable Swearers, for their own Amendment, and the Terror of Others ; for, in short, it is only a Custom easy to break oneself of, as I have seen done by several Persons in My Time.

The E N D.

A D I S-



A

DISCORUSE

ON THE

FINE RETREATS of the ARMIES of DIVERS NATIONS.



Have heard it affirm'd by eminent Commanders and Generals of Armies, That a Fine Retreat and the Bringing off an Army without Fighting, deserves full as much Commendation as the Execution of a Battle: No one Thing being so difficult in War as the former. And the Captain who brings off his Men well before his Enemy's Face, is no less to be valu'd than he that fights well: Because, say they, the least Captain who has Courage, may fight Well, but not retire Well. Of which we have an infinite Number of Examples, both Ancient and Modern: But as I have declar'd I wou'd produce none of the Ancient Instances, being too commonly known, I shall content myself with Modern Ones; and for the First, I shall fix upon the Marquess *de Pescayra*, *Don Ferdinando d'Avalos*. This glorious Marquess then, having drove the *French* out of the Dutchy of *Milan*, in Conjunction with M. *de Bourbon*; and having been perswaded, and most earnestly press'd by him, to march into *France*, he led his Army into *Provence*, very much against his Will, and in his own Despight as it were:

Porque sabia bien, dezia el, que la Naturallezza de todos los Desterrados e tal, que combidados de una muy pequena Esperança, facilmente se embuelven en qualquiera Dificultad; y que, en los Principios de las Cosas, no miden ningun Peligro con la Razon; y que mayor Locura no podia ser, que con un Capitan desterrado, que en publico Juyzio avia sido condenado por Traydor, y con tan poco Exercito, emprender de Combatir un Rey-no riquissimo, en donde los Franceses, afeccionados al Nombre Real avian acostrumbado, no Solamente por Amor natural, pero quasi per Servil Mandamiento, a fer le fieles, y aun quasi adorar el Rostro de su Rey, como si fuese una gran Deidad oculta; abominando grandemente el Nombre de Traydor.

Because, said he, the Nature of all Men who are Banish'd their Country is such, that upon the least Prospect of Success, they readily involve themselves in any Difficulty, be it ever so great, and never, beforehand, weigh the Danger in the Scale of Reason: And that there can't be a greater Instance of Folly shewn, than to join with a declar'd Traitor and his small Force, in making War, in France particularly, where the People are so affectionately devoted to the Royal Name, and not only by a natural Love, but by a Sort of servile Custom, are fond of being thought Loyal, nay, adore the very Face of their King, as of some occult Deity; utterly detesting the base Name of Traitor; there having been no such Thing known in France as a Rebel to his lawful King. However, the Marquess, relying on the Valour and Courage of his Soldiers, engaged in the War, and March'd into France.

The Marquess and M. de Bourbon began with laying Siege to *Marseilles*, which was so well defended by those Within, that they Without pass'd their Time but scurvily. However, as they per-

asted

sisted in their Obstinacy to push on the Siege, the King had Time to arm and march against them, making such Haste, and sending M. de Longueville before, and himself following after, that M. de Bourbon and the Marquess were oblig'd to think of making their Retreat. This they did with such large Strides (the King and his Forces vigorously pursuing them) that the like was never known to have been done before, over those rugged and horrible high Mountains of the Alps.

De tal Manera, dicen los Espanoles, que los Soldados, en veynte y tres Dias de Vyage, hizieron Su Camino con tanta Prestezza y Paciencia, que, estando quasi todos sin Zapatos, se cobrieron los Pies raçados con Cueros rezientes de Animales. Y, porque l'Artilleria non podia caminar, el Marques, con uno Fuego hizo romperla, y puzo los Pedacos del Metal en Bestias de Carga: y por esso aunque trayesse con sigo mas de doze mille Caruajes o Bestias de Carga, non dexò un solo Bagage de Soldado in Camino tan largo y enojoso; y assi todos sanos y salvos llegaron à Pavia, Lugar de toda Sigurdad y passaron el Po.

*So that, say the Spaniards, the Soldiers, in Twenty-three Days, perform'd their March with a Diligence that Nothing cou'd equal but their Patience; for being almost all of them without Shoes, they were forced to cover their torn Feet with raw Hides and Skins of Beasts just kill'd. And because the Great Guns cou'd not follow over such Heights, the Marquess had 'em all burst asunder with Gunpowder, and knock'd to Pieces, and the Metal pack'd up * and carried on the Backs of Beasts of Burthen; of which, tho' there were no Fewer than Twelve Thousand for Conveyance of what belong'd to the Army; yet was there not lost, or left by the Way, so much as the Baggage of one single Soldier; but All, and Every*

* In order to cast 'em a-new afterwards; as I am told Kouli Cordid in his late Expedition into India over the Mountains.

ry Thing, got safe and sound to Pavia; a Place of perfect Security, and there passed the Po.

This well-manag'd Retreat of the Marquess is never enough to be admir'd, considering how hard he was press'd and pursu'd by the King, inso-much that his Majesty enter'd *Milan* at one Gate, the very Moment his Enemy went out at the other. The Marquess was so conscious that what he had done was a Master-piece, and shew'd him to be Consummate in the Art of War, that the *Spaniards* themselves say, tho' he was Naturally not given to Boasting, yet he could not refrain from it on this Occasion.

Destá Hazana sola, y Retirada, que en ninguna Cosa fue Semejante à Huyda, de gran Admiracion dizen que acotombrava gloriarse el Marques de Pescara, liendo en otra Manera muy comedido à blasonner de si mismo, callando con singular Modestia las Cosas que le traya Loor, dando à entender, que estava contento solo con aquel Fructo de Gloria que tenia puesto en la propria Conscientia, el qual Florescia dichosamente mas en Boca agena que en propria.

Of this sole Atchievement and Retreat, which no way resembled a Flight, the Marquess de Pescayra is said to have been not a little proud: Being otherwise very reserved, and sparing to speak any Thing in his own Praise, but rather, under a modest Silence, he chose to bury his Military Exploits: Giving to understand, that he was abundantly and solely satisfy'd with the Fruit of that Glory which he enjoy'd in his own Conscience, and which flourish'd better and more happily in the Mouths of others than in his Own.

And indeed nothing is more certain, than that the Marquess look'd upon this Retreat as a Great Performance, since he always conceal'd his Battles and Engagements with the utmost Taciturnity; but This Retreat he valu'd himself greatly upon,
even

even to Ostentation : Nor was he singular therein ; for his very Enemies extoll'd it to the Skies, particularly the High Constable of *France*, * who was principally concern'd in the Pursuit of him.

Another Fine Retreat was made by the Brave *Philibert de Chalon*, Prince of *Orange*, the None-such of *Flanders* in those Days ; when, after performing all the Functions of War Gallantly, he no less Gallantly Retreated, with a very small Army, from the Sacking of *Rome* ; for tho' his Army went-in Strong, it did not come-out the same ; it being the Nature of Soldiers, when they have greatly enrich'd themselves with Plunder, to leave their Colours and dispose of themselves Elsewhere. This Prince wou'd fain have drawn *M. de Lautrec*, tho' twice as strong as himself, to a Battle, for the Prince wanted to get to *Naples*. But *Lautrec* had encamp'd himself full in his Teeth to prevent his getting thither. This he did at *Troye* in *Apulia*, and for all the Prince cou'd do, he wou'd not be drawn to Fight, tho' there was all the Likelihood in the World of his obtaining a Victory ; but still he cry'd : *I can't give them Battle without losing Abundance of Brave Men ; but I have their Necks in a Noose* : Forasmuch as he expected every Moment to be join'd by *Horace Baglion*, at the Head of *John de Medicis* his old Black Bands, who were the Chief, yea, the whole Sinews and Strength of his Army. *Philibert* knowing this, in the Night-Time, between a *Friday* and *Saturday*, he order'd all the Mules Bells to be taken off and put up in Boxes and Trunks, and without Sound of Trumpet or Beat of Drum, broke up and march'd away thro' the Woods directly for *Naples* ; and left *M. de Lautrec* fast-fix'd in his Camp, cursing and

* *M. Montmerancy.*

and swearing, like a Devil, * the next Morning, at his Disappointment. He did indeed send some Horse after the Prince, who fell upon his Rear, but did him very little Damage. And thus *Lautrec*, tho' a Skillful and Able Commander, learn'd one Lesson more of his Enemy the Prince of *Orange*, who, had he not foreseen an Inclination to Mutiny amongst his *Spaniards* for want of their Pay, as they actually did when they arriv'd at *Naples*, he wou'd have taken Another Resolution; but possibly it had not been so Glorious, nor had he come off so well as by this Retreat.

I have heard some ancient People say, that when Admiral *Bonnivet* † was forced to abandon the whole Dutchy of *Milan*, having been very roughly handled there by Messieurs *de Bourbon*, and *de Pescayra*, and the Imperial Soldiers under their Command: At the Retreat which (the said Admiral being wounded) was left to the Care of Messieurs *Bayard* and *Vandenesse*; had the two last not been kill'd, the Retreat would have been one of the most Memorable that had been of a long Time. But, as soon as They were dead, every one lost Heart, having lost their Chief Supports, and all Things run into Disorder and Confusion. So that the *Imperialists* had them at their own Price; for, the *Spaniards* will tell ye, they took Seven Pieces of Cannon from them, which the Soldiers carry'd to *Milan*, cover'd with Green Boughs, as a Token of Great Triumph. So long as Messieurs *de Bayard* and *Vandenesse* were alive, All went well, and Our *Frenchmen* always made a Wolf's Retreat:

* *Lautrec* was infamous for Swearing. His usual Oath was *Obe*; which I don't pretend to understand the Meaning of. I take it to be a *Gascon* Word. He had many excellent Qualities; but they had been ne'er the less Excellent, had he Curs'd and Swore less, or even not at all.

† In 1524.

Retreat : * But, their Death brought on every Misfortune, and all manner of Calamity, Woe and Desolation. It is said, that the Admiral having committed this Retreat wholly to the Care of M. de Bayard (M. de Bellay joins M. Saint-Pol with him, but the Spaniards mention none but Messieurs de Bayard and Vandenesse) recommending to him above All Things, not to let the Artillery be taken : M. de Bayard made Answer, *I cou'd heartily wish, Sir, that the King and You had giv'n me this Charge in a more prosperous and happy Conjuncture than the present ; but, however, let Fortune deal with me as She pleases, I shall manage Matters so, that while I have Breath, I shall defend it in such a Manner, that the Enemy shall have no Cause to Triumph.*

And as he said, so he did : For he always kept his Rear in close Order, and every now and then repuls'd the Enemy. But unfortunately receiving a Musket Shot in his Shoulder (others say in the Back-bone) the Pain whereof forced him to alight from his Horse : And being instantly surrounded by his own Men, who were for taking off his Armour, and bearing him on their Pikes (there not being a Soldier in the whole Army but lov'd and honour'd him more than the General himself) he desir'd them *to leave Him, and save themselves.* For, *for my Part,* added he, *I am determin'd to Die in the Field where I have Fought ; neither does it well become a Soldier to Die otherwise than with his whole Armour on.*

And thus, when the Spanish Soldiers, pursuing their Victory, and seeing him stretch'd out, ask'd him who he was, and bidding him Surrender himself : Yes, said he, *I do Surrender myself to Monsieur*

C c

sieur

* I suppose he means *turn'd Head to fight.* Tho', by the way, that is but a sort of Forced Courage ; for a Wolf never turns Head to fight, but when he can't run away with his Pray.

sieur the Marquess of Pescayra ; for which all the *Spaniards* fell to commending him highly, saying,

Que se Maravillavan mucho del gran Juizio de tal Valeroso Hombre, el qual Sabiendo muy bien que la Suprema Autoridad del Gobierno estava al Poder de Don Carlos de Lanoy, y del Ducque de Bourbon, quitiesse antes rendirse al Marques, que à ellos ; dando à entender, que el Nombre de la Guerra ganado con Virtud verdadera, y con Hechos illustres, era muy mas noble y honrado, que no el que se gana con el Juego de la Fortuna amorosa, y del Soperbio Favor de los Reyes del Mondo.

That they perfectly admired the Great Judgment of so valiant a Man, who well knowing that the supreme Command belong'd to Don Charles de Lanoy and M. de Bourbon ; yet chose rather to Surrender himself to the Marquess than to the Others ; being convinc'd that Military Honour, gain'd by True Virtue and Heroick Deeds, is far preferable to that gain'd by the sportive Play of the Filt Fortune, or by the superb Favour of Kings.

The Marquess likewise receiv'd him very Honourably, and assign'd him a Guard, because of the High Esteem he had for him :

Que non recibiesse ninguna Fuerça ne Injuria de ninguno Soldado avariento, o ignorante, porque era menester que portiquesse los Enemigos.

That he might receive no Violence or Injury from any Soldier, thro' Avarice, or Ignorance of the Art of War ; because he himself was oblig'd to pursue the Enemy.

The Marquess, when first he saw him in such a Condition, cry'd aloud to his Soldiers : *The Victory is Ours, my Lads ! since Captain Bayard is dead.* Nor indeed did the Marquess omit any Thing that could testify how much he honour'd him, the few remaining Moments of his Life, having order'd a
very

very noble Tent to be put up for him on the very Spot, and a Couch to repose himself on: And thus he Dy'd, without ever being strip'd of his Armour.

Y assi murió armado *And thus Dy'd M. de*
 en el Campo, come lo *Bayard, compleatly arm'd,*
 avia siempre desleado. *in the Field of Battle, as*
 he had always wish'd to do.

After his Death, the Marquess honour'd his Body with most magnificent Obsequies, and sent it back to his People in the handtomest Manner, and They carry'd it to *France*. It was at the Time of this Great Man's Misfortune, that he spoke those Beautiful Words to *M. de Bourbon*, as they are recorded in *M. de Bellay's Memoirs*. For, as *M. de Bourbon* was pursuing the Enemy, and passing near the Place where *M. de Bayard* lay on the Ground, and seeing him in that pitious Condition, he said to him; *M. de Bayard, I have a most sincere and unfeigned Concern for you—And I for You,* reply'd *M. de Bayard—for You I say, M. de Bourbon, who are fighting against Your God, Your King and Your Country; whereas I Die with my Sword in my Hand, defending them all Three.*

If this Incident has carry'd me a little too far, no Body will think me impertinent, that considers the Great and Amiable Character of *M. de Bayard*, which must and will plead my Excuse for so long a Digression, if it is one.

To return to RETREATS of Armies—That of the late King *Francis*, before *Landrecy*, deserves to be taken particular Notice of. *Landrecy* was very furiously besieg'd by the Emperor (*Charles V.*) with no less a Force than 18,000 *Spanish Veteran Foot*, and 6000 *English*, pursuant to a Convention between Him and the King of that Nation, and 13,000 Horse of the Old Corps of *Naples*, the *Low-Countries* and *Cleves*. Notwithstanding this prodigious

gious Power with which the Place was invested, the King was resolv'd to succour those within it, who had behaved so well that Nothing was ever like it, both in Defending themselves and Offending the Assailants by frequent Sallies: They had, indeed, two excellent Commanders, Captain *la Lande* and M. *Desse*. He therefore gets together an Army, but not so strong a one as the Emperor's, and comes up to his very Beard to victual and reinforce the Place, and not without giving the Emperor Notice of it; for, the Day before, he gave a Volley with his whole Artillery, as a Signal to the Town that he was not far off, and to revive their Spirits. The next Day he approaches *Landrecy*, victuals it, reinforces it, does what he pleases, and then puts himself on his Retreat, leading himself the Van, and committing the Rear to his Son, the *Dauphin*, who, thinking Once to give Battle, as he heartily wish'd (for he was Mettle to the very Back) His Majesty suddenly turn'd his Bridle to succour him; but there was no great Occasion for it; for tho' the Emperor had detach'd *Ferdinande de Gouzaga*, his Lieutenant-General, to follow after with his whole Light-Horse, and some *Spanish* Harquebusiers, to hold them in Play till He himself brought up the Gros of the Army, it came to nothing but a small Skirmish, in which the Lord *d'Andouin*, a Favourite of the *Dauphin's*, was kill'd, with some others, who inconsiderately expos'd themselves, as I was told lately by Monsieur the Admiral. In short, the King retreated thro' the Woods to *Guise*, having very happily executed his Design, without Any Loss. And the Emperor had nothing to do but retire into his Camp, and afterwards totally raise the Siege of *Landrecy*. In fine, the King reliev'd the Town, under the Nose of a Great Emperor, and afterwards brought off his Army with-

without a Battle, and made his Retreat, which redounded not a little to his Reputation, all Things well consider'd; and he was esteem'd not only by his own Men, but Foreigners, who affirm'd it to be the most Glorious Action he ever perform'd.

In which we must observe one Thing of these Two Great Princes, wherein they deceiv'd all those of their Army; for Both the One and the Other gave out among their own People, that they were determin'd to give Battle. The King had declar'd openly and loudly, that he wou'd see whether the Emperor, in Person, wou'd be as Fortunate in Battle, as he had been by his Lieutenants at *Bicoque* and *Pavia*; and that he wish'd for nothing more than to see him there, and to encounter him Hand to Hand, if they cou'd but meet one another. On the other Side, the Emperor, when he set out from *Guelderland*, had talk'd Big, and made great Boast that he wou'd go to *Paris* and see what was Doing there. But Neither of them Did what they said they wou'd. See what Braggadochios Princes are! And all their ostentatious Vapourings nothing but Froth and Air-Bubbles!

But then we are to take this along with us, and which I have heard several Eminent Commanders aver in Discourse, viz. That it behoves those we are speaking of, in Point of Interest, to Look and Talk Big, tho' they Do Little, nay, sometimes come home by Weeping-Cross. For these Princes and Great Dons, in their Undertakings, are as often Baffled, and *set upon their Backsides* (according to the Vulgar Phrase) as your little Folks; but what care they? So they do but gain their Ends at last, they don't value by what Means, whether with Honour or Dishonour: Fair or Foul is alike to Them: For the Winner shall always be most Worship'd and Esteem'd.

I have

I have it from very Good Hands, that the late High Constable had plann'd his Design of the Retreat at St. *Quintin* entirely on the King's Example just mention'd: But he put it in Execution not in the Night, but in the Day-Time, which was his Ruin, if we may take the Word of some very Great Commanders, and even of M. *de Montluc*, who has wrote a Good Treatise on that Subject: Where he holds it a Maxim, that the General or Captain, who retires in the Night-Time, is not upon that Account liable to Shame, but rather his Enemy, who, thinking to find him the next Morning, finds only the Nest (the Bird being flown) and thus he remains quite confounded and dash'd at his Disappointment. I have heard many People excuse the Constable in this Affair, and laying a great Blame on the Camp-Marshal (whom I will not name) for not posting 1000 or 1200 Harquebusiers in a certain Pass, which had put Count *d' Aiguemont* to his Trumps, who had only Cavalry, and (Pistoliers) such Horsemen as serve with a Pistol, who are afraid of the Harquebusiers, and which the Constable very much despis'd, tho' it was They who prov'd to very helpful and instrumental in Beating us. Had the Constable govern'd himself by the Example of King *Francis*, he had gain'd no less Praise, for bravely conveying Provisions into St. *Quintin*, under the Nose of a very numerous and powerful Army.

The Overthrow of Marshal *de Strozzi*, one of the Greatest Captains of Our Time, at *Sienna*, when he was making his Retreat, happen'd purely because he made it not in the Night, as M. *de Montluc* had very prudently advis'd him to do.

The Retreat of M. *de Montigan* and *de Boissy*, at *Brignolles*, for not having been well contriv'd, nor properly cemented, but like a Dry Wall of Stones
with-

without any Mortar, came to Nothing ; nay, was ruinous to All concern'd, and made them fall into the Hands of *Ferdinand de Gonzaga*, with infinite Shame and Loss.

Admiral *d'Annebaut*, after he had thrown Provisions into *Therouanne*, had perform'd a very Fine Thing, if the Young Giddy Courtiers he had brought with him had not been so curious and eager to see what the Enemy were doing in their Camp. These Latter took to their Arms immediately, put them to Flight, and made M. *d'Annebaut*, and Others, Prisoners.

Long before this, such a Thing happen'd, in the Reign of *Lewis XII.* at the very same Place* (*Therouanne*) and on the same Account of Victualling of it, which was very well done, and to the Content and Praise of All. But, mind the Upshot ; as they Retreated, thinking themselves Invincible, and that the Enemy wou'd not dare to follow them, seeing what Valour they had shewn, and making Scorn of them, they began to break their Order, and retir'd in a very loose Manner, singing, ranting and roaring all the Way, and as merry as so many Beggars, and alighting from their strong Horses, they got upon their Ambling Nags, forsooth, that they might travel more at Ease, having been fatigu'd with convoying the Provisions. When behold ! the Enemy fell on them so suddenly and fiercely, that they were soon put to Flight, and fled so fast, that from thence it was call'd, *the Battle of the Spurs* (*la Journée des Esperons*) for that they used more their Spurs in running away, than their Lances in fighting. In this Battle were taken Prisoners, M. de *Longueville* (call'd M. de *Dunois*) M. de *Bayard*,
and

* Call'd *Terwin* in *Baker's Chronicle*, where see a good Account of this *Battle of the Spurs*, won by the *English* over the *French*, in *Henry the VIIIth's* Time.

and many other Great Captains, who had all forgot their Lessons, every Mother's Son of them. * *M. de Piennes*, Governor of *Picardy*, was the Person to whom the Charge of this Convoy was committed.

I can't help telling a pleasant Tale, while I think on't, tho' it is indeed Descending from the Major to the Minor. In the Time of Our Civil Wars, when *Poitiers* was belieg'd by the *Huguenot* Princes, and M. the Admiral, there was a certain young Gentleman, who shall be Nameless; for he's of a very good Family, and a near Relation of mine. In his younger Days he was very apt to be a little Foolish or so, nay sometimes would be as much out of the Way, and shoot as wide of the Mark as Any Man, in that Cow-Country of his; but yet for all that, he was good Blood and fear'd Nothing. His Father had resign'd his Company to him, at least a Moiety of it. At his first entering into the Gendarmery, being willing to make himself be a little talk'd of, he ask'd Monsieur, the King's Brother, then Our General, to give him Leave to go as far as the Enemy's Camp, to take a View of them, and make some Prize. Monsieur, mistrusting some Touch of his Trade, gave him Leave. Away goes he, very Merry and Jocund, and actually made such Booty, and did so much Mischief, as alarm'd the whole *Huguenot* Camp, put them in Arms, and made them take Horse, and pursue him with a strong Body of *French* and *Reistres* (*German* Horse) but our Spark, instead of making a Fine Retreat, and Riding off Expeditiously, and in Good Order, sits himself down to Eat, and then to Sleep, only three small Leagues from the Camp, thinking

* Henry VIII. rubb'd up their Memory for them. Twelve-score were all brought to that King's Presence, with Six Standards that were likewise taken.

thinking he had done a Glorious Day's Work. The Pursuers having News so soon of him, thinking he might have push'd on a great way farther in that Time, seven or eight Leagues at least, had him upon easy Terms, (Dog-cheap) for they took him a-bed, with all the Pleasure in Life, at no greater a Distance than three Leagues off, which afforded Matter of much Laughter in Both Camps. And when he was ask'd what he thought to Do, he only answer'd, *I thought to do what I have done; and did not think they wou'd follow me above a League, having gone so near them as I did.* And yet I can assure ye, that this very Man afterwards became an excellent Soldier; for he was made of good Stuff. Here was a Fine Retreat, or rather Defeat!

Now, if we commend the Great Armies and Conductors thereof, for their Fine Retreats in the Gross, we have some likewise to communicate by way of *Retail*. We will begin with a Handful of 7 or 800 *Spaniards*, who got off from the Battle of *Ravenna*: These, after seeing the Total End of the Battle, to their very great Damage, resolv'd to move off, and secure their Lives by a Retreat; and as they were marching away, in Good Order, resolute and compact, *M. de Nemours*, who had not yet his Fill of the Feast he had all Day long been making on the reeking Blood of so many Enemies, seeing that the Desert, or Second Course, of these *Spaniards* was going off untouch'd and untasted, under his very Eyes, he desperately and foolhardily sets out against them with no more than 20 or 25, who were left about him; and tho' some of them cry'd out to him, *My Lord, Remember that your Good Captains, and other Officers, desir'd of You, when they left You in order to pursue the Victory, That you wou'd stay till they came back, and not stir from the Camp, and that you solemnly promis'd*

so to do, nay, and confirm'd that Promise by a Sacred Oath; he wou'd not be rul'd by them, and paid no manner of Regard to their Remonstrances; but cry'd aloud, *He that loves me, let him follow me,* and so falls on. The Spaniards seeing him coming, cry'd out,

Ea! Monfenor. Estamos pobra Gente derrotada. Dexad nos ir por nuestra mala Adventura, & se contente Vuestra Excellencia de la Victoria, que non sera mas illustre por nos perder y matar.

For God's Sake, my Lord! We are poor forlorn Wretches, quite disabled and without any Power! Leave us to our ill Fortune, we beseech Your Excellency, and be content with your Victory, which can receive no additional Glory, by Destroying and taking the Lives of us miserable Men.

But M. de Nemours, without minding what they said, charges into the midst of them, where he was kill'd, and several of his own Men with him; and others, mortally wounded, and found among the Dead, as M. de Lautrec among the rest.

This done, the said Spaniards, without any Concern, or losing a Moment's Time, make the best of their Way off, and go along by the Side of a Great Canal, in very Good Order, and met with Messieurs Lewis d'Ar and Bayard returning from the Pursuit; who, being very weary, and knowing nothing of their General's Fate, march'd up to these Spaniards, with a pleasing Aspect: For they cou'd have done them no Great Harm, forasmuch as both They and their Horses were so jaded and spent with so long a Chace, that they were very Glad when some of the Spanish Captains came forward and spoke the same Words they had done to M. de Nemours, concealing however his Death. M. de Bayard, who spoke Good Spanish, and had
long

long convers'd with them, and was the best natur'd Man in the World, said to them : *Go your Ways, Gentlemen, in the Name of God. Only be so civil as to make a Surrender of yourselves ; then open your Ranks and let us pass : But you must let us have your Colours ;* which they immediately tender'd, and with an exceeding Great Joy. And thus they all pass'd thro' and saluted each other very civilly, bidding one another *Adieu*, and proceeded Each on their own Way. But Ours arriving at the Field of Battle, and hearing of *M. de Nemours* being kill'd by the said *Spaniards*, they sorely repented of their Civility.

Notwithstanding I had resolv'd to say nothing of the Retreats of the Ancients ; yet, since some of them were so Bravely perform'd, I shall here introduce one, because it is not much unlike what I have been relating, and it was That of 6 or 7000 *Roman* Soldiers who had escap'd from the Bloody Battle of *Cannæ*. These, after they had done their Duty to the utmost, and fought to the last Extremity, considering they were no longer fit for any Thing, but to add to the Number of the Dead, and to make the Field of Battle still more Bloody, they resolv'd to quit themselves of the Fight, and retire where their better Fortune might lead them : Which they did, and in excellent Order, more like Conquerors than Conquered. This, however, the Citizens of *Rome* did not approve of, who having been remote from Blows, and sitting in their Chimney-Corners, Judged at their Ease of Things Otherwise than they actually and visibly were transacted : Like resolute Censors, and most rigid Reformers, these Gentlemen made the said poor Soldiers go thro' great Indignities, and inflicted on them, before they return'd to their Service again, more Penitential Severities than ever were undergone by the *Hermits* of *Mount Calvary, Spoleto,*

or *Mont-ferrat*. And yet these prudent Soldiers were very much to be prais'd for Retreating as they did : Nor can any One doubt but that *Hannibal*, cou'd he have knock'd them all o' th' Head, wou'd have done it with a very good Will ; but seeing them retreat in so excellent a Manner, such regular Order, and with so calm and undisturb'd a Countenance, and withal so resolute, he let them alone : Possibly, had they gone off in Disorder, he'd have fall'n on 'em and cut 'em all to Pieces.

In our Second Civil Wars, after the Battle of *Meaux*, which the *Huguenots* gave our King, and had thrown themselves into *St. Denis*, His Majesty order'd M. *de Strozzi*, Colonel of Ten Companies of the King's Guard (who were not, however, near his Person, but he had sent them to the Frontiers of *Picardy* in Garrison) to go and bring them to *Paris* (to his Assistance) where he was half-besieg'd. M. *de Strozzi* went accordingly to fetch them ; and these Ten Companies were the chief Strength of the King, and on which he most depended, because of their being all veteran pick'd Soldiers, and most of them had, as it were, been in Command, or were worthy to Command, as almost all of them have done since. Monsieur the Prince, and Monsieur the Admiral, tho' they naturally lov'd M. *de Strozzi*, detach'd instantly M. *de Mouy* St. *Fal*, with 1200 Horse, to go and cut them to Pieces, cost what it wou'd ; for it was a Dangerous Little Troop to them. M. *de Mouy* did not fail to go and meet them between *Abbeville* and *Amiens* : But finding them marching in a true Soldier-like Manner, close and resolute, and surrounded on every Side with good Waggon and Carriages, moving always in Form of a Barricade, he was afraid to attack them, or any how disturb or break in upon them, tho' there was somewhat like a Skirmishing made by the *Huguenot* Horse, in
order

order to draw them out of their Circle of Wag-gons. But these brave Captains and Soldiers still making a proper Fire from their Harquebusses, never ceas'd Marching, nor *M. de Mouy* dogging them, watching for an Opportunity to catch them ever so little disorder'd or confus'd. In short, *M. de Strozzi*, and his Captains and Soldiers made so good a Retreat, every now and then facing about valiantly for the Space of Eight Days, that when they drew near *Paris*, *M. de Mouy* was forced to leave them at Eight Leagues Distance from that City, and to give them to the Devil, and then went his Ways from them, and they proceeded on their March to *Paris*, where they arriv'd, being no more than 500 in Number, at the Rate of 50 to each Company. *M. de Strozzi* told me, that a World of Soldiers in *Picardy* wou'd fain have joined themselves with his Troop, so that he might have swell'd it with above 1000 Men; but he wou'd not admit of it, because of the Reputation he had so much at Heart, of having so bravely pass'd on, and retreated with, so small a Body, and likewise, because he had so great a Confidence and Assurance as to the Valour of these 500 Soldiers, whom he accounted invincible, and did not think there was One Coward or Poltroon among them All, and that they wou'd have fought to the last Drop of their Blood. Whereas, had he taken-in any new ones, a Few Cowards or Poltroons had been enough to have spoil'd the Whole, and have brought all the good Ones into Uneatiness and Disorder, as hath been too often the Case. At last, as I said before, they reach'd *Paris*, which they enter'd by the New-Gate, to the Great Amazement of the King, his Court, his Army, and the whole City of *Paris*, who concluded them all defeated and destroy'd, according to the News which had been spread

spread about to that Effect, and as it was well known, that a strong Party of Soldiers had been sent out against them, on purpose to intercept them, and dispatch every Soul of them.

This was a very Fine Retreat, to be performed only by Harquebusiers, and some few Halberdiers (for in these Days the Companies had such among them) in the Despight of 1200 chosen Horse, commanded by one of the best Soldiers in *France*, amidst the open Plains of *Picardy*, which are favourable for the *Cavalry* to act in, but quite the Reverse for the *Infantry*, continually watch'd as they were by Horsemen riding against them. It was Matter of very great Wonder, and no less Joy, to the King, who was desirous to see them, and sent for them to the *Louvre*, and honoured all of them with his Embraces, assigning them particular Lodgings of his own chusing, and ordered they should Refresh and Repose themselves for some Time; but, the very next Day they went to see the Enemy, who soon knew them, by the Sound and Noise of their good Harquebusses, and their Valour: And, three Days after, they departed from *St. Dennis*, steering their Course towards *Lorain*, and We followed them.

I have since heard *M. de Mouy* say, he never, in all his Life, had seen braver Officers, nor Men of a more undaunted Assurance, especially *M. de Strozzi*, whom he never could have imagined in his younger Days, to have been capable of conducting such a Retreat so well as he did. And now, since the Captains deserve to be nam'd, known and recommended to Posterity, I will here name them. *M. de Strozzi*, Colonel; Captain *Bordas*, *de Dacs*, his Lieutenant; Captain *Charion*; Captain *Colseins*; Captain *Forcez*; Captain *Nevillian*; Captain *Gouas*, the Elder; Captain *Cadillan*; Captain *Gouas*, the Younger; all *Cascons*: Captain *Cabanes*, of *Auvergne*;

Fine Retreats, &c.



vergne; and Captain *Hirromberry*, a *Biscayner*, who, I believe, are all dead at this Time, except Captain *Bordas*.

In the First Civil Wars, the Best Soldiers, for the most Part, sided with the *Huguenots*, on account of some Order which was made at Court against the Captains, who demanded their Arrears, and clamour'd for a Reward of their past Services; so that, for a Time, they out-did us in Number of Old and Able Soldiers. From *Metz* departed, one Day, a Band of 50 Soldiers of the *Religion* * (for they flourish'd there very much) with a Design and Resolution to throw themselves into *Orleans*, let what would happen. When they were near *Verdun*, M. d'*Esplan* had Intelligence, brought him, that 50 Soldiers were set out from *Metz*, and were coming into his Government; for he was the King's Lieutenant, in the Absence of M. de *Nevers*, formerly Count d'*Eu*; and that they were making their Way to *Orleans*. He presently got together what Men he could, in order to cut them all off. These 50 poor Soldiers, having some how Notice of it, resolved, at all Adventures, to pursue their Design, and pass on; moving Night and Day, making long Marches, small Repasts, and short Reposes. M. d'*Esplan* followed them so long, till, at last, he overtakes them. They, seeing him coming, take immediately to a Mill, which happily was in the Way (Fortune always favouring the Bold). Here they fortify themselves, and make so great a Fire from their Harquebusses, that neither the Enemy's Harquebusiers, nor their Cavalry, durst come nigh them.

At last, Night comes on, and parts the Combatants. M. d'*Esplan* withdrawing to a neighbouring Village to refresh and rest himself, leaves a sorry Guard,

* The Protestant Religion: Call'd in *French*, *The Religion*, by Way of Excellence.

Guard, thinking himself sure of them the next Morning. But, for all this, they sally forth, Sword in Hand, cut their Passage thro', trample down the Guard, and march all Night. In the Morning, they meet some Peasants in a Body with their Larum-Bells; these they mow down as a Storm of Hail, Rain, and Thunder sweeps a Field of Corn. In fine, after some 30 or 40 Alarms, Obstructions and Encounters, they reach *Orleans*, all safe and sound, except three who were killed. They gave an Account of their Adventure to Monsieur the Prince, Messieurs l'Admiral, and a' *Andelot*, their Colonel, who were transported with Joy and Admiration at the marvellous Exploit of these Dextrous, Bold, Diligent and Successful Men.

Being thus escaped, they were afterwards made so welcome, so courteously treated, and highly respected, that the late *M. de Teligny* told me, that one Day a Proclamation having been made against the Soldiers doing any more Damage to the Church of *St. Cross*, which is a most admirable Fabrick, as *M. de Andelot* was going along, and heard a Noise as if some Persons were at rough Work within, he entered the Church, found three Soldiers tearing, rending and demolishing all before them; at which, he fell into a Passion, and told them, he was amazed at their Insolence, to act thus in Defiance of an exprefs Prohibition to the contrary, and ordered them all to be immediately Hang'd. When the Executioner was going to do his Office, Two of the Three said to him, *Sir, pray spare our Lives, for we are Two of the Fifty Soldiers of Metz, who came to offer our Service to you, and have done and suffered so much for your Sakes!* Upon which, *M. d' Andelot* immediately said, *Are you of that Number? I give you your Lives.* But the Third, not being so, was hang'd for an Example.

This

This was a fine Retreat, and attended with great Danger and Fatigue, considering how Few they were, and all of them common Soldiers, without any to command them, except a Corporal, whom they chose among themselves.

Not long ago, in this present War (of the League) when the Baron *Dbona* came into *France* with that huge Army, compos'd of 50000 Foreigners, as well *Germans* as *Swiss*, and Others (more than for a long Time had entered *France* at once) and some *French* among them, throwing out Menaces more than ever *Rhodomont* did when he pass'd from *Barbary* towards us; threatning the entire Subversion of *France*, and that they would not spare Man, Woman nor Child, nor leave one Stone on another; and they seem'd, at first, to be as good as their Words, by the Devastations and Burnings which they committed in *Lorain* and *Burgundy*. But, however, they fell vastly short of their Hopes and furious Boastings; for the valiant *M. de Guise*, sometimes making Head against them, and sometimes keeping along-side of them, did so well manage and work them, what with harrassing them, and what with battling them, particularly at *Montargis* and *Auneau*, that all this mighty People, who were led by the aforesaid Lord, dwindled away to Nothing, and They, together with *Messieurs de Bouillon* and *de la Marche*, Brothers, were forced to make up Matters with the King, and move back to their own Country, after having submitted to very indifferent Terms, which his Majesty impos'd on them. I knew a Man, who lived then with *M. de la Noue*, and who saw them come into *Geneva* with no more than 500 Horse, in a dismal shatter'd Condition, the broken Remains and Fragments of their Shipwreck'd Fortune.

Now *M. de Chastillon*, the Son of that Great Admiral, and who even then began to follow very

close his Father's Steps in the Road of Heroism, had he not been too soon cut off, by a Natural Death indeed, but, hasten'd-on by a Wound he receiv'd at the Siege of *Chartres*, this young Lord, I say, wou'd never give his Consent to the above Composition; nay, he was so violent against it, that he cou'd not forbear launching out into bitter Reproaches and Invectives against all that had a Hand in it, as I have heard those of their own Party say. He resolv'd to leave them to enjoy their Fill of their Composition, and to celebrate it with Feastings and Carousings in the King's Camp: For his Part, he takes with him about 100 Horse of his own People, whom he had brought from *Languedoc*, and as many Harquebusiers, puts himself on his Retreat, and bends his Way towards the *Loire*, fully determin'd to reach the Place he had set out from, notwithstanding he was warmly pursu'd, for they ow'd him a Grudge on his Father's Account. *M. de Mandelot*, Governor of *Lyons*, meets him on the Way, and falls upon him. *M. de Chastillon* stands the Onser, and fights so valiantly, that the Loss is greater of *Mandelot's* Side than his; he crosses the River, and gets to his Journey's End, after having struggled with a world of Difficulties, a deal of bad Weather, and no less bad Roads, for the Space of 14 or 15 Days.

In good Truth I have heard very Considerable and very Eminent Commanders say, That this was one of the most Remarkable Retreats they ever heard of, and a manifest Proof, that the Son had studied the Life of the Admiral his Father, who, in so many Battles which, in our Civil Wars, he gave and lost, always made his Retreat in so Fine and so Distinguishing a Manner (and even in the Battle of *Montcontour*, wounded as he was) that, 'tis hard to say, which are most to be Prais'd, his Fine Exploits in Battle, or his Fine Retreats afterwards.

terwards. Those who have seen the Retreats of *Dreux*, *Saint Denis*, *Jarnac*, and *Montcontour*, well know what Judgment to pass on them; and that, if Fortune was unfavourable to him in Battle, she at least disingag'd him out of it so well, and brought him off so honourably, that No-body cou'd reproach him with taking either Fright or Flight, as a great many Captains have done after the Loss of a Battle; of which there are Instances enow to be found in History, and Books innumerable fill'd with them. But this was so far from being His Case, that, after the Battle of *Dreux*, when We thought Every Thing Gain'd on *Our* Side, and Every Thing Lost on *Theirs*, we saw Him and His making at Us again about Four o'Clock one Afternoon, a Week before *Christmas*, with only 500 Horse, and with such strong Spirits, that had it not been for M. *de Guise's* Valour and wise Forefight, I know not what might have come on't; some People had been scared out of their little Wits. But after the Admiral had found it wou'd not do, he retir'd, but not without some Damage, which he might thank himself for; yet it was a Noble Attempt, no Doubt, and I wonder the Historians of Our Time are so Disingenuous or Ignorant, as not to take Notice of these Things.*

The Marshal *de Bie* is greatly to be commended, who, when the *English* came out of *Boulogne* to give him Battle near the Fort of *Montreau*, had with him the Regiment of the *Comte Reingrave*, as also one of *French*, and another of *Italians*. The Enemy no sooner charg'd our Cavalry, but they fell into Disorder, and were put to the Rout. The Marshal seeing his *Horsemen* behave so ill, runs

E e 2 straitway

* It was because the Admiral and his Party were Protestants.

N. B. M. Osell is answerable for all these Notes, both Critical and Historical in this Vol. They being entirely his own, and not one of 'em in the Original.

straitway to the *Foot*, and thus bespeaks them : O! my Friends! It is not with the Horse I expect to win the Battle, but with You : and immediately alighting, and taking a Pike from a Soldier, to whom he gave his Horse, had his Spurs taken off, and begins his Retreat directly to *Ardelot*. The Enemy having driven the *French* Horse clear off, and then turning themselves to Him, he continued four Hours, or more, on his Retreat, having the *English* Cavalry one while before him, then again on the Side of him, and their Foot-Soldiers in his Rear. But they never once dared to break in upon him ; nor did he ever move 50 Paces, without Facing about, and making Head against the Enemy, tho' he was then 70 Years of Age.

That brave, valiant, and most accomplish'd Prince in the World, M. de Nemours, did the same at the Battle of *Meaux*, where the King was attack'd by the Prince of *Conde*, and Montieur the Admiral, &c. to the Tune of 1500 Horse, strong and well-chosen. M. de Nemours alighting off his Horse, said to the *Swissers* : *It's with you, my Friends, that I will fight and die. Come on ! Let us march ; and let nothing trouble you. They are no Men for us ;* but we will retire in Spite of their Teeth, and save our King and Master.* Which they did, after the Fatigue of a whole Day together : But the Others never once dared to attack them, either Side-ways, or in Front, or Behind. They have since said, they did not design it ; but so said the Fox by the Hens : 'Tis certain, they were not there to String Pearls. And some of them have said, that M. de Nemours's Aspect was what they did not like.

We have a very recent and brave Atchievement of the Prince of *Parma*. After he had rais'd the Siege of *Rouen*, and taken *Caudebec* (which I think

to

* To fight with, I suppose he means.

to particularize in another Place †) there was not a Man of the King's Party, but said, affirm'd and swore, that had his Majesty collected all his Forces, which flock'd to him from all Parts, amounting to 9000 Horse, the Prince of *Parma* had been set on his Breech, undone to all Intents and Purposes, and absolutely reduc'd (with his Feet and Arms bound) to beg the King's Mercy, or Leave to move off. I have heard Multitudes talk thus, enough to make a Man mad : And it is the very Wonder of my Soul, that Those who make Profession of Arms, or know any Thing of Military Matters, shou'd be such Chuckle-heads, as to entertain any such Notion. Nay, did not the said Prince's Proceedings afterwards sufficiently confute this idle Fancy ? He makes a Bridge of Boats over that Broad River (*Seyne*) which looks more like a little Sea than a River (Prodigious Act !) and crosses over, He and his whole Army, and, full of Wounds as he was, he tetreats to *Paris*, with so excellent an Order and Disposition of Battle, that no-body knew what to do with him, except falling upon his Rear a little, and defeating a few Horse, and plundering some Baggage, which cou'd not keep up with the Camp. I know not what other Name we ought to call This by, than that of a very Fine Retreat of a Great General, and a most Laudable Performance. I cou'd give many more Instances upon this Head ; but Time wou'd fail me to give them All.

Now to make a Fine End, and to crown it well, I shall conclude with a very Fine Retreat made by M. *de Guise*, at the entering the fore-mention'd monstrous Army into *France*, under Baron *Dhona*, who, for a Great Captain, as he was known to be, acted like a Great Blunderer : For Every Conqueror who enters a Country to conquer

† This Piece is not to be found.

conquer it, ought always, and by all means, to seek to Fight, and to offer Battle at any rate ; and He that is upon the Defensive, ought, by no means, to accept of it, even tho' he thou'd see he had a very good Game to play, unless thro' Constraint or Necessity, or a Prospect of a Great Victory. Now M. de Guise, who was a Thorough Soldier, made the Other forget his Lesson, as also all his Reyfters. *

This therefore was the Fact, in relation to M. de Guise. He, resolving, cost what it would, to take a View of their Army, and having sent Messieurs de Rosne and de la Route, to go and charge some Reyfters who had pass'd a Bridge, had a plain Sight, from the Top of a little Hill, of the Enemy's Army, and also of his own Men retreating, with an Appearance of their not being able to get easily off ; and he was advised by all those who were with him, to retire, as not having Forces enough to recover his aforesaid Light Horse, nor to sustain so great a Work, not being Arm'd, nor well Mounted (for he was upon a little, low, Bobb-tail'd Horse, and quite Unarm'd, in Danger of being lost, two Leagues distant from his Army, which was left without a Leader) and that the Enemy would be upon his Army, and ready to charge 'em, sooner than any Commands could reach 'em to put themselves in Order. To all these Remonstrances, he made answer, like a very brave Warrior, and a Man of an undaunted Resolution: *I know*, said he, directing his Speech to M. de la Chastre, and am very sensible upon what Footing my Affairs stand ; but it is not impossible to provide a Remedy, by acting Boldly and Prudently. *I have a Fancy in my Head, which I will put in Execution. I will take upon me to make our Retreat ; and do You go and give Order to the Army, and bring our Forces into that*
narrow

* German Horse.

narrow Pass of the Bridge at St. Vincent, and order the Army to expect and receive Me there, and the Enemy likewise, if they follow us thither.

Now, it must be noted, that as it is a Custom, especially of the *French* more than of any other Nation, always to take a View loose, straggling and disorderly, some on little Tits, some without Arms, there was then a good many who were like to have caused Confusion and Disorder; and, in Truth, had not *M. de Guise* been Present, there had been no Want of Confusion and Disorder in good Earnest. But this Prince being no less Fortunate than Valiant, possess'd as He was with so great a Share of the Love and Affection of his People, presented himself at the Head of his Light-Horse, Sword-in-Hand, and in his Doublet, on his little Pony, speaking to some in *Italian*, to others in *French*, calling the Captains by their Names, exhorting them not to be in a Flutter, and to believe that he wou'd preserve them, or perish with them, and that they wou'd only Do what he shou'd tell 'em.

His Presence and Authority had so much Power over his whole Troop, that Each remain'd Firm without Fear of Danger, and attentive to his Commands, retiring near his Person to the Top of an Eminence, making Head towards the Enemy's Army, which was Filing over the Bridge of *Peligny*, and by putting so good a Face upon it, and looking Bold and Assur'd, they struck an Awe into the Foremost of the Enemy, till he had made his Retreat, tho' push'd after by a large Body of seven Cornets of Reysters, who march'd furiously, and before them 300 *French* Horse, and six or seven Score of Harquebusiers on Horseback, who were beginning to mount the Hill, which was so steep, no Horse cou'd trot it up, but he must be quite out of Breath, which gave *M. de Guise*

Guise Time and Leisure to effectuate the Design he had spoken of. Withdrawing himself some ten or a dozen Paces behind (the Enemy having lost Sight of him) and he just then taking the Opportunity in the Nick, turn'd short on his Left Hand, and, thro' a small Valley, reach'd a Ford of the River *Modon*, where stood a Mill, and so cross'd the River to the Side from whence the *Huguenot* Army came, their whole Cavalry having advanced so fast to succour their foremost Troops, that they left only some *Swissers* in the Rear, who cou'd neither Stop, nor Follow, nor Offend *M. de Guise*, who slipping along the River, pursu'd his Retreat with all the Ease and Pleasure in the World, repassing to his own People at another Ford 500 Paces off.

The *Huguenots* having gain'd the Top of the Hill, from whence *M. de Guise* had set out, and seeing this Cavalry of his so near Their *Swissers* on the farther Side of the River, from whence they came, were vastly amaz'd, and cou'd not *prima Facie* imagine 'em to be any but their own People. Nevertheless, they being soon sensible of the contrary, they fell to pursuing them; but, when they came to the Ford, where *M. de Guise* had pass'd over, there was ten or a dozen Harquebutiers which he had Posted in the Mill before-mention'd, who were of infinite Use and Service, by keeping Possession of it with such Obstinancy and Resolution, that having kill'd some Men who attempted to pass first, the others stopt short, and held-in their Horses, till their Harquebutiers came up, who, dismounting, forced the Mill, and took, or kill'd, all that were in it: And so Dy'd in the Bed of Honour (the Mill) those brave Soldiers, selling their Lives very dear to the Enemy, performing admirable Service, giving Leisure by Their Lots to the said *M. de Guise*, to gain more Way. If Monsieur the High Constable, in his
Retreat

Retreat at *St. Quintin*, had likewise put some Harquebusiers in a Mill, which stood hard-by, he had not been lost. It is a Thing which Great Captains are of Opinion ought to be done, *viz.* sometimes to lose and hazard a *Small Troop*, and not to spare them, in order to save a *Greater*.

And thus did *M. de Guise* (without going faster than a common Foot-pace) reach his Army, which was very well lodg'd in the narrow Pass mention'd before, between Vineyards and the River *Modon*, having the Lodge of the Bridge of *St. Vincent* at their Back. Here note, that the said *M. de Guise's* Army did not exceed 6000 Men, having in their Front an Army of 50,000 Men to deal with! and in their Presence, and under their very Nose, so bravely to retire! In which we ought to admire the Undauntedness, the Judgment, the Resolution, the Courage, and the Conduct of this Great Captain, who had not then reach'd the Age of Forty Years. Cursed be the Wretched, the Detestable Hands that Murder'd him, and ravish'd him from Our *France*! For, had he liv'd, she would not have been a Prey to Foreigners, as Now She is, especially the *Germans*, whom he had so Often Swaddled, and so Heartily Bang'd!

But where shall we find or read of such a Retreat, executed in the very Midst of the Enemy? Tho' the late *M. de Guise*, his Father, made almost such a one before *Paris*, in the First Civil Wars, when the *Huguenots* came to besiege it in Form; and being willing to make before us a Parade of their Reysters, which *M. d'Andelot* had newly brought, commanded by Marshal *Daix*, *M. Genlys* was order'd to pick out 1500 of them, and go and attack some Companies of *Gendarmes*, who were then upon Guard, and some Harquebusiers and Light-Horse in the Fauxbourgs of *St. Marceau*, and *St. James*. I forbear naming the Companies;

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they acted very ill, and run away very well, to the Great Regret and Vexation of M. de Guise, who, having put the *Swissers* in *Batalia*, beyond his Trenches lined with Harquebuliers, and leaving with them his Son, the Prince of Joinville, who was a mere Youth, but follow'd his Father every where (so much did he even then shew what he would one Day be) and going out of the Intrenchment, went a good Way round about, and taking the Enemy Behind, charg'd them with so much Fury, tho' he had with him no more than 200 Horse, made up of Gentlemen of the Court, his own Retinue, and his Cornette, that he foils them, opens them, disperses them, and passes thro' the Midst of them, and afterwards makes a Halt, and then very gravely retires, without the Others daring to rally to charge him, as he expected: And so he gently withdrew again to his Intrenchment, where he did not spare speaking to Messieurs the *Gendarmes*, and the Chevalier Run-a-ways; reproaching them bitterly with their Misbehaviour, and telling them aloud (for I was with him, and heard him) *You Gendarmes of France, Take the Distaff and Leave the Lance.*

He used to ride a *Black Neopolitan* Horse, and whenever he dismounted, would clap him on the Buttock, and say, that for a Day of Battle, he wou'd not desire a Better, nor any other. Which coming to the Enemy's Ear, they exerted their utmost Efforts, and contriv'd by all the Ways of Craft and Subtilty, to kill him at the Battle of *Dreux*: But he had chang'd his Mind; for he rode the *Bay Sampson*, a huge strong Horse, which had serv'd above three Years for a Stallion at *Esclawron*, where his Stud was kept; and his Gentleman of the Horse, nam'd *Hespany*, rode the *Black* Horse, and being by that means taken for M.

M. *de Guise* himself, he receiv'd above twenty Pistol Shot, of which he instantly Dy'd.

This Some may think a tedious impertinent Digression, and Others not : But I was not willing to omit any Circumstances, lest I should be thought an Imperfect Relator of Things. It was upon the Occasion above-mention'd, that he also said to the *Parisians*, who were somewhat frightned at seeing themselves half-besieg'd : *I will keep you, my Friends, from Harm : But, from Fear, I cannot :* Borrowing this Speech from King *Francis*, who said the same to the *Parisians*, when the Emperor *Charles V.* came and drew near them at *Chateau-Thierry*.

But to return to the late M. *de Guise's* Retreat, whether he learn'd it from his Father, or contriv'd it of his own Head, it was the Finest that ever was, or, perhaps, will be. I believe it was the Product of his own Brain alone ; for he had Wit and Judgment Enough and to spare, and of Courage too, of which I shall take Notice another Time. I therefore conclude, after having said, That, if I mistake not, at the Battle of *Trebia*, there were 10,000 *Roman* Soldiers, who, after the Battle was lost, pass'd thro' the Midst of their Enemies, Retreated Bravely in their very Presence, and got to *Placentia*. Possibly our *Sieur de Guise*, who was a Great Reader, might have remember'd that Story, or have newly read it, and it might have afforded a Seasonable Help to his Valour, his Conduct, his Fine Genius, and his Clear Courage.

Froissart, in his Relation of the Battle of *Nicopolis*, between the *Hungarians* and *French*, tells us, That among the Latter, there were two Squires of *Picardy* very Courageous, who, afterwards, might well be call'd *Knights*. They had been in Many Engagements, and always came off with Honour. The Name of one of them was *William Den*, and

the other was call'd the *One-ey'd Motquel*. These Two, then, being warmly engag'd in Fight, pass'd beyond the Field of Battle Twice, and return'd again most Valiantly, and perform'd Abundance of noble Exploits. But being desirous to Die in so Holy a Conflict, they perlisted till They receiv'd their Deaths. It is to be presum'd, that, since they had thus Pass'd and Repass'd Twice, beyond the Field of Battle, Fighting like Heroes, they might as well have *Retreated* Honourably as have *Dy'd* there. In this Particular, those *Romans* were out-done by these Two *Frenchmen*, altho' the Former must be allow'd to deserve very Great Praise too.

And so much for this Time and Subject.

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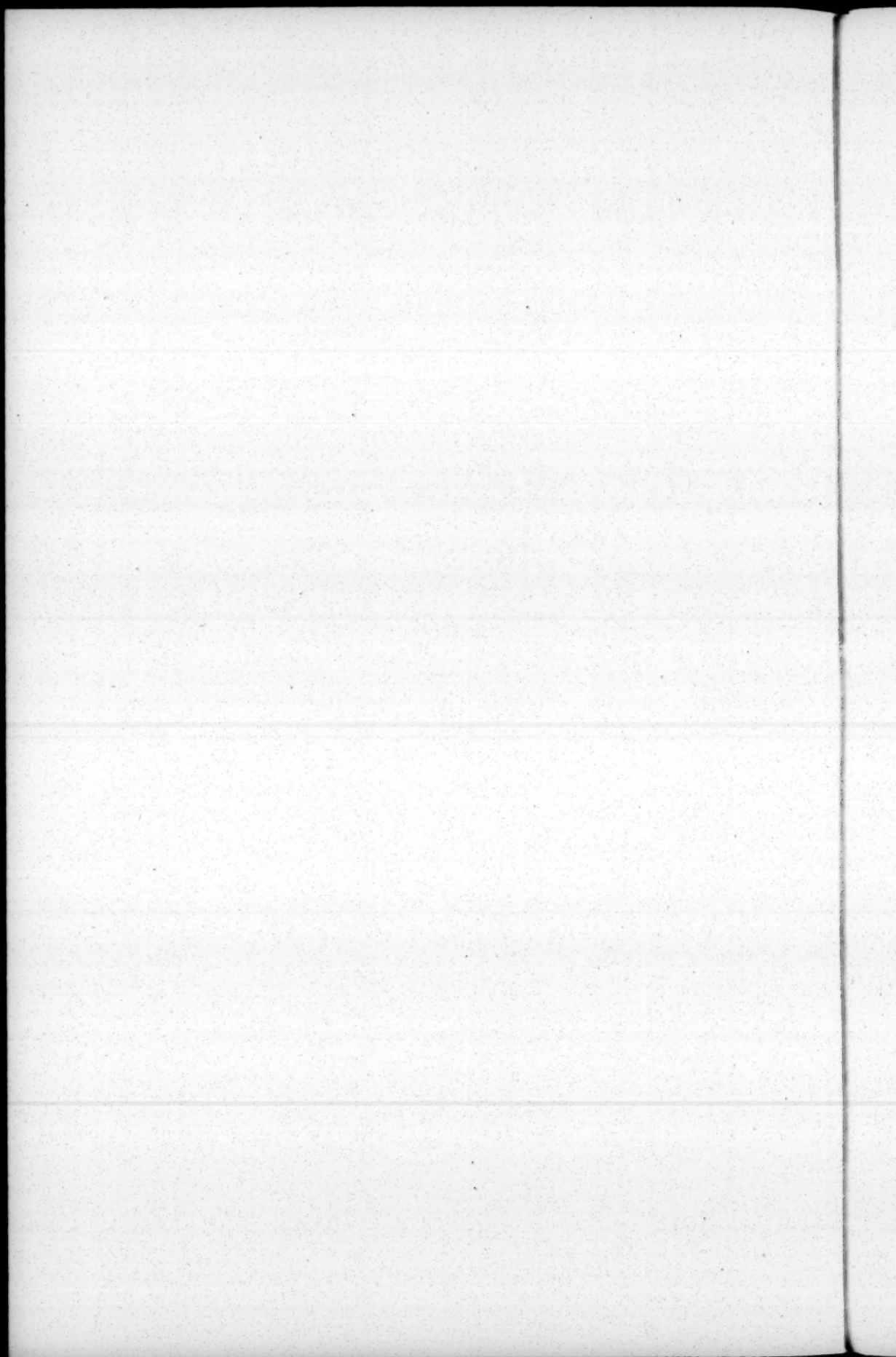
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